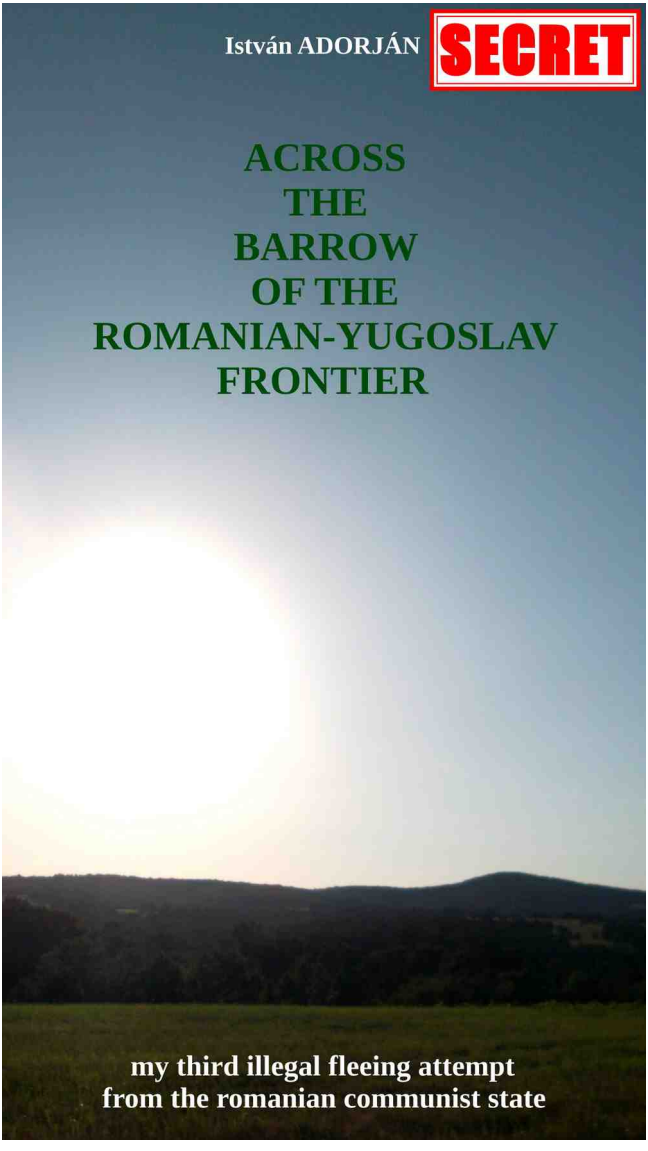
István ADORJÁN

SECRET

ACROSS THE BARROW OF THE ROMANIAN-YUGOSLAV FRONTIER



my third illegal fleeing attempt
from the romanian communist state

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Cover-photos information

On the photo of the front cover, there is visible on the sky-line the place of the third illegal frontier crossing of the author from a point of its approximate path being inwards in a straight line at around 4 kilometers from it. The sun in the course of westering and the barrow symbolically show the western direction as the direction of his fleeing and of the political development of Eastern-Central Europe. The photo of the back cover visually reconstructs one of the scenes of his third imprisonment around 31 years later. Their detailed period written reconstructions are contained by the text.

Language information

The language of this book is not quite the english proper. There are many languages on Terra that are potentially universal in that everyone may acquire and use them without a significant change in quality of life. There is a wide civil need for a unique real universal language in order to enable humans to communicate with one another. The Roman Empire was not sufficient for carrying into effect the universality of the latin language. A national state shall not be capable of carrying into effect the universality of its language ever. At present, the english proper is the nearest to the quality of unique real universal language. However, as a natural language it has many deficiencies, and it might not be the best means of universal communication. And as rules in a language are made not by states, but by its users in thinking, speaking and writing, with translating his books into the english language the author makes a few steps towards turning the english proper into the unique real universal language on Terra, as an intermediary phase towards disabling the imperialist national states to become means of persecuting individuals and social groups, and breaking down all artificial frontiers among humans and peoples in the Terra nation and the Terra state.

In memory of the humans killed
at the frontiers of the communist states

With the purpose of rolling up
the national secret political organizations,
their making historical subjects
and objects of party programs

The Earth's *"hydras"*
shall be destroyed
only by the Sun's *supernova?*

“Another frontier crossed in secret, another frontier, where many died unforeseeably. That from Yugoslavia was full of blood for years. Obstinately there were made trials, continually there were made trials there as well. Individually or collectively, entire streets used to become empty in the villages neighboring the frontier. I do not want to think of how many were captured in their attempts, and mainly how many times it did happen that they were given back. The coercive treatment made many disabled, killed, and the judiciaries were overwhelmed with the convictions. Despite all these, the desire for freedom could not be torn out of their bestially beaten bodies, so that sometimes their nails were torn out.” [1]

Ioan IANCU,
romanian writer

István ADORJÁN

ACROSS THE BARROW OF THE ROMANIAN–YUGOSLAV FRONTIER

— my third illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state

Memoirs novel

István ADORJÁN – 2020

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Foreword

In this book, i reconstruct in detail for the most part with words my third illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state happened between 21 june and 8 july 1988, as well as my detention between 8 july 1988 and 31 july 1989 at the respective authorities and in the respective institutions of the yugoslav and the romanian communist states. Along with my self-sufficient books entitled “Towards the Iron Curtain of the Hungarian Communist State”, “Across the Romanian–Yugoslav Frontier of the Forest” and “Through the Soviet Iron Curtain of the Hill Wood”, this book constitutes a tetralogy as its third part.

My four illegal fleeing attempts happened between 1986 and 1989 are mites of a good many ten thousand or a few hundred thousand cases of which starting-point was the romanian communist state. In spite of the fact — as i was basically thinking and acting in the same manner, suffering the same experiences as my companions in distress — by my personal thoughts and experiences i express also the experiences of all those humans, who tried to gain their freedom, as well as the freedom of others, by illegal frontier crossing.

Some of them succeeded in reaching one or other of the countries of liberty. Others were captured by the authorities of the neighboring communist states and deported back. However, the majority became the pray of the romanian national-communist arbitrariness before crossing the romanian–yugoslav frontier. Those whose last experience of life was a rattle of machine pistol, a whizzing of bullets and a sharp pain subsiding in nothing, for victims of the communist dictatorship, died for freedom. Be this book a headstone on their nameless and unknown graves!

According to my best endeavor and within the frameworks of my memory, the content of this book for the most part exteriorizes my consciousness of that time. The political or ideological principles created subsequently, and some comments constitute exceptions. In addition, the thoughts and dialogs are and can only partly be based on remembrance, to a certain extent they are of fictitious character.

Although at the time of the bygone happenings i thought to deal with only the authorities of the communist states, with the respective facts described and thoughts written in my book i assert the concept termed by me “national secret political organization”, so as it occurred to me beginning with the early years of the decade 1990 in conformity with my experiences relative to them. I metaphorically term this secret political entity above state and society “hydra”, following that at the beginning of the decade 1990, in the anti-communist countrywide daily paper of romanian lan-

guage named România liberă[1] there was sometimes termed “hydra” the national-communist power existing and reigning on behind the mask of the National Salvation Front. The “hydra” organizes itself regularly on an ethnic-national basis from the ranks of the most influential members of the state and society, it created the state as the main means of its ethnic-national secret policy, according to its intention it continuously controls and governs the state and society.

My memoirs could not be complete and their authenticity could not be maximum, if they did not contain the personal data which i have remembered. I got these lawfully and outside or against my will under the circumstances of the vanished and historically condemned communist political system, what is more, in a liberty-lost and exposed standing in its repressive institutions. My conviction is that regularly i did not accidentally got into relations with these persons — as i refer to this in the plot or the afterword — but in the frameworks of the implementation of the personal secret policies relative to me of the “hydras”, which does not unconditionally mean that the respective persons acted national secret politically consciously. Consequently, these personal data are not only my memories having certain historical-documentary value, but also parts of the respective personal secret policies of the respective national secret political organizations, and for this reason their publication is tied up with not only the freedom of speech and press, but also with a stressed public interest, even where the national states exclude civil society from the definition and handling of the data of public interest, by this means exposing it to state punishment the publication of personal data in connection with abuses of the political power, being in possession of the civil society. So that, in so far as they did not act secretly in my relation, those persons should bear publicity, with a special regard to that the refutation and attack of my books and person are interests of the national secret political organizations.

I have never been in a state of the english language. Conversed very little with persons originating from there. Have learnt it from manuals, dictionaries, wireless and TV. So the wording of this book may be very personal and peculiar. However, i am confident that it entirely transmits the message of the fleeing humans.

A few hundred years ago many people began to flee the Old World. This phenomenon is still going on. The reason why the message of this book is not only one from the today’s Old World. It is also a message from the past, from the ancestors of millions and millions of Americans, Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders to the New World: let us exert our influence that the state cease to be a source of fleeing; let us exert our influence that humans do not have to pay for freedom, but be born with it and the state become its protector, warrantor and expresser; let us exert our in-

1 Read approximately: romi'niʌ 'liberə. In the english language: Free Romania.

fluence that humans find liberty, welfare, unlimited developmental and unfolding possibilities in their native lands as well, and do not have to flee for them; let us exert our influence that humans feel at home anywhere in the world, in order that they can grow up to the united nations, and expand their country to the united states on the entire Earth!

1. Illegal frontier-crossing attempt in Marosvásárhely[2]?

Marosvásárhely, monday, 20 june 1988. It was getting on for midnight. I sat on my sofa being beside the door at the wall from the downtown of the middle room of the flat 10 of the second upper storey of the block under number 25 November 7 street[3], leaning against the wall, and was waiting for the moment of my departure considered to be the most favorable. My excitement continuously increased though, did not lie down, so that would not fall asleep after all. Starting from my consciousness, according to which my only way of riddance from the romanian communist prison state led through the illegal crossing of its frontier, was living through a spiritual transition from the condition of the social-captivity consciousness to the condition of the natural-freedom consciousness, of the hope of my early riddance.

In order that my most complicated and extensive plan up to this time became the most accomplishable and safe possible, i had to wait for the summer. By this means, could not only diminish to the minimum possible the amount of clothes taken along, but could also use the foliage of trees for covering and, what considered the most essential, could easily spend the nights in the open air.

I did my packing already in the course of the day. My rucksack stood beside me on the sofa, set against the wall. After my liberation from the prison on 13 november the previous year, had to put it to rights, and thoroughly put it to rights: sewed its tears and frayings, and from the inside strengthened the bottom of its lower compartment with the little linen bag of the fittings of my tent. It contained almost all that needed or could need in the course of my way: food for several days, camouflaging and other articles of clothing, a sleeping conveyance, pharmaceuticals and personal belongings. It made me independent of both the social and the natural environment. Also spiritually, was united with it by strong bounds. During my vicissitudinous illegal fleeing attempt of the preceding year, it had permanently served my interests. The bygones in Karánsebes[4] had only corroborated what it meant to me. Without it, my achievements would hardly have been attainable. It was an indispensable means of achieving my freedom. At times, rested my elbow on it, let my chin on the arm, and so was wait-

2 Read approximately: 'mɔroʃva:ʃa:rhɛj. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Tîrgu Mureş, Târgu Mureş. Big town in a straight line at around 280 kilometers from the romanian–yugoslav frontier. [2] I measured these distances roughly between the center of the given locality and the point of the entire — namely both the land and the danubian — romanian–yugoslav frontier being the nearest to it. For this reason, they are regularly smaller than the distances related to the planned point of my frontier crossing.

3 The present December 22-e boulevard. [In the romanian language: 7 Noiembrie, 22 Decembrie.]

4 Read approximately: 'kɔra:nʃɛbɛʃ. In the romanian language: Caransebeş. Small town in a straight line at around 60 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

ing for the passing of time.

In the pocket sown in the right leg of my jeans, there lurked 5,000 lei[5], in the pocket sown in the left leg, the bulletin[6] and the documents certifying my two former illegal fleeing attempts and their penal consequences.

My parents, and particularly my father, unspokenly backed my illegal fleeing attempts. One of the manifestations of this was that they had not spent the bonus received by them for the surplus output of the preceding year, and did not deposit it in the CEC[7] either, but kept it in the wardrobe of the room of my father. I took the money to me on the day of my departure. In order that they did not possibly detect my intention thereafter either, replaced a wad of 5,000 formed of bluish gray banknotes of 100 lei with a paper bundle broken on its sides with a blue-paste ball-pen.

The first two phases of my plan, carefully elaborated during long months, were leaving the dwelling, and respectively, the town. Not only some moral, but also certain safety reasons supported my striving that my parents did not perceive my departure. Similarly to my second illegal fleeing attempt, had planned it for half past midnight. judged that around this time the humans slept fastest, and the probability of meeting someone was the least.

Control the time! — thought i.

Stood up. Went to the window. In the dim light filtering in, looked at my watch: there still remained a few minutes. Sat down again.

For a few days, i will immediately separate from the society — was i thinking — and shall be reduced to the content of the rucksack … Every single object has a well determined role, and is indispensable … The lack of only one can be fatal regarding the implementation of my plan … Control once again whether everything is by me! … Nourishment: food for six days, namely the twelve packs of biscuit, the six tins of tinned fish, and the six heads of onion were put in, the plastic bottles and the mug as well … Means needed for nourishment: the small knife, the tea-spoon and the tin opener are in … Advancement and camouflage in the nature: the jacket is in, the khaki shirt is on me, the compass on the watch-strap, the flash-lamp in my pocket.

I did not pack the camouflaging pants of sackcloth varicolored in natural colors, because knowing the region of the frontier section planned for crossing did not need a reconnoitering similar to that of the preceding year. Had covered the dark blue jacket with the brownish-khaki synthetic-fiber

5 Read approximately: lej. The monthly average salary did not by far exceed 2,000 lei. The price of a bread of 1 kilogram or a tin of tinned fish of 205 grams was around 10 lei. One could travel from Marosvásárhely to the neighborhood of the romanian–yugoslav frontier by fast train for around 90 lei.

6 A translation of the romanian and the romanian hungarian names of the identity book of the romanian communist state. [In the romanian and the romanian hungarian languages: buletin.]

7 Read approximately: 'tʃek. The initial-word of the romanian name of the Savings and Deposits Bank of the romanian communist state.

sheet of the tent. In this manner, made it not only rainproof, but also camouflaging.

Advancement and camouflage in the society: the dark gray fabric pants, the figured shirt, the gray pull-over, and the low shoes … Sleeping: the polyethylene foils, the PVC foil, and the T-shirt are in order.

Being summer, because of its relative thickness, i had considered the sleeping-bag used at the time of my second illegal fleeing attempt as being needless. In addition, it would have occupied a great room. For its substitution, took off by undoing the PVC foil of the tent. It was in weight somewhat, in volume much smaller. Had made the polyethylene foils by means of slitting open four polyethylene sacks: two under the sleeping conveyance, and two for the case of rain.

Traveling: the satchel and the suitcase made of sackcloth yes, in the carrying conveyance manufactured of the sleeping-bag keeping-bag there is the PVC foil.

I had made the blue satchel of natural color with the brownish-khaki synthetic-fiber textile as well. On the dark blue sleeping-bag keeping-bag, sewed a darker blue synthetic-fiber girdle. By this means, could carry it both on the shoulder and in the hand.

Hygiene: the handkerchiefs, socks, underwear, soap, towel, toothbrush, tooth-paste, shaving set, wet and dry clouts, hand-scrubs, and plastic bags.

I used polyethylene bags, because the much sharper noise of the widespread polypropylene could have constituted a fatal sign near the frontier.

Health protection: the bag of pharmaceuticals and therapeutic equipment is in order … The bag containing the odds and ends, put in … The money and the documents are by me … Now, can already depart!

My excitement reached its culminating point. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Stood up. With careful steps, went close to the door. Put my hand on its handle. Began pressing it down slowly. Its low creak produced a din resembling effect in the dead silence of the night. The quiet crack of its opening, just like a petard explosion. With precaution, pulled it back. The rustle of its friction to the carpet as if had filled the whole dwelling.

Stepped out to the corridor, came to a halt, and began listening: no sign referred to the waking up of my parents. At the minimum of its noise level, closed the door, in order that my starting were observed as late as possible. Started towards the room of my father. Having approached it, halted, and began to keep listening: as if he had slept fast. Still three steps, and already stood on the mat in front of the exit door.

The center of the peep-hole glittered. Looked out through it. The neon tube appeared the single active factor in the staircase. A chill came over me. Pressed against the door, in order that it did not bounce. With a little angular speed, gave the lock one turn. After the second one, it yielded.

From the front right pocket of my pants, took out the key. Gradually, ceased the push. It opened.

The in-streaming light flooded the entrance-hall. Put the key into the keyhole, pulled back the door, stepped over the threshold, turned round, with the left hand shut it, and with the right one screwed one on the key. The inevitable click of the Yale lock gave me the creeps.

Cautiously, pulled out the key, put it into my pocket, and with hurried steps started on downstairs. Was watching whether the door would open behind me. But heard only the slight noise of the rubber soles of my shoes.

This is ready! — thought.

In front of the main entrance of the block, there was a roadside lamp on. In conformity with my plan, proceeded on my way towards the rear door. The neon bulb on the ground-storey illumined the last flight of steps as well, making my advance easier. Drew its steel-plate back, stepped out, and looked round: did not see a human. Turned to the left.

Similarly to my former illegal fleeing attempt, for misleading the possible sensors of the “hydra”, had to get to the forest on a roundabout. However, this time planned a longer way. Namely, advancing along the canal anterior to the Kárpátok promenade[8], then the furniture factory, had to reach the serpentine road leading up to the forest.

Crossed the railroad. Turned into the street leading in bee-line towards the Kárpátok quarter. In haste, marched on its sidewalk on the right side. The houses wrapped themselves up in the dark. Only in front of the entrance of the ready-made-clothes factory, there was visible a source of light.

Having approached it, looked to the right. In the hall, no person was visible. My sight turned back to the sidewalk, to the row of ornamental bushes, to the edge of the building. From behind it, a greater and greater section of the road bordering on the canal was appearing to my view. From the right, a militia patrol broke through coming towards me.

Being filled with consternation, i halted short. Reflex-likely, span round and making great efforts took to flight. From the back, there sounded quicker rapping of laced boots.

They dashed off in pursuit of me! — thought.

The rucksack was swinging on my back, hampering my advance. Slackening as least as possible, took it off, and with both hands strained it to myself. Kept the speed though, felt that it demanded greater and greater efforts.

It only incommodes me — thought. … They will catch me up after all! … Shall i throw it in a courtyard? … No! Will not part with it!

After the curve before the railroad, the rapping naturally died down. At

8 Read approximately: 'ka:rpa:tok. In the romanian language: Aleea Carpaţi.

the second street, turned to the left. Was tired out. Slowed down to a march-step. Hardly could even walk.

Since my last liberation, stayed mostly indoors. My going to the forest once a week could not prepare me for such a display of physical power. Never in my life, felt stiff within such a short time. Getting to the building area, proceeded towards my block.

The noise of laced boots broke out again. I began to run. Stepping in a small pit, fell.

"Halt!"

Got on my feet, and ran on.

"Halt, as i'll fire! … I don't joke! … I'll do fire."

The last sentence was not of threatening character any longer. Its tone referred to that establishing my disobedience, the militia soldier spoke to his own conscience. He did not know whether to comply with the will of the communist regime or with his own one. His inner, spontaneous morality was fighting with the outer, immoral will. Before injuring the corporal integrity or extincting the life of a human, he queried the reason for the existence of the law and of his own character of romanian communist authority.[9]

On the broken terrain, i lost my foothold and fell down. By the time got on feet, the militia soldier already caught me up. A bitter feeling overcame me. Turned round. With a pocket-lamp in the hand, his superior appeared as well.

"Have you caught him?" asked he. "Escort him after me!"

He lifted up my rucksack, and made a sign for me to go forward. I started back tired to death, still gasping for breath.

I have gotten caught — thought. … Now, they will imprison me … Shall be able to try again only in a year … Frontier-crossing attempt in Marosvásárhely?! … But was prepared for this eventuality as well! … Cannot believe it to be true!

They conducted me to the hall of the ready-made-clothes factory. In the porter lodge, the sergeant sat down to the table. I came to a halt in the door.

"Where did you go?" asked he.

"To make a trip."

"… At such a time, in the night?!"

"Yes … In the day-time, it is warm …"

"… And on foot?!"

9 Pursuant to the law, subsequently to the two summons, the militiaman had to vertically shoot into the air, for a last attempt at forcing me to halt. After this, he might have shot, in order to "neutralize" me, and possibly at feet. Although it forbade the use of firearms in such situations in which that endangered the lives of other persons, but did not defined them. [5] So the militiaman had to decide whether he could shoot in the direction of the blocks. And whether he killed me was only up to him.

“Yes … Here, i wanted to turn to the right in the direction of the Kelemen Mountains[10] …”

“… But why did you make off?!”

“From reflex … Fear occupies the minds of the humans.”

For this sentence, they could well call me into the Securitate[11]! — thought. But i have to clear myself. And have no better excuse.

“What do you have in the rucksack?!” asked he me, seemingly suspiciously.

“Foodstuffs, garments, and objects necessary for the trip,” said, sure of myself.

I knew that in it only the camouflaging articles of clothing could indicate my intention of illegally crossing the frontier. But those lurked on the bottom of the lower compartment. With the purpose of diminishing his suspicion, crouched down, readily undid it, and folded its covering sheet up.

He stood up, approached the rucksack, raised the keeping-bag a little, the clothes being under it, and seeing that the revealed facts only corroborated my statements, stopped it embarrassing. Returned to the seat. Sideways, there stood a spray. Considering it possibly radioactivized, i had taken it along for throwing it away. The soldier pulled it out, looked it, at and shook it.

“It’s empty,” remarked he. “Of this, he could have been …”

“Have you the bulletin?” asked the sergeant.

“I do not have it.”

“How’s that you don’t have it?! …”

“… For a trip, the bulletin is not needed.”

“Subject him to a manual search!” ordered he the soldier.

I began to give way to despair, a feeling of a slow annihilation arose in me. It seemed to be worse than in the preceding year in the militia van in Versec[12], as the experience of crossing the frontier and of the yugoslav communist state were not behind me. It seemed to be worse than in front of the watch-tower on the meadow, or over against the stable-lad on the bank of the Cernovec[13], as far from approaching the frontier, but had not even been able to leave the town. And all these happened when already knew the zone of the romanian–yugoslav frontier maybe the most passable in the day-time. The satisfaction of “i did everything possible” was wanting, although i had done everything possible. Could not afford to release and vent my emotion. Made every effort to give no evidence of it.

Now, i am done for — thought. … Even if could justify the pockets

10 Read approximately: 'kɛlɛmɛn. In the romanian language: Munţii Călimani.

11 Read approximately: sekʊri'tate. The political police of the Ceauşescu regime.

12 Read approximately: 'vɛrʃɛts. In the serbo-croatian language: Vršac. Yugoslav town in a straight line at around 13 kilometers from the yugoslav–romanian frontier. [2]

13 Read approximately: 'tsɛrnovɛts. In the romanian language: Ciornovăţ.

sewed in the legs of the pants and putting the money in them, the BL bulletin[14] and my documents shall speak for themselves … Inquiry, arrestation, accusation, conviction of illegal frontier-crossing attempt in Marosvásárhely: these shall follow!

“Lift your hands up!” said the soldier.

Through the thin pull-over, he controlled my sides, the shirt pocket, and the front pockets of the pants.

“There isn’t,” said he.

“Have a look at the rear pockets too!”

He touched them, but did not reach into them.

“… There isn’t.”

Seemingly acquiescing, the sergeant took out a pocket-book and a jotter. I felt relief. As if the weight of the money and the wad of documents had multiplied. Discreetly, i looked down: the right leg of my pants slightly bulged, in its blue the sewing looked black. The impression occurred to me that they had not wanted to observe it. But they could not feel them, and even if they had perceived the stitches, even then could not have thought that there hid pockets. The for me evident did not exist for them seemingly. In my accusability, i remained invisible.

“What’s your name?” asked he. “… Where do you live? … Now, i should phone in order that an automobile be sent down, and you be driven up for controlling … Shall i phone?”

“I ask you, do not phone, as i have not done anything!”

“… Well, that’s right! But now, you’ll return home, and tomorrow you’ll go to make a trip by train!”

“Yes, i will do so.”

I crouched down, and numbly began to tie the rucksack. As if had been in coming to life again. Did my best to hide my outburst of joy.

“And will you go only to the Kelemen Mountains?”

“Not necessarily … I would go to the Retyezát Mountains[15] as well.”

He was sitting in the chair like one admitting defeat. His face expressed discontent, regret and depression. I took the rucksack in my hands.

“Good-bye!”

I left the building. Was under the impression that had stepped out of the gate of prison, that my riddance was a mater of course, moreover they had not wanted to arrest me indeed.

What would it look like — was raising the question to myself — if at several hundred meters from my dwelling, at several hundred kilometers from the frontier, in the heart of the state they imprisoned me with the ac-

14 After having served the imprisonment subsequent to the failure of my second illegal fleeing attempt, the bulletin was replaced. The new one was of BL series, which in the language of the romanian communist authorities approximately meant “country-wide criminal”, and for this reason it was also in itself sufficient for taking its bearer into custody.

15 Read approximately: ˈrɐtjɛzaːt. In the romanian language: Munţii Retezat.

cusation of illegal frontier-crossing attempt?! … But what would have happened, if i had confessed my intention, if in the rucksack they had discovered my camouflaging clothes, if i had given or the soldier had found the bulletin? … Obviously, they would not have been able not to arrest me … And they did all in their power to uncover the evidences … They not did not want, but were not able to arrest me!

Dazedly with the rapture of my riddance, under the domination of the vow made before the militiaman, i entered through the rear entrance of the block. But something kept me back. Getting on the stairs, involuntarily sat down, and pillowed my head on the knees. Felt the stiffness more and more, but was relaxing as well.

Shell i postpone my departure — was raising the question to myself — or try to now leave the town? … In all certainty, the "hydra" already knows about the bygone happenings … It may be that it had already the entrances put under observation … Was this meeting accidental indeed? … It happened just as it was impossible to keep away from my observation, it was impossible to disguise my surprise, and it was impossible to make a get-away … These factors of little probability under normal conditions ensued simultaneously … If had observed them at the middle region of the street, then could have turned to the right or left, or could have made off successfully … And if on my getting to the street end they had been somewhat farther, then owing to the bushes as well, probably they would not have observed me, and i would have had time to hurrying or running backwards reach the first off-street at least … So, for me everything happened the worse conceivable possible, while for them the best conceivable possible! … It is probable that the "hydra" has the entrances of the block kept under observation at night as well! … But then, why have it me not seized? … Simply because they did not found sufficient reasons for that … If my trial of running-away was sufficient for my searching, that did not give reason for my seizing any more, as i had hidden the camouflaging clothes and the bulletin … This is why they could not do that without the risk of that my written statement became a proof relative to my persecution … Now, already understand why he asked me about his calling down an automobile! … For them, the point was that the bygone happenings did not indicate only one will, as one will of several persons may already constitute an evidence of the existence of an organization! … The risk of my present departure is that if once again "run into" a patrol, then even if i do not make off — namely in the night they can consider anyone as being suspicious — it will obviously not disregard its alleged obligation to phone to the militia for an automobile in order to control me, as with the purpose of disguising the unity, namely the "hydra", the two cases must differ from each other … But this risk shall continue to exist, even if i depart after a

few days or weeks! … And do not think after all that in such a short space of time the “hydra” will have two meetings organized, as that would be a sign referring to its existence, mainly if i go on more hidden places … In addition, do not want to once more experience the excitements of leaving the dwelling, to undertake its risks … Am not so tired that shall not be able to find my way to the forest … Up! … Away from here!

Carefully opened the door. Looked asunder: perceived no human. Started swinging to the right, in the opposite direction.

Went under the block. At its end, turned to the right. Reaching the sidewalk, came to a halt. From behind the wall, cautiously controlled the visible space: did not see a patrol, a passer-by and a moving vehicle either. With hurried steps, crossed the road. Proceeded towards the Cornişa[16] quarter.

From among the blocks, there drew nearer the wide road. It was dark on every side, only in some places a street-lamp was on each. It seemed to be dead. Crossed it, and began climbing the rubbled street to the Somos Plateau[17].

I have practically gotten rid of patrols — thought.

Becoming non-rubbled, then narrowing into a footpath, the street reached the forest. I breathed freely again. Touching the leaves reaching down produced a gentle stroking effect. Felt secure.

2. Vicissitudinous traveling by train

Friday, 24 june 1988. Late in the afternoon, i got out of a wood. There followed a mostly grassy narrow plateau. Slightly on the right, a shrubbery, more on the right, a vineyard were visible. In the valley, a village lay. It long stretched to the left. Its aspect, orderliness, big houses referred to that it had been founded by saxons. From its right edge, the willow row pair of a river struck my eyes.

The Nagyküküllő[18]! — thought, rejoicing. … It is high time after four days … Last year, i made this distance in a little more than one day altogether … But then, was trained … Is there a bridge hereabouts? … It is there! … Got it! … And shall not even have to go in the village for its reaching … Not a step more! … Finally, can finish the marching, and can begin traveling by rail! … My tiredness and stiffness shall subside.

16 Read approximately: kor'niʃʌ.
17 Read approximately: 'ʃomoʃ. In the romanian language: Platoul Corneşti.
18 Read approximately: 'nɔgjkɨkɨllə:. In the romanian language: Târnava Mare.

After the Nagyküküllő, there followed an agricultural ground. The embankment of the railroad line 300[19] strikingly rose from it. Slightly on the left on its other side, the station was visible as well. Its building looked on to me.

I shall have a train the soonest only early in the morning — thought. … Here cannot wait, because there is a possibility to fall asleep … Possibly, must go near the railroad in order that arriving the train wake me up! … But only after it shall grow dark! … Which stopping-place is this? … In the evening, will look at it … Examine the terrain more scrupulously!

Sat down on the margin of the plateau. The slope descended relatively steeply. In front of me, it was overgrown with grass, on the right with the shrubbery. At the hither edge of the village, a brook flowed slowly. A little farther up a bridge crossed it.

My evening path is unequivocal — thought. … But meanwhile, i draw back into the wood, as here am visible from afar!

In my third illegal fleeing attempt, i also included trying leaving the state at sea as well. This variant seemed to be attractive, first of all because it did not imply the risk of life, and in case of failure one could be convicted only of attempt. In addition, while by land only Turkey, Greece, Italy, Austria and Germany were attainable mediated by other communist states, at sea, with a few exceptions, one could get as far as every land of liberty.

The ships could reach the coastal section of the Black Sea in the romanian communist state in Constanţa[20]. At the same time, they could sail up on the Danube, and anchor in Galaţi[21], as well as also in Brăila[22]. Although Constanţa had the disposal of by far the largest port of the country and the largest port of the Black Sea, according to my plan along my way had to touch the above two fluvial towns as well.

Had to march with the rucksack and the camouflaging apparel, while had to travel with the bags and the other suit of clothes. Made these possible so that had taken to myself the required number of carrying conveyances of the required holding capacities.

On twilight, with the sleeping-bag keeping-bag on my left shoulder, with the satchel in my right hand, let myself down on the slope. Going across over the brook, turned to the right on the street become from the country lane. Advanced near gardens of houses. Did not observe a human. Dogs did not bark either.

The foot-bridge was around 2 meters wide. Its crossed thick planks ir-

19 It linked Nagyvárad [In the romanian language: Oradea.] and Bucharest, the capital of the romanian communist state. [In the romanian language: Bucureşti.] [6]

20 Read approximately: kon'stʌntsʌ. Big town by rail at 529 kilometers. [6]

21 Read approximately: gʌ'lʌtsj. Big town by rail at 445 kilometers. [6]

22 Read approximately: brə'ilʌ. Big town by rail at 414 kilometers. [6]

radiated safeness. From the front, a person was coming.

“Good evening!” said he, in the romanian language.

“Good evening!”

I do not think — was thinking — that have caused a too great sensation in him.

According to my plan, in order to avoid the militia patrols, as well as the agents of the “hydra”, could not touch those station-buildings or possibly stations either at which the fast trains called. Extended this interdiction also on the first stopping-place of the line 300 to be touched. In this manner, had to remove myself the best possible from Marosvásárhely without a ticket.

Clambered the railroad-embankment. At its other foot, there ran a fence. It bordered a garden. In the background, a house loomed. Let myself down on the grassy slope, and turned to the left.

On the right side in a parking-place, a few vehicles stopped. They seemed dead. Passing by a trailer, the station-building unfolded itself in front of me. Did not perceive a human. Drew near to it cautiously, but with normal steps. Gravitated slightly to the left, in order that its table became visible as soon as possible.

Daneş[23] — read off, and turned back. … I do not know exactly where it positions itself on the map … But the important thing is not this … The point is that here do not call the fast trains, so it is a less perilous place … Where shall dispose the sleeping-place? … The plow-ground is not suitable for this … Next to the fence, on the grass!

With the part of my plan relative to the section of route to be done by rail, i exactly fixed all the stations at which had to get on and down. Memorized their names and positions. Dános was among them only for an eventuality, since because of my tiny compass could not foresee where would reach the line 300. In the interest of a more precise and effective plan, from the railroad guide could have made an abstract of the times of departure, as well as of arrival of the trains being at my disposal in the above localities, but confined myself only to their studying, in order that in case of my catching they obtained the least possible information on my illegal fleeing attempt.

From behind the fence, there loomed through garden plants, from above it a few crowns of young trees. The house was not visible. No artificial sound sounded.

Here, it shall be good! — thought.

Stopped and put the bags down. Took out the two foils. Laid them out at the foot of the fence. Unwrapped the PVC foil. Slipped in it. Tried sleeping.

23 Read approximately: 'dʌneʃ. In the hungarian language: Dános. Village by rail at 445 kilometers from Galaţi. [6]

From behind, rustle of steps struck my ear. Opened my eyes. Saw two human feet passing by me. Seemingly, their possessor did not turn a great attention to me.

I do not think — was thinking — that have given him a reason for suspicion … He must presume that am waiting for the train.

Once in a while, a fast train drove away, a freight one rolled away at great length.

Here, i have no chance for falling asleep — thought.

Woke up. It was still dark, but according to my senses the morning was already coming. Sat up, and looked at my watch: it was half past three or thereabouts. Got up.

Changed pants. Did the packing. Caught my bags, and went more forward, in order that at my estimate could reach the last carriage.

The accommodation-train came in.[24] On its table, Bucharest[25] figured for a terminus point. Got on into the third carriage from the rear. Found myself in the face of the conductor.

“Good morning!” said. “I would like to travel to Predeal[26].”

“That’s right. I’m in service only as far as Brassó[27] … Take a seat!”

“Thank you!”

Went in the second compartment. Only one person was still in it. Put the bags up on the baggage grid. Sat down, and leaning my head back closed my eyes.

With this train, could have approached Ploieşti[28]. But with regard to the starting-place of my following train, had to get down in the first suitable station after Brassó, Alsótömös[29], in the interest of minimizing the risks of traveling without a ticket.

The sliding door cracked.

24 According to the schedule, the accommodation-train P 4002 had to depart from the station of Dános at 4 hours and 3 minutes. [6] During the reconstruction of the happenings, the Railroad Guide 1988/1989 was not at my disposal. Although the above moment probably deviates with a few minutes from the one being valid at that time, from the point of view of the reconstruction of the events the margin is not essential.

25 In the romanian language: Bucureşti. The capital of the romanian communist state by rail at 230 kilometers from Galaţi. [6]

26 Read approximately: pre'deʌl. Small town and mountain resort by rail at 281 kilometers from Galaţi. [6]

27 Read approximately: 'brɔʃʃo:. In the romanian language: Braşov. Big town by rail at 307 kilometers from Galaţi. [6]

28 Read approximately: plo'jeʃtj. Big town by rail at 200 kilometers from Galaţi. [6]

29 Read approximately: 'ɔlʃo:təməʃ. In the romanian language: Timişu de Jos. Village by rail at 11 kilometers after Brassó. [6]

“Sir!” said the conductor to me. “Come a little!”

I went out.

“I have an inspection. Unfortunately, i cannot assume responsibility for you.”

“No matter, i will get down!”

Took out 10 lei, and gave it to him.

“Thank you! Good-bye!”

“Good-bye!”

I collected the baggage, and started backwards in the lateral passage.

The train commenced to brake. Opened the first door on the left side. Without convincing myself whether it called at a station, from the stairs jumped down on the railroad stones.

It was dawning. Turned to the right. On the left, there rose a hill. Drawing ahead of the last carriage, from the opposite direction a relatively flat tract broke through. Continued my removing way.

The train departed.[30] I halted and turned round. On the left side of the rails at around 100 meters, a small station-building became visible. A table of black field stood before it.

Paloş Ardeal[31] — read off its white lettering.

The fast trains do not call here either — thought, and started towards it. … I do not have to march … But have to wait … Reversely, the “hydra” certainly has this not controlled.

Looked at the schedule table. At 8 hours and 40 minutes[32] there was a local service to Alsórákos[33].

Also here, i could get on the accommodation-train to Bucharest — was thinking — but my way is the safer, the more trains i make it with … For this reason, it would be useful to employ that as well … And it is not good either to stay too much in a station … It has to arrive in around three hours … Will buy the ticket as far as Alsórákos!

Went in the small waiting-room. Put down the bags on the bench, and sat down.

The train entered Alsórákos[34]. Got down. On the right, there lay the station-building.

It is rather big — thought. … The fast trains do not call at it though,

30 According to the schedule, at 5 hours and 21 minutes. [6]

31 Read approximately: 'ɒʌoʃ ʌr'deʌl. In the hungarian language: Pálos. Village by rail at 50 kilometers after Dános. [6]

32 [6]

33 Read approximately: 'ɔlʃo:ra:koʃ. In the romanian language: Racoş. Village by rail at 28 kilometers after Pálos. [6]

34 According to the schedule, the local service C 3538 had to arrive at Alsórákos at 9 hours and 13 minutes. [6]

but it is still the terminus point of this service, maybe of other trains as well … I will not avail myself of it! … Prefer to march back to Mátéfalva[35]! … It is not so far.

In front of me, a concrete road ran. On its other side, beheld a store.

See — was thinking — whether i shall find some food!

From the almost empty shelves, jarred haricot beans struck my eyes. On the left side, there surprised me a number of round brown breads of 2 kilograms.

“Do you give the bread without restriction?” asked i the saleswoman.

“No. Only on ration.”

“Three jars of haricot beans, please!”

“24 lei.”

“Thank you,” said i, paying.

Put them into a bag. Went out. Looked asunder. On both sides of the road, there were set houses in order.

I noways may go in the village — thought. … Will remove myself from it beside the railroad!

Started backwards on the way already done.

The level of living is relatively high here — was thinking — if jarred haricot beans, moreover bread can be had.

In the station, i turned to the right by the rails. Beheld piled-up ties suitable for sitting. Looked back. Did not see a human.

It would be time to eat something — thought. … I will consume a haricot beans!

Put down the bags, and sat down on the relatively clean wooden surface. Took out a jar, the small knife, and the tea-spoon. Opened it. Tasted. Because of its sour taste, spit it out.

This is spoiled — thought. … Try another one!

Covered and put it next to the sitting conveyance. Examined the following jar from the outside. Bubbles were not visible in it. Proved to be consumable.

From the concrete road, turned to the left on the rubbled road leading towards the secluded building of the station of Mátéfalva.

See — was thinking — at what time shall the accommodation-train to Bucharest arrive? … At 12 hours and 47 minutes[36] … I have to wait two full hours … It is still better than if had waited five in Pálos.

Looked to the left. After the station, there lay a meadow. The sun poured its rays with all power on the green surface.

It is safer and more agreeable than the waiting-room — thought. … I

35 Read approximately: 'ma:te:fɔlvɔ. In the romanian language: Mateiaş. Village by rail at 4 kilometers before Alsórákos. [6]

36 The accommodation-train P 3002. [6]

can also lie down at full length.

Beside the railroad, left the area of the station. In the screening of the embankment, disposed my resting-place on the grass.

"How do you do!" greeted i the ticket saleswoman, in the romanian language.

"Good afternoon."

"A ticket to Predeal, please!"

"22 lei."

"Is it late?"

"No."

"Thank you. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye."

My end station was not Predeal though, at the booking-counters, as well as on a possible control on the train had to disguise myself, to signal misleadingly about my destination. Further, for the cases of the most probable catching places i fixed those misleading routes, about which had to declare on my interrogation.

In conformity with my plan, got down at Alsótömös.[37] Approached the schedule table. The accommodation-train running to Mangalia[38] had to arrive at 22 hours and 37 minutes.[39]

I have what to wait — thought.

On the left at around 100 meters, observed a store.

Make the best of the opportunity here as well! — thought, and proceeded towards it.

In the opposite direction drawing ahead of the station-building with around 50 meters, began clambering the steep mountain-slope. It was sparsely overgrown with big deciduous trees. My bags had sensibly become heavier from the ten pieces of wafer biscuits, the small loaf of bread, but mainly from the three jars of haricot beans with smoke-cured flitch of bacon.

Getting up to a safe height, halted, sat down, and recovered my breath. Took out a newly bought conserve.

It is a nonsense to wait for hours in these position, environment and clothing! — thought. … I cannot even move in these shoes, as the wet soil could dirty them, it could also get into through their leaky soles, and it

37 According to the schedule, the train had to depart from the station at 14 hours and 54 minutes. [6]

38 Read approximately: mʌn'gʌliʌ. A seaside small town in the vicinity of the romanian–bulgarian frontier.

39 The accommodation-train P 8204/8201. [6]

would superfluously diminish their use-value … Shall rather need them in the yugoslav communist state … And after all, it is an excess to cut myself from the building of a small station as well.

Was sitting in the waiting-room. At the booking-counter, a number of persons bought tickets.

“You won’t go away now either?!” asked the ticket salesman seeming to be the station agent, after having served the travelers.

“No. I am waiting for the seaside train.”

“… Where are you from?”

“From Brassó.”

“And wouldn’t it be easier to wait in Brassó?!”

“There is no reason for going back … I had a problem to be arranged here, then i have not gone back.”

“Aha,” remarked he, and closed the window.

I should not have left the wood after all — thought. … But do not think that it shall have negative consequences … He was guided only by his curiosity … As what could he do against me?! … In the waiting-room of the station, am waiting for a train … What can be objected to this?!

“To Făurei[40], please!”

“I haven’t, only as far as Ploieşti.”

“… To Buzău[41]?”

“Only as far as Ploieşti.”

“… Can you not issue a hand-written ticket?!”

“No.”

“… And then, what shall i do?!”

“You’ll buy it to Ploieşti, there you’ll get down, and buy it to Făurei.”

“That is right, then to Ploieşti, please!”

The train had departed from the station of Ploieşti. Being a big town and a railroad junction, naturally i had not gotten down to buy a ticket, in conformity with my safety requirements. Namely, considered the risks running with staying in the busy yard greater then those running with traveling without a ticket. Concretely, have never seen a militia patrol on the train.

“There is inspection!” got about the news from mouth to mouth.

I had better arrange this matter in private! — thought.

Got up, and went out of the compartment to the nook in front of the toilet.

I cannot remember ever having met an inspector without a ticket —

40 Read approximately: fəu'rej. Small town by rail at 91 kilometers from Galaţi. [6]

41 Read approximately: bʊ'zəʊ. Big town by rail at 131 kilometers from Galaţi. [6]

thought. … And yet, should have gotten down at Ploieşti to buy a ticket? … No: as to the militia patrol, the ticket inspector is not interested in the bulletin, namely he does not fine, but, wording officially, “gives a ticket in the train”.

Coming from the front, there appeared a person in civilian clothes. His turning the head seeking for travelers and look proclaimed that he was an inspector.

“Good evening!” said he, in an official tone. “The ticket, please!”

I gave him the ticket bought in Alsótömös.

“In point of fact, i am going to Făurei,” said. “In Alsótömös, they could give me a ticket only as far as Ploieşti.”

“185 lei, please!”

He took out a block, with the aid of a small ruler tore off a ticket having a length in accordance with the price, took over the money, gave it to me, and went on.

This “ticket in the train” has a rather peppery price — was thinking — it comes up to a fine as well … But i have enough money, my success or failure shall not depend on this.

Although the fast trains called at Făurei, and it was also a railroad junction, i was under the necessity of getting down there[42], since because of the relative complexity of the crossing had not observed that the corresponding train came from Buzău, and consequently there was the possibility of an earlier change. Looked at the time-table. At 4 hours and 27 minutes there had to arrive the local service to Galaţi.

I have to wait almost one hour — thought. … The platform is not a suitable place for this, as any moment there may crop up a militia patrol.

Looked round. In my direction of travel more forward, as if an accommodation-set had been stopping on the track 1.

See — was thinking — whether i can make use of it!

Started towards it. There followed an unplastered building. Approaching it, from its wall there broke through a table with a lettering.

Miliţia T. F.[43] — read i, a chill coming over me. … Of this situation, there is no way out, but to continue my way!

Approached the set. Empty carriages proved to form it. Got on. Went in a compartment, and set down.

I will not lie down — was thinking — lest shall fall asleep!

42 According to the schedule at 3 hours and 30 minutes. [6]

43 Read approximately: mi'litsiʌ. In the english language: Railroad Traffic Militia.

3. Shall i find a suitable ship in Galaţi?

Zagna-Vădeni[44], sunday, 26 june 1988. Early in the morning, got off the train.[45] Put down the bags on the concrete platform. There stood by it a small brick building. The railroad continued on a high embankment. On its right side, an agricultural land of unsurveyable extension. Only a few travelers still got off. I waited for the train to leave the station.[46]

The following two villages, Barboşi and Fileşti[47], lay very near Galaţi. For this reason, in conformity with my plan, had to get off on the stopping-place named Zagna-Vădeni.

On the other side, there was situated a village. In front of it, a lane ran. It was not kept in repair. Slightly on the left on its edge, i observed a faucet.

Refill my water supply! — thought. … Afterwards, i will change my clothes and repack!

Took the bottles out, and crossed the railroad. Filled them with the water rushing out at screwing from the old and old-fashioned pipe sticking out of the ground.

No person can say — was thinking — that it does not answer the purpose … What does the rest matter for the regime?! … And now change my clothes for proceeding in the nature!

Placed the bottles back into the satchel. Took out the khaki shirt, jeans, and shoes for heavy wear. Entered the toilet.

Being warm, instead of the clod-crushers i took along the summer mountaineering boots. Had bought them probably in june 1982, during the time of the practice in production at the end of the third university year in Râmnicu Vâlcea[48], for 95 lei. Their khaki linen and black rubber soles attributed them a camouflaging character. Had almost never used them. As they hurt a little, had to cut out the toes in order to be able to easily move in them.

Gathered up the taken-off articles of clothing, and set them in the satchel. Caught the baggage, and went down the grassy slope. Under its cover, began repacking to the rucksack.

Set off towards Galaţi. Advanced parallel with the railroad, at the foot

44 Read approximately: 'zʌgnʌ və'denj.

45 From Marosvásárhely, i had by rail made 438 kilometers, with 5 accommodation-trains, with the getting-down and/or getting-on touching the following stations: Dános (Daneş), Pálos (Paloş Ardeal), Alsórákos (Racoş), Mátéfalva (Mateiaş), Alsótömös (Timişu de Jos), Făurei and Zagna-Vădeni. [6]

46 According to the schedule it had to depart at 5 hours and 57 minutes. [6]

47 Read approximately: bʌr'boʃj, fi'leʃtj. Suburban localities of Galaţi. [7]

48 Read approximately: 'rɨmnikə 'vɨltʃeʌ. In the romanian language of the epoch: Rîmnicu Vîlcea. A big town.

of its embankment.

Shortly before getting off, the train had passed through Brăila though, but i had to begin trying boarding a ship in Galaţi, because of its greater freight transportation. If in Galaţi did not find a suitable opportunity, had to continue the reconnoitering in Brăila, then in Constanţa. Pursuant to the optimal part of my plan, had to compare the flags of the ships anchored in all the three ports, in the interest of choosing the most appropriate target country.

Because all night long had traveled and could hardly sleep something on the trains, more and more felt the tiredness. Watched whether observed a place suitable for sleeping, but the surveyable terrain was overgrown with maize.

At least, appease my hunger! — thought.

Sat down on the grass. Opened a jar of haricot beans with flitch of bacon.

The sun was shining. In the distance, there emerged high metal railings. They reminded me the Maros[49] bridge after Marosillye[50]. Recalling the experiences of my going across it, a chill came over me.

I am drawing near to the Szeret[51] — thought.

Had planned to reach the Danube at the mouth of its this affluent. So could approach the port not only as quickly as possible, but also the most safely possible, namely without touching the town.

Near the bridge, climbed the railroad-embankment. It struck my eyes that its planking was in a perfect condition. A black oil derivative made it waterproof. It jutted out in a length of around 100 meters. Stepped on it trustfully and without any excitement. It was visible from the wide bed and the slow flowing of the river that soon afterward it would meet the Danube. Immense poplars flanked it.

Getting over the river, turned to the right on its dike. It gradually edged away from it. They intercepted a bare and dry bank.

Turning to the left, there viewed a sector overgrown with grass and shrubs.

A place suitable for sleeping — thought. … I am already rather far from the railroad anyway.

Turned off to it. Put down the rucksack. Took out the foils, and spread them out. From the sleeping-bag keeping-bag, pulled out the PVC foil, unrolled it, and placed it on them. Lay down.

49 In the romanian language: Mureş.

50 Read approximately: 'mɔroʃijɟɛ. In the romanian language: Ilia. Village in a straight line at around 135 kilometers from the romanian–yugoslav frontier. [2]

51 Read approximately: 'sɛrɛt. In the romanian language: Siret.

Many gnats fluttered around. Shielded my face with the T-shirt, and kept my hands in hiding under the arm pits. But even so, they stung me through the shirt from time to time. Had to spend much time with their driving away.

At noon, started on after eating. Went up the dike. Followed with attention the river.

It bent to the right. From its immediate vicinity, level wooden houses viewed. In front of them, a wire-netting closed the bank as well. From behind them, a brick fence ran towards me, getting into my way. It surrounded an establishment fitted out with a high antenna.

On the bank, i cannot march on — established i.

Turned back. Examined the houses lying on the right side. They essentially differed from those in Transylvania[52] or in Bánság[53]: their lower bodies were covered with tinned iron sheets.

From among them, a footway viewed. It led in the direction of the town.

I will not go as far as the railroad — was thinking — but will cut across the passage-way!

Got to a concrete road. In a long section, it led in a bee-line along the railroad. On its right side, it was followed by wire-netting fences painted green. Behind them, houses and other establishments horizontally constituted my sky-line.

I cannot turn towards the Danube — established. … For the time being, will proceed on the sidewalk!

On the left, a big building was visible. In front of it, there stood buses and thronged humans.

The station of Barboşi — thought.

The road bent to the right. The railroad remained relatively straight. Above it, a concrete stripe arched over on piers. Between them, a bare terrain. Farther, blocks were set in order. More in the east, particular cranes stood out high bluish grayly. I grew slightly enthusiastic, but a chill came over me as well.

I am not far from the Danube and the port any longer — thought. … Would be too striking, if approached them on this terrain … Will try at the other end of the town!

Marched on beside the rails. Passed under the road. An extended sur-

52 In the romanian language: Transilvania. In the broadest sense of the word, it is roughly the region of Romania west and north of the crest of the Carpathian Mountains.

53 Read approximately: 'ba:nʃa:g. In the romanian language: Banat. A region in the south-western part of Romania.

face of water broke through. It lay on the left side around 100 meters widely and unsurveyably long. Its edge and partly also its shore were overgrown with reeds. The railroad bent to the right. I crossed it, and let myself down from its embankment.

The reeds had completely screened the lake. Its height far surpassing 2 meters was striking. In some places, it broke, and through short sections or footpaths the water surface could be seen. The railroad ran beside it. Its opposite grassy side leniently ascended. On its upper part, dozens of humans were roasting under the sun. In the background, blocks were visible.

From the opposite direction, a man person came. He wore bathing-pants, on his head he did not have a cap. Did not seem to give attention to me. He searched the reeds.

It is probable — was thinking — that he wants to bathe, and is looking for a way to the lake … I have to take advantage of the arising opportunity: will wash and bathe!

Next to the first footpath, came to a stop and set down the rucksack. Undressed to bathing-pants. Took out the unclean underwear and the soap. Caught the shirt as well, and went into the lake.

Behind the reeds, it was up to the thighs. Finer sand constituted its bottom. On its other side, an industrial establishment lay in the whole length of the visible shoreline. Began washing.

Hung out the washed-out articles of clothing on single reeds. Returned to bathe. Went inner, till the water reached to the waist. It was most pleasant to enjoy the cool in the heat of the fiery sun, to get clean after the marching and traveling by train of around six days.

On completion of the packing, turned my attention to that my watch was not on my wrist. Did not remember where had put it before washing. Controlled the pockets of the jeans and the rucksack. It was in neither of them. Began to nose around the near place.

According to my habit, during undressing i had to put it in the pocket of the jeans — thought.

On its strap, a small compass was industrially fixed up. It had to substitute on my marchings for that confiscated in the preceding year at the frontier-guards in Oravicabánya[54]. Searched every nook and corner of the touched grassy shore, reedy footpath and sandy bottom. Found it nowhere. Felt become disabled in my illegal fleeing attempt.

Without a wrist-watch, i could hardly adjust myself to the trains — thought. … And without a compass, although already know the terrain sufficiently, could more hardly approach and cross the frontier … If do not

54 Read approximately: 'orɔvitsɔba:njɔ. In the romanian language: Oraviţa. Small town in a straight line at around 17 kilometers from the romanian–yugoslav frontier. [2]

embark here, will have to buy new ones! … There is only one question: shall have a watch-strap with compass or a compass?

Marching on, the strip of land between the lake and the railroad commenced to grow wider. Got on a narrow lane. On its left side, houses with gardens lay. The opposite bank continued to be dominated by the industrial establishment unsurveyably.

Probably, it is the siderurgical combinate — thought. … It really has mammoth dimensions … According to Radio Free Europe, it is the result and symbol of "Ceauşescu's delusion of grandeur" … In reality, it is an offspring and a means of the anti-soviet ultra-self-supplying military doctrine of the romanian "hydra".

The railroad commenced to sweep round to the right. It passed under a road, then beside a station-building. On the table being on its wall, an inscription was visible.

Fileşti — read. … Reached the point — was thinking — where the railroad takes the turning towards the town … I will not enter the ground of the station! … Is there any other proceeding possibility?

The farther space was screened by a high embankment. On the right, on the top of the leniently ascending grassy slope, buildings were visible.

The road is suitable for reconnoitering — thought. … Maybe, i shall be able to see the port! … Possibly, shall discover some ships as well!

With an increased interest, clambered up on its embankment overgrown with grass. The road led towards the combinate over the lake. In the direction of the town, on its sides houses edged it, and spread over to the right and left. On the sky-line, neither ships, nor cranes, nor other signs referred to the port. Only the leniently declining terrain foreshadowed the existence of the Danube somewhere in the non-visible background. A disappointment descended upon me.

I am under the necessity of entering the town — thought. … With rucksack and in this clothing, cannot do it without producing a sensation … There is no such place in the surrounding where could change and hide the baggage from view … But after all, it is already late in the afternoon … The wider part of the lake-shore seems to be suitable for spending the night.

I settled on a flat terrain overgrown with grass and sparsely with trees. Took out food. Began eating, and waited for the nightfall in the visual field of the humans going homewards from the lake-shore.

It commenced to drizzle. Looked round. On the little meadow, a small stall stood. It had been built of stamped plate. Approached it. Its door was

lacking in. Looked into it: proved to be empty. Entered, and began disposing the sleeping-place.

Got up early. It was rather cool.
The nightly rain made the air wet — thought.

After eating, i changed shirt. Pulled on the jacket. Had bought this upper garment, possibly made of flaxen linen, as well as provided with a hood and a zipper, in Râmnicu Vâlcea as well in the late spring or early summer of 1982. Took out 1,000 lei. Placed the bags containing the remaining money and my documents in the two pockets sewed in the legs of the fabric pants. Replaced the jeans. Got into the low shoes. Put the bottle of 7 deciliters in the satchel. Fastened up the rucksack.

Seek for a hiding-place for it! — thought.

Stepped out of the stall, and looked round. The surroundings were desolate. Right after the footpath, a shrub was visible in front of the reedy stretch. Caught the rucksack, and started towards it.

In front of it, the shore gully-likely lost from its height. Stepped down next to it. Placed the rucksack among its branches. Climbed up, and controlled whether it was perceptible. Proved to be entirely camouflaged.

I hope — was thinking, slightly regretting — that shall not come back for you!

The romanian–soviet frontier ran relatively near though[55], but for me the bolshevik state was completely without interest from the point of view of the illegal fleeing. Notwithstanding that across its territory could reach Finland and Turkey, and earlier Radio Free Europe announced that four frontiersts[56] had crossed the soviet–finnish frontier, a number of disadvantages excluded this variant: the questionableness of money convertibility, the enormous distances, the difficult traffic between the republics[57], the omnipotence of the KGB[58], as well as the presumably fortified frontiers, especially the soviet–turkish frontier, which constituted a “cold-war” front line.

55 At around 13 kilometers. [2]

56 It is a literal adaptation of the word of the romanian prisoner slang “frontierist”. [Read approximately: frontie'rist.] In the penal institutions of the romanian communist state, but mainly in its prisons, the criminals having committed crimes involving moral turpitude so called the persons gotten there for illegal frontier crossing or the attempt of it. Extending the extension of this notion to those who had served the punishment, as well as to also those who had illegally gotten to the Occident, by “frontierist” i mean a person directly or indirectly dissatisfied with the totalitarian regime of his or her state who, in order to get rid of that and to settle down in a democratic country, illegally crossed or tried to cross the frontier illegally, by so doing having risked his or her freedom, corporal integrity and life.

57 According to my information, even the soviet citizens were not allowed to travel without authorization from a republic to the other.

58 The political police of the Soviet Union.

It is interesting — was thinking — that in the vicinity of the eastern perimeter of the romanian communist state, and marching to the east, far from its every frontier that can be taken into consideration, i entertain illegal-fleeing hopes … Since generally the illegal fleeing phenomenon happens on the western perimeter of the state and in a westward direction … But the hopes are not groundless, as have also such radio information that a number of frontierists fled on a ship leaving the port of Galaţi.

On a footpath, i was in haste climbing on the leniently ascending slope. Although had never been in this part of Galaţi — i having been in this town maybe in 1976 in connection with the junior II country-wide handball tournament — it was easy to orientate, as knew from my maps that the Danube flowed parallel with and east of the railroad.

The jacket did not fit the fabric pants, but because i had not taken an umbrella, it constituted the only means with which could protect myself from the rain. Indispensably needed the fabric pants as well, as considered that next to the port it could make the looks possibly suspecting my illegal fleeing attempt glance off me.

Reached the blocks. They proved to be the perimeter of a residential quarter. In order to keep out of my way their concrete labyrinth, turned to the right. A wider road unfolded itself in front of me. It led towards the Danube. Marched onwards on its sidewalk.

In the distance, there emerged an immense water stripe. In the mist of its haze, its opposite bank was hardly discernible. In the region of its middle, a river boat was visible.

The Danube! — thought, become enthusiastic. … Oh, how wide it is! … No wonder that the sea-going ships are capable of coming up as far as here.

Was drawing near to a concrete road perpendicularly. Having crossed it, came to a halt on the edge of the cliff. In front of me, the mass of water unfolded itself in a width of approximately 1 kilometer. Below me at around 10 meters, its surface undulated gently. Next to the bank line, a footway ran. The grassy slope was ornamented by weeping willows, bedding-plants and stone-carvings. On the left, the ascending terrain screened the possible place of the port.

The bank is better surveyable from the cliff — thought. … I will not go down on the footway!

According to my ideas and hopes, not only a sea-going ship riding at anchor, but also its flag had to be visible from outside the port. In this way, considered its estimative route and my target countries attainable with it as being determinable. For this reason, my preparing included learning the flags, as well as the important ports of all the states of the planet. In con-

formity with my plan, if did not find a ship going to a country suitable for asylum seeking, had to make use of that having the best route, and had to reach my respective target country swimming.

With an increased excitement, i was drawing near to the highest point of the road. Getting to it, came to a halt, and took under close examination the bank. No ship was visible. Neither the port detached itself from the abundance of buildings. Began descending composing my feelings and again disappointed.

This does not go like clockwork — thought.

Got down on a wide footway. It had a relatively dense traffic. More forward, a landing place was visible. In front of it, beheld a tramway stop.

It is safer to scrutinize the terrain from inside — thought. … I have to look for tickets!

Got on a tramway. It advanced parallel with the Danube though, a ship did not view, only buildings were visible. No sign referred to that on the right side there lay the second largest port of the romanian communist state. All these made me depressed.

The tramway commenced to significantly edge away from the Danube. At the first stop, got off, and proceeded on my way in my planned direction of march.

Reached a tramway line. It led roughly to the east.

This shall certainly approach the port — thought. … I will get on a tramway!

On the sky-line, there emerged immense cranes of the type seen on the preceding day. Farther on the left, only houses were visible.

At last! — thought, lifting my head again. … Probably, this is the northern end of the port … But not one ship is visible.

Got down. The sun was shining, and it was hot. Took off the jacket, and put it into the bag. Started onwards on the sidewalk. On its lenient incline, got down to a road. It ran roughly parallel with the Danube. Its other side was flanked by a high concrete fence. It entirely screened the cranes. Turned to the right.

Was drawing near to a stall. In front of it, there was a queue. A number of persons were standingly drinking.

A cooling drink is offered for sale — thought. … I must quench my thirst!

The drink was being sold in a glass of around 4 deciliters. Its taste mildly resembled that of the yeast, and it slightly stung. Its name had been written out on the window.

Bragă[59] — read.

I did never drink such a drink — thought. … Probably, it is a characteristic moldavian[60] product, and contains a little alcohol as well … It is good for thirstiness.

The fence was interrupted by a big steel-plate gateway. Above it, the wording of a table with the same width indicated that i was at the entrance of the shipyard.

Therefore, the port has to follow only after this — established.

In front of it, the road bent to the right in a right angle. I went across to the sidewalk on its left side. Close by it, there continued the concrete wall around 3 meters high. It was lime-washed white. With a small bend, it gravitated to the left.

From behind it, a militiaman with a big stature broke through. A chill came over me. We looked each other steadily in the eyes. I did my best in order to disguise my agitated mood. My look slipped off his face. We past by each other, without my seemingly striking his eye. Breathed freely again. Felt as if had just left the prison.

If he had seen into the bottom of my soul through my eyes, face or a quick movement — was thinking — in all certainty he would have brought me to stop … And if i had not stopped, he could have forced me to stop, since he is more robust than me … However, i reflected the storm of my soul with not one part of my body … And the bullets of his suspicious look glanced off from my clothing: as who can think that a person with fabric pants and figured shirt racks his brain about leaving the country illegally … It is strange that he got in front of me just in the most unfavorable moment for me: if i had observed him a little sooner or later, it would have remained sufficient time for me to spiritually prepare myself for the meeting.

My spiritual balance having returned to normal, resumed watching the port. The high wall fence or fence wall did not come to an end. Along with the road, it kept its lenient windedness.

Only from a higher building i would be able to see behind it — thought.

Looked to the right. In the relative vicinity, there was no high building.

In all certainty, the competent “local organs” of the romanian communist state must not authorize such constructions — was thinking — which would result in the possibility of watching the port.

From time to time, looked upwards to the top of the wall. At times,

59 Read approximately: ˈbrʌgə. In the english language: bran or millet beer.

60 In the romanian language: Moldova. It is roughly the region of Romania east of the crest of the Carpathian Mountains.

heaps of wooden cases over-tipped it. It seemed to be impossible to be climbed.

What a great contrast is between my plan and the reality! — thought. … According to my previous ideas, the port could be bordered at most by a wire-fencing of an average height … It is surprising and interesting that it is so much walled in from the outside world … Cannot remember that somewhere in the civil sphere would have seen such a high and dense fence … But considering the things from the point of view of the owner, namely the romanian "hydra", armed with the party state, there is a peril of not only the escape of its subjects, but also of the misappropriation committed by them … In all certainty, under the circumstance of having the level of living kept low, the consciousness of the shipments of imported foodstuffs makes the port tempting for the humans had been corrupted.

A railroad intersected my way. Through a steel-plate gateway painted green, it ran into the port. It was open.

The first penetration possibility! — thought, growing enthusiastic.

A tempting feeling overcame me. Turned my head to the left. In front of a workshop resembling building, three workers were sitting. They looked at me. I made efforts not to display my intention, neither with my facial expression, nor with my movement. They marched on unchanged.

It would be good to acquire information from them — thought. … But they are several … In this atmosphere of fear, it is too risky … If there were only one, then i would try.

There viewed the main entrance. It was shut. A number of green iron-pipe railings increased its controllability. A little farther, the Danube was visible.

There is no reason for going on — thought. … I must process the obtained information!

The road sharply bent to the right. Beheld a bus-stop. Went across to the other sidewalk. In the open covered space screened from three sides, plastic chairs were set in order. Sat down.

The greatest problem is — was thinking — that from outside it cannot be established whether a sea-going ship rides at anchor … Ahem, it was a beautiful dream that i would halt in a safe point of the town, look at the port, determine the routes of the ships, choose the best one, and exactly point out the target country of my illegal fleeing attempt … At the same time, it is an unfavorable circumstance the enormous dimension of the fence as well … This not only practically excludes my penetration, but also refers to that it is often visited by humans had it degenerated into stealers, that the state fear relative to this is great … For this reason, in case of my catching they can accuse me with misappropriation attempt,

moreover with misappropriation as well, as for my way of several days or weeks i need food, and respectively they can declare of my supply that it originates from the port … This possibility neutralizes the advantage of the lack of life risking and the non-accusableness with illegal frontier crossing … Further, the perspective of Constanţa is before me, of which port is much larger than this … No! Here will not take the risks of an incursion without a concrete purpose! … How on? … Have to buy a watch and a compass! … Have to make up my food-supply! … Will wait for the first bus!

From the right, two military officers appeared suddenly on the side-walk adjacent to the bus-stop. They conversing walked towards the main entrance of the port. Wore field-uniforms, on their heads they had flat caps. From their green straps, i recognized them.

Frontier guards!!

I was terrified. Following each other, they cast a glance at me each. The feeling arose in me that they could read off my intention of me, and would get caught. But they continued their way, as if nothing had happened in my soul. Anew there descended upon me the feeling of riddance of prison.

On the bank of the Berettyó[61] and on the eastern part of the hills of Versec[62] as well, frontier guards passed by me — thought. … But while there my mere hearing was enough for my catching, here, beyond my observation, they still need my expressing of fright as well … In this respect, it is strange that they got in front of me just so that they should have produced that fright in me, surprisingly, quite like the militiaman … But my face did not display my abnormal mood, and my sitting position did not make it possible for me to give other evidences of my feelings … Am waiting for the bus, so intend to depart from the port; am in fabric pants, which does not refer to my intention of hiding in the port … Gave them no reason, and they had no evident reason for suspecting me … If i sat in front of the port of Orsova[63], obviously they would have identified me and taken me into custody … Accordingly, in Galaţi the illegal fleeing is not a mass phenomenon … By some means or other, it is not wanting that without the experience and satisfaction of trying they arrest me … Up! … Away from here!

Reached a shopping center. In the street forbidden for vehicles, there was a dense pedestrian traffic. The show-windows followed one another.

61 Read approximately: 'bɛrɛttyo:. In the romanian language: Barcău.

62 Geographically, these hills appertain to the Versec Mountains. [14] I named them “hills of Versec” because my atlas denoted the highest mountain of the tract by the name of “Versec Barrow”, and in the vicinity of the frontier there were mostly hills.

63 Read approximately: 'orʃovɔ. In the romanian language: Orşova. Small town on the bank of the section of the Danube constituting the romanian–yugoslav frontier.

Beheld watches. Entered the small shop.

"How do you do!" greeted i, in the romanian language.

"Good afternoon!"

Examined the offer. Seeing that there were all the needed articles, rejoiced.

"A watch strip with compass, please!"

The shop-woman gave me one. I controlled its compass. It proved to be bad.

"You know," was i saying, "i am interested in the compass as well. And this is not of order."

She put the watch-strip cardboard box in front of me. After repeated trials, i found one in the compass of which the needle worked. Had to turn it in a plane different from the horizontal though, but it showed the north-southward direction vibrating in an increased measure.

"This one, please! … And i would also like a wrist-watch!"

"Choose!"

Under the glass, there lay soviet-made wrist-watches of several kinds. The sheet of one was of pressed-flowered pattern. I did not like this decorative element though, but on the basis of the price and dimension that seemed the most advantageous.

"Give me that of 400 lei, please!"

She put a little box on the table. I paid. She took the surety-bond block out. I slightly got frightened.

If i give away my data — was thinking — the "hydra" may find my trace.

"Your name?"

"… POPESCU Constantin[64]."

"The dwelling?"

"… 7 Eminescu[65] street."

I scribbled it with an improvised signature. She handed over the original.

"Thank you very much! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

In the right lower corner of a show-window, there was displayed a khaki peaked cap.

It would be good for camouflaging my head in the vicinity of the frontier — thought.

Entered the store. Tried on one. It fit to my size as well. Bought it. Put it on my head, and continued my shopping way.

64 Read approximately: po'peskʊ konstʌn'tin.

65 Read approximately: emi'neskʊ.

Turned my attention to a militiaman. He was coming nearer with hurried steps in the middle of the street. With a gray rubber truncheon being in his right hand, he kept beating his left palm. He turned his head to the right and left. Gravitating towards the show-windows on the left, i pretended that examining the goods had not observed him. Farther parading, he passed by me among the humans.

He symbolically reflects the reality — thought. … The “hydra” living on the slumbering humans is showing off with the power expropriated from them, and is threatening those who are unwilling to identify themselves with its will.

I dropped into every food shop. Their stocks were surprisingly poorish. Did not have baker’s ware, biscuit, jarred haricot beans and even tinned fish. The conserve of peas in tomato sauce constituted the only suitable food. Bought three jars from it.

It is curious — was thinking — that in this danubian town approachable for the maritime fishing-boats and being in possession of a fish processing factory, tinned fish is not to be had … It is perceptible the difference between Moldavia and Bánság: Lugos[66], much smaller than Galaţi, is much more supplied … There, i had even small loaves of bread … Here, have not seen even crescent-shaped rolls … How shall go back to the lake-shore? … In order to trace down the known way, should return to the bank of the Danube … Will not waste my time: will proceed in a straight line!

Got to the sidewalk of a wide road. Looked to the right and left.

I did not come on this in the morning — established. … The way backwards looks like being longer … It would be good to get in a trolley-bus!

Neither from the bus i recognized the buildings perceived drawing near towards the Danube. After the first stop, the situation already commenced to trouble me.

“Be so kind for a moment!” spoke i to my nearest traveler companion in the romanian language.

“Yes,” said he, swinging towards me.

His face expressed goodwill and readiness to help. Also others looked at me.

“I would like to get to the lake. Which stop must i get off at?”

“One, two, three, at the fourth one … But i’ll tell you!”

“Thank you!”

Am i still so far from it?! — raised the question to myself, amazedly. … It is good to have gotten in a trolley-bus … The humans here are surprisingly ready to help … The greater the oppression and the material

66 Read approximately: 'lʊgoʃ. In the romanian language: Lugoj. Town in a straight line at around 70 kilometers from the romanian–yugoslav frontier. [2]

poverty, the greater the solidarity and the spiritual affluence must be.

Got off. Looking to the right, immediately recognized the place where had come out from among the blocks. With rapid steps, set off towards it.

Was drawing near to the shrub with a mild excitement. Stepped down, and looked into among its branches. My rucksack was seemingly untouched. The pleasure of re-being together somewhat counter-balanced the depression involved by the failure till now of my sea illegal fleeing in Galaţi.

Carried the rucksack into the stall. Changed clothes. Sat down, took out a jarred peas, opened it, and began eating.

In consideration of the experience of the wall fence impenetrable for eyes and legs, and the smaller capacity of the port of Brăila, the reconnoitering of that can be counted out — thought. … At the same time, i can already only cherish the hope that the penetration into the port of Constanţa is possible … But if am already here, must go there as well! … A similar opportunity shall not arise too soon and so easily … With two trains, tomorrow morning shall be there … At least, be able to corroborate my presumption, according to which at sea it is much more difficult to flee, and to say also in case of this variant that have done my best … But beyond these, am curious to see that Constanţa of which several times heard in Free Europe Radio by way of illegal fleeing attempts linked with it … Guide-on-Constanţa!

4. Shall i be able to penetrate into the seaport?

Reached the way-station Zagna-Vădeni late in the afternoon. Saw no human in and around it. The ticket office was already closed.

I am under the necessity of traveling without a ticket as far as the first station — thought.

Repacked in the bags. In the toilet, changed clothes.

There pulled in the first train going towards Constanţa.[67] Got on, and stopped in the passage of the carriage.

The train commenced to brake. The conductor having not come yet, i

67 According to the schedule, the local train C 7440 had to depart from the way-station Zagna-Vădeni at 18 hours and 35 minutes. [6]

rejoiced at getting away with this embarrassing situation. The building of the station proved to be big.

Vădeni — read i off the lettering of its table.

Got down. Examined the schedule stuck up on the window of the ticket-office. The first convenient train ran to Buzău.[68] It had to depart at 20 hours and 4 minutes.[69] Bought the ticket as far as the terminus. Sat down on a bench.

On my left side, there lay an industrial establishment parallel with the station-building. From the table being on its gateway, became aware of that it was the canning factory in Vădeni, known from its products gotten in Marosvásárhely as far as my meal as well. Beheld two militiamen as they went in.

Today, i have already seen four blue-uniformists — established. … The police state of the romanian "hydra" … As diminishing the level of living is an organic part of its "screw tightening" national secret policy, it has also the cream of the foodstuffs exported … To disguise its nature, to maintain and increase this process, it has loans raised from the West, which — due to the non-competitive economic system taken over from its soviet "hydra" comrades — it is able to have it amortized only with the foodstuffs for the most part produced and needed by its subjects … With the purpose of doing away with the corruption relative to the want so brought about, it has had the food-producing factories transformed into police enterprises … It professes that it acts "with the people for the people" … In reality, living at the cost of the people, making use of it for an instrument, it acts in its own interest.

In the morning, in Palas[70], the first village before Constanţa, i got down from the accommodation-train running to the seaside, which i had already employed between Alsótömös and Făurei.[71] On its right side, economic establishments were situated parallel with the railroad ahead and back unsurveyably. It departing[72], its building unfolded itself. On the right and left from it, there were set in order houses. Nowhere was visible a green area.

It would have been better to get down in Valu lui Traian[73] — thought. … Now, i must get to the nature!

Marched backwards on the footpath leading on the left side of the railroad. After a lengthy descent, it disappeared on the terrain sparsely over-

68 It was by rail at 208 kilometers from Constanţa. [6]

69 [6]

70 Read approximately: 'pʌlʌs. Suburban locality of Constanţa. [7]

71 From the accommodation-train P 8204/8201. From Galaţi, i had by rail made 260 kilometers, with 3 accommodation-trains, with the getting-down and/or getting-on touching of the following stations: Zagna-Vădeni, Vădeni, C.A. Rosetti and Palas. [6]

72 According to the schedule, at 7 hours and 3 minutes. [6]

73 Read approximately: 'vʌlu luj trʌ'jʌn. Village by rail at 10 kilometers. [6]

grown with grass. On the right side, the embankment entirely covered my sight. Had already left the extended area of the station, but had not still come out of the clamp of the constructions.

Another railroad emerged in front of me. It obliquely ran from the left to the right, and joining with the main line, it constituted my sky-line.

Probably, it comes from the port — thought.

Clambered up the embankment of the railroad blocking my way. A similar terrain unfolded itself in front of me. Relatively far away, a railroad passed along from the left to the right identically. Proceeded on my way.

Getting up on the following embankment, a lucerne-field broke through. The main railroad line vanished from sight as straight as a bow-string on the vast flatland. On its right side, there lay an immense meadow. In the distance, vehicles were traveling at high speed roughly parallel with the railroad.

Is there a hiding-place anywhere in this flat terrain? — raised i the question to myself.

Dispersed, small trees stood. Steel pylons of high-tension trunk lines were set in order across the lucerne-field. At the foot of a work, beheld a shrubbery. Around 100 meters separated it from the railroad, and around 200 meters from me. Nowhere else was visible a vegetation suitable for hiding.

This is what there is — thought. … It is good that there is this as well … I must take care, as early in the morning the vegetation is dewy!

Let myself down from the embankment. Tucked up the legs of my pants. Changed shoes. Made my way into the lucerne-field.

The shrubbery proved to be mostly formed of mulberry shrubs and small mulberry trees. A dense vegetation surrounded them. Chose a suitable place. Broke down the weeds on it. Took out a foil, and placed it on it. Put the bags in. Sat down under the branches. Took out food. Began eating.

Pricked up my ears to an airplane noise. It was coming nearer approximately from the south-east. Getting over me, i hardly beheld it a few times in the thick of the branches and the leaves.

It is a good hiding-place — thought. … It is a good strategy of town approach … Although do not think that the “hydra” knows my approximate whereabouts, cannot exclude the possibility that the airplane is a part of its searching system … They could not observe me with the naked eyes; and do not think that their camera is capable of registering me under the bush.

Came out, and went to the trees. Controlled their fruits. They were ripening. Finished my nourishment with mulberry.

Had repacked in the rucksack. Left the satchel out. Put the smaller bottle in it.

It may be — was thinking — that i shall have to spend the night elsewhere … Will take two foils as well! … See whether the lucerne is still dewy! … Will still wait a little!

Put on the low shoes. Fastened down the rucksack. Placed it in under the thickest part of the shrubbery. Tore down some plants, and laying them on it, increased its camouflage. Took the satchel on the shoulder, and set off.

I will go out to the road — was thinking — and approach the port by bus or hitch-hike!

Turned towards the seeming corner of Palas. The sun was shining.

Reached the concrete road. Rolled down the legs of my pants. Climbed up the slope of the embankment, and proceeded on my way beside the concrete stripe. On the perimeter of the village, a bus-stop was visible. A number of persons were waiting in it.

I will try buying a ticket from the travelers! — decided.

No one sold. The airplane noise renewed. It similarly came from the south-east. Looked there. Being in the course of ascending, it flew rather low. Was of dark green color. Turned to the north. I went under the covered part of the stop.

Probably, there is an airport in the vicinity — thought.

A bus pulled in. It was crowded. A number of persons stepped down. I approached the front door.

“Can tickets be bought from you?” asked i the driver, in the romanian language.

“No.”

I am under the necessity of going on foot! — thought.

Started onwards on the footpath leading along the road.

On the other side, there viewed a militia post. In it, two militiamen supervised the traffic. I instinctively slackened.

Shall i return? — raised the question to myself. … Am on the footpath, so cannot be suspicious for them.

Proceeded on my way invariably. A small square came after. Trolleybuses waited on it.

The services of the local transportation start off from here towards the town! — established, rejoicing. … Splendid! … I shall not have to march on!

Beheld a stall. Crossed over the zebra. Bought four tickets. Mingled among the humans being in the station.

Looked steadily the front inscriptions of the drawing-up trolley-buses. On one, the port was indicated as destination. Got on. Punched a ticket. Sat down by a window on the left side. A mild excitement imbued me.

Are the ships visible from outside? — raised the question to myself, hoping. … The fact that in Galaţi they hid them from before the eyes of the outsiders does not mean yet that they could do that in Constanţa as well.

On the left side, a blue open space appeared. Its horizontal plane met the lighter color of the sky in the sky-line.

The sea! — thought, becoming enthusiastic. … The Black Sea! … The eastern gate of freedom! … The gate of many countries of freedom! … But one can enter this gate only by ship!

The bus drew up. The travelers got down all.

Probably, this is the terminus — thought.

Stepped down. There caused a pleasant surprise the perception of that i stood on the cliff of the sea, at around 30 meters high, and the port was situated down in front of me. But it struck my eyes that not one ship was discernible in the entangled docks. My enthusiasm diminished.

Even from the largest port of the romanian communist state and the Black Sea do the ships not show?! — raised i the question to myself. … But how high the coast is! … It seems that my sea illegal-fleeing plan proves to be unaccomplishable.

The background of the panorama was filled in by blueness. In the distance in some places, there loomed gray ships seemingly riding at anchor. On the left, under some buildings, a small sandy section of the shore was visible. In front of a gateway, it indicated the northern end of the port. It extended to the right unsurveyably. Mostly buildings and cranes formed it. A high fence of barbed wire hindered the free penetration. Next to it, there ran a concrete road narrower than the normal.

It is still not delimited by a high concrete wall — thought. … It can be seen through and climbed over … I am averse even to the idea of the penetration without a concrete aim … What shall do?

A concrete road led down from the slope, and bent to the left in front of the gateway.

Approach it! — thought, and started on the sidewalk.

The table of the gate showed its number 1. It was open. Did not see a human in its environs. Passed by in front of it.

Having described a bow, i turned back. Took off the jacket. Put it in the

satchel. Jogged along uphill beside gray blocks of houses old, but of good appearance. On their lower parts, there ran stone ledges.

Sit down — was thinking — and collect my thoughts!

Was looking at the ground uncounseled. From the left, a young man of around twenty years, of a meek look passed by in front of me. On his slight body, he wore a white shirt and black pants, on his head he did not have a cap. His black hair and eyes, dark skin, as well as feature referred to turkish ethnicity. He was carrying a garbage-can to the near container.

I should inquire for the port — thought. … It is risky though, but without a risk shall not get anywhere … After all, he does not seem to be a squealer.

On his coming back, i got up and went to him.

“Hello!” greeted him, in the romanian language. “… I would like to put you some questions …”

He came to a halt, beginning to mildly smile, and inquiringly looked up at me.

“I am from Buzău. Would like to leave illegally by ship. How could find entrance into the port?”

He had not been surprised. Smiled on.

“You don’t have to climb the fence,” said he. “Through the gate, you can go in easily … But not through this one … The best one is the number 5 or 6 … At the chemical wares … On the shift, you have to mingle with the crowd … Nobody asks for the papers.”

“… Is it not needed some kind of uniform?”

“No.”

“… In the entire port can one walk about in civilian clothes?!”

“Yes.”

“… I think that every ship is guarded by a sentinel. Am i right?”

“Yes.”

“… Do you know illegal fleeing cases?”

“Yes. Heard of a few ones … But it isn’t easy … At Istanbul, you have to jump into the sea … There were some who got drowned in.”

“… If i try, what chance do you think i shall have?”

“Little, very little … Many people first undertake a piece of work in the port, and try only afterwards … But even in that way it’s uncertain.”

“… Thank you very much!”

“Don’t mention it.”

I sat back on the ledge.

I have become more enlightened — was thinking — but already for the second time have received information being against the sea illegal fleeing … If penetrate into the port, shall have to make around 15 kilometers only to reconnoiter the suitable ships … Can count on that shall find at least one

… But not on that shall be able to go up on the deck through the gangboard … For this reason, shall have to examine other possibilities as well, such as the getting up at the anchor or on the rigging … Above, can present myself at the captain or at the crew, but in these cases there shall subsist the possibility of the refusal … And that can be identical with the accusation of illegal frontier-crossing attempt … For this reason, in the interest of my safety should hide myself … It is questionable whether shall find a suitable hiding-place … After the ship leaves the territorial waters of the romanian communist state, shall be able to creep forth, as in all certainty it will not return because of me … However, till then, there may pass even several days, i shall need food and water … It is questionable whether shall be able to carry up the food-supply … And what next, if on sailing it is controlled? … If till the sunset do not get up on the ship, then the question of the inside nightly hiding-place can be raised, as such an immense port is obviously controlled by militia patrols … Cannot answer these questions prior to experience … Must go on! … It seems that the penetration, reconnoitering and the coming out do not involve considerable risks … I have to do, if not more, but at least these! … Until then, cannot go away from here with easy conscience … However, first have to reconnoiter the port from outside, so as did in Galaţi! … Maybe, farther in the south there shall show ships … If inside do not find a suitable place for hiding myself and sleeping, shall have to come out for spending the night … In the evening, it is risky to walk about in the town … For this reason, must find out whether there is findable a suitable sleeping-place on the territory of Constanţa … Or else, shall have to go back to the lucerne-field … It seems that there is no green area in the west: will set off to the north!

Went down the slope. Going round the lower block of houses, got to a food shop. Went in.

Looked through the offer. Only milk was fit for immediate consumption. Wondered at that here it could be had without a queue and at a relatively latish hour. Bought one liter.

Having gone out, took out the glass bottle, and drank it off half. Started on roughly parallel with the shore among the buildings.

Got in a tramway. From it, only town parts without green area unfolded themselves.

In the terminus, there were buses drawn in. They ran to Mamaia.[74] Got on the first service, and sat down next to a window from the sea. No green area cropped up henceforward.

74 Read approximately: mʌ'mʌjʌ. A seaside resort.

On the way back, examined the other side of the route. Saw a few zones more sparsely or thickly overgrown with ornamental bushes, shrubs or reeds.

For the night, i shall not have to turn back to the lucerne-field — thought.

On the way to the port, observed a confectionery. Entered it. A produce being composed of chocolate and nuts, as well as soft-centered chocolate could most efficiently satisfy my nourishment needs. From the latter one, bought around half a kilogram.

Got to a park. It was cut through by parallel rows of trees. Between them, marble slabs covered the soil. On the benches, many humans were sitting. Above its other end, the sky appeared blue.

I am on the top in front of the port — established. … It is already afternoon, but have not eaten yet!

Sat down, and took out the paper bag of soft-centered chocolate.

I would reach the southern end of the port in around three hours — thought. … It is late to begin the reconnoitering still today … Should obtain newer information … But not here, but on a more isolated place.

Took notice of two mariners. They wore white uniforms, on their heads they had ribboned flat caps. With hurried steps and movements, they identified their comrade-in-arms dressed in blue.

Have they the right to control civilians as well? — raised the question to myself, getting slightly frightened. … As the frontier guards have this right, why would the mariners not have it as well?! … The embodiers of the police state are environing me here as well … I must go to a safer place! … But not now, as would only call their attention to me!

Having controlled through the mariners of the park section surveyable by me, they left. I stood up, and set off towards the edge of the cliff.

There unfolded itself in front of me almost the same sight as after getting off the bus. Stairs, footways, benches, stone-carvings, ornamental plants humanized the grassy natural slope descending as far as the port. Saw no humans in my relative vicinity.

It seems — was thinking — that this place is suitable also for obtaining information.

On the nearest stairs. went down to the first footway. Turned to the right. Sat down on the first bench, and began surveying the port.

From the left, a young man with a steely look, of around 30 years passed by in front of me. On his robust body, he wore a blue T-shirt and jeans, on his head he did not have a cap. Anthropologically, he also seemed

of turkish character. In his hand, he held a black leather jacket. Sat down on the second bench from me, and put it on.

Here is the opportunity! — thought.

Stood up, approached and sat down by him.

“Hello!” said i.

He looked at me. His view was indifferent, slightly sullen.

“I came from Buzău,” continued, in a confidential tone. “Would like to leave the country illegally by sea. Could you tell me a few words about this topic?”

He was seemingly seized by surprise. Contracted his brows, his face became harsh, and looked like an intransigent, implacable, firmly committed party worker. I took fright.

“Go away from here,” began he to speak, in a loud voice and an ominous tone, “till i don’t get angry!”

Seeing his ideological infectiousness, i was struck with terror.

Away from here!

I sprang up, and in haste, almost in double-quick set off towards the stairs. The feeling arose in me that he wanted to mobilize the humans in the surroundings in the interest of my capturing.

Reaching the top, looked neither to the right, nor to the left, removed from the terrible scene with the utmost marching dispatch possible.

At the end of the park, i came across a bus-stop. Looked back. Saw only walking and sitting humans. Felt slightly relief.

Will he squeal me? — raised the question to myself. … I will wait for the first bus!

Was walking up and down. Had the impression that every person was looking at me. Watched whether militiamen were coming nearer. But the civil character of the surroundings did not change.

Rid myself of the needless burden! — thought.

In an out-of-the-way nook, drank the remaining milk. Put the bottle in the trash-can near me.

A bus drew in. It went to Palas. Got on.

Even if he squealed me — was thinking — they cannot capture me any longer … This afternoon, it proved true how perilous the staying in a town is even in the day-time … Was he a man of the authorities? … His leather jacket referred to this … No. It is too little the probability of my speaking just to a representative of the state … And, after all, as such he would not have frightened me away, but would have behaved refinedly: he had shammed goodwill, openness, he had gotten information, and finally he would have set a trap for me[75] … His behavior is partly justifiable and un-

75 Beyond that, pursuant to the penal code, any person was empowered to capture a committer, and

derstandable though, but he could have made known to me finely as well that he was unwilling to guide me … He may belong to that one of the most perilous types of humans, who giving up his or her personality, does his or her best to keep on the right side of the mighty … Probably, he is not a man of the authorities, but a conscious supporting pillar of the regime … This case characteristically represents the atmosphere of fear having been it dominated by the romanian "hydra" … Every person knows that the society teems with the squealers and agents of the Securitate … But no one knows who they are … At the same time, there are also acting instigators among the agents … He might have just mistaken me for an instigator! … But in no way can i agree with his method … After all, it is quite possible as well that he was an agent … Telling him that intended to carry out a deed qualified as being a crime, being more robust, he could have seized me, and by the collaboration of others he could have handed me over to the militia … But in this case, he would have appeared before me as one who had been sent in my vicinity just for my capturing, namely in his presumed real quality, and he had to disguise that … For this reason, my single question did not constitute a sufficient pretext for my capturing … They would still have needed me to insist … His ostentatiously sensitive reaction and inclination to get angry corroborate this … Or they would still have needed me to begin to run in my alarm … With that, i myself would have proved my guiltiness, and even if the humans of the surround had not held me down by themselves, my running away would have been a sufficient pretext for him to cry for help … But exclude this possibility as well, as i had kept out of my way the railroad station of the town; and somewhere else the "hydra" could not have me spotted.

Stepped down from the bus. Crossed the road. Got to a little street. At its end, recognized the main building of the station.

I will keep the militia post out of my way! — decided.

It became darker and darker, advanced with more and more difficulty. From the front, from the right and from the back, there surrounded me railroads. The lines of their high embankments formed my horizon. Almost permanently, freight trains seeming to be unending in length were rolling on them, in front, aside or behind me, from or in the direction of the port or Constanţa, loaded cracking or unloaded creaking, as streaks moving scarcely separating from the dark gray sky and the black earth. The auditive atmosphere was dominated by the strident din of the electric locomotives.

The experience of new type succeeding one another had a particular influence on me. I came from among humans of which society had been in-

lead him before the authorities. [8]

fected by a national secret political monster, with manipulation and creating the atmosphere of fear, into a derivative monster. Almost everyone, almost everywhere, almost always, almost in everyone saw an agent of the "hydra", a peril. Got among human-made objects, which nearly in pitch-dark were all over, and overwhelmed me with sonic waves. They were disturbing though, but almost completely innocent and harmless. Except the eventualities of an insignificant probability according to which by an oversight had gotten under the wheels, or they ran off the rails and crashed down on me. My terror and fright had already ceased. The consciousness that was bending my steps towards the clean, quiet and peaceful nature, infused new forces in me.

From under the shrubbery having rummaged out the rucksack, there swamped me the warm of being together. Changed clothes. Sat down to eat.

The sea illegal fleeing raises an entire row of questions — began sizing up my situation. … Can i penetrate into the port? … If yes, can move without sensation in a completely unknown place? … If no, can make myself scarce in time? … Shall find a ship passing through at least the Bosporus? … If yes, can get up on it? … If yes, can hide myself? … If not, will the captain or the crew tolerate me? … Shall at least my water supply last until the sailing? … If yes, shall the ship be controlled? … Shall it touch land in a port of a my target country? … If not, shall reach the coast swimming? … In case of my catching, will they accuse me with misappropriation attempt or misappropriation? … At the same time, the absence of life risk only exists in case of the illegal fleeing attempt, as according to the heard, jumping into the sea can imply death … Furthermore, while the port of Constanţa is entirely unknown for me, i know the Kákófalva[76] zone[77] well, and in its relation the above questions cannot be put … Besides, once already crossed the frontier there, have the disposal of the experiences in the yugoslav communist state, and have an exact plan with regard to the route and the manner of traversing its territory … The only rising question is that shall be able to approach the yugoslav–austrian frontier? … Last year, quickly reached Belgrade[78], so can get through to Maribor[79] as well … And if can easily cross the romanian–yugoslav frontier, then the yugoslav–austrian frontier is not a problem … Consequently, can consider that the risk of losing the life is similar in case of the two variants, while the probability

76 Read approximately: 'ka:ko:fɔlvɔ. In the romanian language: Grădinari. Village in a straight line at around 6 kilometers from the romanian–yugoslav frontier. [2]

77 In reality, the Varadia zone. [In the romanian language: Vărădia.] [7] Pursuant to the law, the frontier zone was formed by the totality of the territories of the communities of which frontiers partly coincided with the frontier of the state. [9]

78 In the serbo-croatian language: Beograd. The capital of the yugoslav communist state.

79 Yugoslav big town in a straight line at around 15 kilometers from the yugoslav–austrian frontier. [10]

of success is much greater by land … So the decision results obviously: will not go back to Constanţa, but turn towards the romanian–yugoslav frontier and Austria … My reason guides me in the same direction as my feeling … Shall sleep here? … Would not like to show myself in day-time on this flat terrain overgrown with low vegetation … After terminating eating, will set off to Valu lui Traian!

For reaching the land romanian–yugoslav frontier, had to traverse the whole romanian communist state though[80], it did not even came to my mind that i was near the romanian–bulgarian frontier.[81] In spite of the fact, as such a person who for attaining his purpose of life indispensably needed the emigration from this-world and the immigration into an other-world, had examined also the possibility of the land-reaching of Turkey and Greece. Started from that both the bulgarian–turkish and the bulgarian–greek frontiers were parting lines not only of states, but also of hostile political-military blocks. Accordingly, judged that they were more guarded than other frontiers.[82] At the same time, made distinctions also between Austria, Turkey and Greece.

Crossed the railroad. Descended its embankment. Turning to the left, marched on at its bottom. It was a pitch-dark. Only with my soles perceived that the terrain was overgrown with grass. Advanced easily. At times, higher uliginal vegetation viewed, but the soil remained dry. From time to time, trains rolled away by me towards Constanţa or Bucharest.

Reached the ground of the railroad station of Valu lui Traian. Turned to the right in order to approach its building. A locomotive din struck my ear. Looked back. A freight train overtook me slowing down. Came to a halt, and turned round. It was formed of uncovered waggons. From them, heaps came out to a point. On some, cabins were also visible. It commenced braking. Squeaking, it called.

I will get on! — decided.

With rapid steps, set off towards it. Beside it, turned to the left. At the first cabin, put off the rucksack, climbed up the stairs, and opened the door. It was empty, its seat was missing. Put down the rucksack. Took out the bag containing the PVC foil. In the place of a chair, set it down on the floor, sat on it, pulled the rucksack in front of me, and closed the door. It was a tight squeeze. Put my arms on the rucksack, pillowed my head on them, and shut my eyes. Cracking, the freight train pulled out to the west.

80 I was in a straight line at around 600 kilometers from it. [2]

81 In a straight line at around 25 kilometers. [2]

82 Subsequently heard in Radio Free Europe that on the bulgarian side of the bulgarian-turkish frontier there had been laid minefields.

5. What kinds of foodstuffs shall i have in Slatina[83]?

Saturday, 2 july 1988. In the morning, sitting in a compartment of a carriage, i was looking at the station of Slatina. According to my plan, this was the town where had to procure the mass of my food-supply. Had to get off on the following way-station, Milcov[84], because the former one lay much farther. The train pulled out. Stood up, shouldered a bag, took the other in my hand, and went out to the passage.

During determining the place of foodstuffs purchasing, i had taken into consideration three requirements. According to the first two ones, the locality had to be sufficiently small and to lie sufficiently far from the frontier, in order that the probability of an identification by a militia-patrol, as well as of my discovering by a “hydra” agent were minimal. In conformity with the third one, it had to be sufficiently near the starting-point of the section of route to be done marching, in order that i arrived there with the largest quantity of food possible. Needed this not only in order to be able to get through a possible illness, wound or other emergency situation with maintaining the possibility of my proceeding, but also because immediately after the frontier crossing had to march relatively much on the territory of the yugoslav communist state. Namely, maximizing the probability of getting out of the yugoslav–romanian frontier zone demanded that there would not occupy neither with exchanging money, nor with foodstuffs buying. My apparel took up only a small part of the rucksack, so that in plenty there was place for food. Craiova[85] had not rated, because of its too great dimensions, as well as the eventuality of the cropping up of my former class-fellows in that place. Filiaşi[86] and Strehaia[87] were too near the frontier. This is how my choice had fallen to Slatina.

The train called. I opened the door on the right side, and jumped down on the railroad stones. Looked to the left. At around 30 meters, there lay a small old-fashioned station-building. Around it, the crests of low, mostly grassy hills constituted my sky-line. The village was not visible. Did not see a human. Taking a curve to the left, the train disappeared.[88]

Look for a hiding-place! — thought.

83 Read approximately: 'slʌtinʌ. Town in a straight line at around 130 kilometers from the romanian–yugoslav frontier. [2]

84 Read approximately: 'milkov. Village by rail at 5 kilometers. [6]

85 Read approximately: krʌ'jovʌ. Big town in a straight line at around 85 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

86 Read approximately: fili'ʌʃ. Small town in a straight line at around 60 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

87 Read approximately: stre'hʌjʌ. Small town in a straight line at around 35 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

88 According to the schedule, the accommodation-train P 1007 had to depart at 6 hours and 18 minutes. [6]

Turned to the right. In the direction of Slatina, the terrain was flat. On the other side of the railroad, there lay a shrubbery stripe at the foot of a hill. Stepped over the rails, and went on beside it.

Reached a footpath. Climbed behind the thick vegetation. Farther up, the slope was overgrown with grass.

The shrubbery is suitable — thought.

Turned to the left. Removed myself from the footpath with around 10 meters. Sat down. Took out food. Began eating.

Coming from Constanţa towards the frontier, Bucharest was inevitably on my way. As the capital it being more supplied, i made use of the advantages of the situation, and planned to there buy certain foodstuffs, rated as shortage goods in other parts of the romanian communist state, as well as pharmaceuticals. I had tinned fish in tomato sauce and soft-centered chocolate, from which began stocking with six tins and respectively, with around 1 kilogram. In two drug-stores, got a remedy against diarrhea, a small box of unguent with tetracycline, two coils of bandage, and one of adhesive tape.

I attached a great importance to the pharmaceuticals, as was aware of that an illness contracted beside the frontier could bring about the failure of my plan. At the same time, considered it to be important the prevention of an infection after an open-wound injury as well.

Which bag shall i take? — raised the question to myself. … The blue one, because that has the biggest holding capacity … For a top camouflage, will put my remaining things in the rucksack!

It was a fine weather. Marched towards Slatina on the right side of the railroad. In my right hand, held the gathered-up sleeping-bag keeping-bag. At times, because of shrubberies, was forced up between the rails, and had to pace with short steps from tie to tie. From time to time, got up unto one or other of the narrow steel surfaces in order to quicken my advancement. Owing to my wide-soled low shoes, so made relatively long portions uninterruptedly.

The railroad swept round to the right. In the distance, blocks with ten upper storeys emerged.[89]

89 On the inserted photo, it is visible approximately what i saw at that time. It can be found on the postal card which had been given to me for writing it on 29 august the preceding year in the prison in Marosvásárhely, in all certainty not accidentally. Namely, at the beginning of april 1987, the romanian “hydra” could get to know the newer manner of conducting my illegal fleeing attempt, and so it could render it probable that in 1988 i would make purchases in Slatina. Therefore, the postal card could secretly and possibly also successfully program my getting in the prison.

Reached a concrete road. Farther, a narrow green stripe bifurcated it. On both sides, there were set in order the high buildings. On the opposite end of the boulevard on a roof, an immense painted picture represented the Ceauşescu couple.

You are their children and flock; they are your provident parents and guarding shepherds — was programing the romanian “hydra”. You are our children and flock; we are your provident parents and guarding shepherds — was programing the Ceauşescu couple. You are our oppressors; we are your victims — interpreted the masses. You are the public image, the representatives, puppets, but also parts of the romanian “hydra” — was thinking — patterns on the carpet of its state, on which its members are standing, symbols on the cloak of communism, which they are wearing, masks on their faces; i am a frontierist produced by their existence and policy, who intends to draw out from under them the carpet, in order that in their fall the cloak and the mask be off them, and they have no time left to step on another carpet, to put on another cloak, to conceal themselves behind another mask, and the public pass judgment on them.

The ground-stories were mostly formed by commercial rooms. Going round the longish square the first time, i examined the stocks of the food shops. The second time, only turned in the ones which offered products suitable my purpose. Bought two boxes of finger-biscuit, several packs of biscuit, 250 grams of milky candy, the same quantity of soft-centered

chocolate, and around 25 pieces of so-called honeyed milk bars one by one of 100 grams.

At choosing the foodstuffs, i took into consideration the essential requirement according to which in the unit volume was the greatest quantity of nutritive matter. So, the finger-biscuit was not the most advantageous, because of its content of air and its excessive fragility. However, the capacity of the rucksack made it possible to somewhat submit to the requirement of variety. For the tinned fish in tomato sauce, the relatively high content of water and the weight of the metal box constituted its disadvantages. For this reason, the oily one would have been better. There disposed of particular advantages the honeyed milk bar, a longish, flat-prism shaped, plasticine-like product packed in cellophane: having minimal volume, high caloric value, being rich in proteins and vitamins, easily consumable, with the packing material having negligible weight and volume. It was regularly of a yellowish color, but that bought in Slatina was made for me objectionable at least esthetically by its rose-color.

Noon was coming. I was drawing near to the end from Milcov of the square on the sidewalk on the right side of the boulevard. From a street stand, flat dough fried in oil struck my eyes. Went there. After the serving of a buyer, my turn came.

“Ten pieces, please!” said to the saleswoman,” “… Do you have plastic bags?”

“Yes.”

“Also a bag, please!”

“21 lei.”

I took over the flat doughs caught in grease-proof paper. Put them in the plastic shopping bag, and that in the bag. It filled up. Proceeded on my way.

In front of me at around 10 meters, i turned my attention to a militiaman. A chill came over me. On his right with a woman person, he was walking towards the outside blocks. Instinctively slackened, so that he did not catch sight of me by my outwalking him.

Leaving the town marching with a full bag would obviously strike him — thought.

I arrived at the railroad station.

Look — was thinking — when i shall have a train!

Went to the building. Examined the schedule. At 15 hours and 46 minutes, a local service to Craiova had to depart from the station.[90] Turned back.

At the hiding-place, ate my fill with flat doughs. They proved to be

90 The C 1477. [6]

curdy, just as in Alkenyér[91] in the preceding year. Estimated the food-supply: in rather short rations, it was enough for sixteen days. Put over the milky candy and the soft-centered chocolates into a polyethylene bag each. Spread out the PVC foil, and lay down.

6. Through the station of Karánsebes

Late in the afternoon in Răcari[92], i got down from a train.[93] Had to get down, because after the second halt, Filiaşi, it turned off my planned route. The big and beautiful station-building struck my eyes. Had a look at the arrival time of the accommodation-train to Temesvár[94]: 22 hours and 17 minutes.[95] Entered the waiting-room. No one was in. Put down the bags on a bench, and sat down.

According to my plan, had to cross the frontier on the hills of Versec, similarly to my preceding illegal fleeing attempt.[96] As my experiences had corroborated it, that terrain unit could most safely be approached from the direction of Resicabánya.[97]

With a view to keep out of my way the control of the authorities and the reconnoitering operations of the “hydra” agents, i must have not made use of fast trains at all, while of the long-distance accommodation-trains over the long pull, and possibly had to travel with local services. For this reason, notwithstanding that several fast trains and two accommodation ones ran from Bucharest to Temesvár, i was already before the sixth changing.

On a section, this railroad line ran along the Danube, namely the romanian–yugoslav frontier.[98] I must not have changed in the riverine stations of that on account of the presumed presence of frontier guards. Because there was no local service passing beyond those, was under the necessity of breaking my illegal-fleeing principle, and to make use of a Bucharest–Temesvár accommodation-train for a longer distance. One circulated in day-time, the other at night. Had chosen the latter one, as it ensured a

91 Read approximately: 'ɔlkɛnje:r. In the romanian language: Şibot. Village in a straight line at around 160 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

92 Read approximately: rə'kʌrj. Village in a straight line at around 65 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

93 According to the schedule, the local service C 2853 had to depart at 19 hours and 9 minutes. [6]

94 Read approximately: 'tɛmɛʃva:r. In the romanian language: Timişoara. Big town in a straight line at around 30 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

95 The accommodation-train P 1005. [6]

96 From the hills of Versec, i was in a straight line at around 180 kilometers. [2]

97 Read approximately: 'rɛʃitsɔba:njɔ. In the romanian language: Reşiţa. Big town in a straight line at around 30 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

98 On around 32 kilometers. [6]

greater safety and a right connection with a train to Resicabánya.

Looked at the time: it was 22 hours or thereabouts.

I will buy the ticket! — decided.

Stood up, and went to the ticket window. It was closed. Knocked it. The railroadman on duty opened it.

"Yes!" said he.

"To Lugos, please!"

"54 lei."

Paid. Took the baggage, and went out to the platform. It was getting dark. Many people waited. Turned to the right in order to be able to get on one of the first carriages. Considered this to be important in order that for getting down could follow with attention and control the names of stations. From the right, a well cropped up.

Drink — was thinking — and take water, since my way shall be long!

Walking up and down, looked at my watch from time to time. It was already past 22 hours and 17 minutes, but the train had not pulled in yet.

It should not arrive with a too great delay — was thinking — because that would exclude my fit connection.[99]

It was around a quarter of an hour late. Double-decker, blue carriages formed it. Behind the opening sliding doors, the humans standing closely side by side indicated its crowdedness. Few people got down. I hardly had room for it. Had to stay in the passage.

In Filiaşi, i got into the fore-part of the lower compartment. Could not enter more in, because the anyway packed corridor was being invaded front-wise as well. In the dim light filtering in, took notice of the free space of the first left baggage grids. Put up the bags. Below it, the seat beside the window became empty as well. Sat down. In the door, there appeared a pregnant woman. Stood up, and yielded the place to her.

From the front, from the back, and also from the sides, i was exposed to a weaker or stronger pushing. Could hardly stand on my feet. With both hands had to hold the aluminum bars of the baggage-grids in order not to be under the necessity of leaning against the humans behind my back. Many people did not do so, yielding to the invisible, but perceptible force, to the prejudice of the travelers inside.

In the stations of the bigger localities, more people got down. Subse-

99 In the romanian communist state, the delay of the trains could often be experienced. The space of time between my trains to Temesvár and Resicabánya was nearly one hour.

quent to their leaving, i could slightly breathe freely. Afterwards, had to again cope with the concentrated impulse of those getting on.

It seems — was thinking — that overcrowding is another disadvantage of the long-distance accommodation-trains … Namely, the only one, as this excludes an efficient activity of the authorities and of the "hydra" agents … I can advance drudging, but safely … This effort is the price of my safety.

The time hung heavy on my legs. My tiredness and sleepiness, the permanent pushing, the sultry air, the motionlessness of the mass only enhanced this torturing feeling. At the same time, in certain stations, the train was stopping strikingly much. The situation became almost insupportable, when once there struck my eyes the empty compartments of a fast train arriving from the back on the neighboring track, then starting on probably to Temesvár. At times, i pillowed my head on my arm, and closed my eyes. The nearly complete dark setting around me as if had stroked my eyelids, as the single supporter of my vain trials of sleeping.

My shoes commenced to pinch.

From the long-lasting standing, my feet commenced to probably swell — thought.

As an opportunity arose, examined them under the ankles by touch. They were indeed swollen. By turns, put the weight of my body sometimes on the one, sometimes on the other. But the newer physical strain had not subsided.

On the left side, from the darkness of the night, there separated a gray streak.

The Danube! — thought, being reborn. … It is at least 500 meters wide … The blackness after it is already the territory of the yugoslav communist state! … How near i am to it! … Though how long a way have to still make till its reaching!

The perception of the intermediate target of my fleeing route, and the consciousness of its nearness made my general condition better, made it more supportable the trying circumstances of the travel. Almost permanently, was watching the high forms of terrain outlining on the opposite bank of the river.

There viewed a row of light points. It spanned the surface of the water in a straight line.

The barrage and the frontier crossing-place of the Vaskapu[100] hydroelectric power plant — thought. … A gate permanently closed for the mass

100 Read approximately: 'vɔʃkɔpø. In the romanian language: Porţile de Fier.

of the frontierists and the people.

Its left half glittered more intense.

It is visible the frontier! — thought. … The contact line of darkness and brightness … In the strict, but also the symbolic senses of the word … In the romanian communist state, even the electric power plants are exaggeratedly economizing with the electric power!

The length of the light points row was continually diminishing. It doubled. They becoming perpendicular to the window, there appeared to my view for a moment the roadway flanked by them. Not a vehicle was visible on it. The level of the water increasing abruptly got nearer, the Danube all at once widened to a lake, the other edge of its sheet vanished in the darkness. However, the outlines of the mountains henceforward remained well discernible. They provided the spiritual refuge of the trust placed in the future from before the momentary physical trials.

At times, sources of light threw their lights far into the surface of the water each, better unveiling that creepy reality, with which a part of the frontierists took up the fight. Revived in my memory the thoughts relative to the possibility of the danubian illegal fleeing.

What an obstacle this wide and deep stripe of water constitutes in the way of the frontierists! — thought. … Therefore, in all certainty, this riverine frontier section is not guarded to such an extent than the land one, its approach is less risky … At the same time, here the plow-terrain, fence, watch-tower and frontier stripe, all seem to be needless … Probably, here the problem is not climbing the fence, but only swimming the Danube … Further, here certainly also the yugoslav frontier zone is less risky … The swimming across would be possible now in summer, owing to the supportable temperature of the water … In the day-time, i would reconnoiter the zone, would convince myself of that there is no watch-house near by … In the evening, would go down to the bank undressed to bathing-pants … Would put my relatively few things in a polyethylene sack, and would fasten it to my hip at the back … In order to make easier my water-way, and reduce the probability of drowning, could use a ball … Could cross with a bigger baggage, if fastened it to another ball … With an interior tube of tyre having a fitting size, could even convey across the filled rucksack … Would swim slowly in order not to produce noise … Would need around one hour for getting beyond … During the some half an hour spent in the hither half of the river, at any moment could crop up a frontier-guard motor-boat cruising with a reflector … In this case, they would obviously catch me, because — as it is visible from here as well — even a relatively dim source of light is able to well illumine the surface of the water … And the submersion could be effective only in the absence of a ball … Neither beyond the frontier line could feel secure, as the frontier guards of the ro-

manian communist state are able to shoot through or penetrate to the part of the Danube belonging to the yugoslav communist state … It would be perilous to life also if a bigger vessel appeared, namely in the darkness it is difficult to survey its direction … Consequently, the Danube variant contains three elements perilous to life, and it involves greater material sacrifices … At the same time, on the hills of Versec am able to approach and cross the frontier at any time from spring to autumn … And last year, left behind the yugoslav frontier zone as well … As a result, exclude the danubian variant of the illegal fleeing.

At Orsova, it recurred to my mind the memory of Petcu[101], the woman and her little girl.

What a determination was necessary — was thinking — to push on this intimidating mass of water in a small folding boat, what is more in the dark and with a child! … In all certainty, they were aware of that the frontier guards could perceive and shoot them down at any moment, that a ship could whirl along them into the water directly or with its waves, possibly it could also put an end to their lives with its screw.

After departing, the dammed lake reached its largest width up to this time. Edging away from it, the train deviated to the north, in the direction of Karánsebes.

On its Porta[102]-Karánsebes section, the line of the local service Porta-Resicabánya coincided with that of my train. On that, there were several stations at my disposal for changing. I had learned their romanian names by heart: Teregova, Armeniş, Slatina Timiş, Vălişoara, Petroşniţa, Valea Timişului, Balta Sărată.[103] Had not to keep watch on their tables, because in the ranks of the crowd there quickly got round the news of the name of the locality drawing nearer.

Porta came next. I took the three bags in my hand, and began gravitating towards the passage. It was not easy, because everyone would have liked to get to its neighborhood, or wanted to stay there, fearing that he or she would not be able to get off.

In Teregova, i could just approach the door of the compartment. It was open. With one bag in the left hand, with two in the right one, was trying to pushing find my way through it.

“Will you get down at the first?” asked i the traveler i font of me.

“No. Please do!” said he, without their words having been followed by

101 Read approximately: 'petkʊ.

102 In the romanian language: Poarta.

103 Read approximately: te'regovʌ, ʌr'meniʃ, 'slʌtinʌ 'timiʃ, vəli'ʃoʌrʌ, pet'roʃnitsʌ, 'vʌleʌ 'timiʃʊlʊj, 'bʌltʌ sə'rʌtə. In the hungarian language: Teregova, Örményes, Temesszlatina, Temesvölgye, Petresfalva, Körpa, Sóstó.

deeds.

“Could we change place?”

“I cannot even budge! … Possibly, at the next.”

It is doubtful — was thinking, with some worry — that i shall be able to get down from the train before Karánsebes … There, in all certainty, many people will get off … But i will not make use of that station even for getting down! … Will go as far as the first locality following it! … And from there, will marching reach Õkörpatak[104]!

In Temesszlatina[105], more people got off than on. By the time i extricated myself to the passage, the train had already pulled out. Stood next to the door on the left side. Was not touched by humans any longer. Relaxed physically and spiritually as well.

The question of getting off is solved — thought. … I hope that the train to Resicabánya is still behind me.

In Temesvölgye[106], i stepped down on the left side. There made a pleasant impression on me inspiring the coolly fresh air, and perceiving the unoccupied space. In front of me, a deep and wide valley loomed. As if the village had laid on its bottom. Turned round, and looked at the time: it was a few minutes to 4 hours.

The train pulled out.[107] On the other side unfolding itself many people were waiting.

The train from Porta has to arrive — thought, rejoicing.

In the background, in the dim light of an electric bulb, there was visible the station-building.

I will not buy a ticket! — decided. … Than the “hydra” detect me, will rather take the risk of the fine … After all, according to my plan, on this last route section to be made by train, have to apply the variant of traveling in the toilet.

Crossed the trackway, and stepped up unto the concrete surface. On the next platform, there were fewer people.

It is not good for me to be seen from a short distance — thought.

Looked to the right and left, and on the stones stepped over the rails to the other side. In front of the building, there were visible the standing or moving dim figures of several travelers. Did not perceive a militia patrol. Slightly more on the back on the first track, a freight set was drawn in.

104 Read approximately: 'əkərpɔtɔk. In the romanian language: Păltiniş. Village in a straight line at around 60 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

105 Read approximately: 'tɛmɛʃslɔtinɔ.

106 Read approximately: 'tɛmɛʃvəlgjɛ. Village in a straight line at around 60 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

107 According to the schedule, it should have departed from the station of Temesvölgye at 3 hours and 1 minute. [6]

I have to completely screen myself! — thought.

Turned to the right. The platform came to an end. Stepped down, and clattered by onwards on the stony surface. Reached the first waggon. Having entirely covered me from the building, sat down by it. Pricked up my ears to noises of steps coming nearer from the left.

“What are you doing here?!” sounded it, in a firm tone.

Being surprised, i looked in that direction: on the other side of the second line, a militia soldier was in the course of becoming more and more distinct from the dark in his hand with a machine pistol. In the consciousness of my action qualified as a crime, was caused an impression that would be caught: he would take me to the militia station, search me, find the BL bulletin, and from it he would get to know that was a “country-wide criminal”. In the bottom of my soul, grew desperate.

Even in a station of a village are there militia soldiers?! — raised the question to myself. Certainly, he is guarding the load, and suspects that i intend to misappropriate.

“I am waiting for the train,” answered, with the self-possession of the prevailing of my consciousness of guiltlessness concerning the suspected crime, while was standing up.

Partly swung towards him, in order that he saw that my both hands were occupied, and i had nothing to keep covering. He came as near to me as possible, without crossing the trackway. Scanned me from head to foot. Focused his attention on my bags. His suspicion visibly diminished.

“Here are you waiting for the train?!”

“Yes, here!” said, resolutely, in a slightly protesting tone. “… I do not like the crowd.”

I beheld the reflectors of the locomotive braking through from the right in the distance.

“Look! The train is coming.”

He turned back. Having convinced himself of my truth, he cast his eyes on me again.

“Well, that’s right! But go where other people also are waiting!” said he, and pointed at the platform.

Feeling relief, i turned to the right. Stepped up unto the first concrete slab, and mingled in among the humans. The pleasant sentiment of riddance of prison seized upon me already for the third time.

I have gotten away with this as well — thought. … Although this is relative, because if the train had not been late so much, i would not have had what to get away with, since in all certainty would have entered the station-building … Seemingly, he suspected a thief in me … Then, hearing my sober voice not corroborating his suspicion, seeing my shirt, fabric pants and Otter shoes, the three full bags, perceiving my superficial calm, his suspicion had to vanish into the thin air … Do not think him to have

also suspected a frontierist in me, as am rather far from the frontier … If he had still taken me to the militia station in order to control my baggage, first the great quantity of foodstuffs would have struck his eye … My statement, according to which went to the mountains, would not have made any change in that, as a supply for two weeks could not be justified by a trip either … In addition, the packedness of the rucksack, the camouflaging clothes, the lack of the bulletin, the relative nearness of the frontier, my direction of traveling, if not separately, but collectively would certainly have constituted sufficient reasons for my thorough search or for ringing up the militia in Marosvásárhely … No! With this control, would certainly not have gotten away!

The train called.[108] It was formed of carriages divided in one big middle and two small outside parts. Got on. Looked to the right and left. Did not see the conductor. Turning to the left, entered the small compartment. It was empty. Passed it. Entered the toilet, put the bags on one another, and secured the door.

In the preceding year, although i did not avow to the authorities that had marching set off towards the frontier from Resicabánya, but avowed that had crossed the frontier in the relative proximity of this big town, on the basis of which they could not completely give credit to my statement, and considering that the train to Resicabánya was the last one of which had to make use in the romanian communist state, during drawing up my third illegal-fleeing plan i did not exclude the possibility according to which they acquainted my description with the conductors working on those trains for squealing about the station of my getting down. For this reason, on the train to Resicabánya had to enter a toilet, namely according to my experience those were not wont to be controlled. Even if they had done it, i had to say that suffered from diarrhea and the ticket was outside, in order that on the first stopping i would possibly get down.

The train pulled in the station of Karánsebes. The light had already dawned. An anguish descended upon me. The upper, smaller part of the window was movable. I could not help letting it down. In front of me, partly its big building was visible. It revived ominous and bitter experiences in my memory. Coming nearer to the window, from the left a militiaman viewed. A chill came over me. He stood facing the train on the grade-crossing of the adjacent track, behind the last carriage of an accommodation-set. He watched the platform slightly leaning forward turning his head from the right to the left, and from the left to the right.

You can always look! — thought. … I am already up.

In the least measure possible, i put my head out. On the left, saw no

108 According to the schedule, the local service C 1561 had to depart at 3 hours and 57 minutes from the station of Temesvölgye. [6]

one. On the right. at around 15 meters, there came nearer a militia patrol. The non-commissioned officer led a wolf-dog. With a harsh facial expression, he looked ahead fixedly.

No more of that! — thought, drew back my head, and folded up the window. … Here, the human cannot feel secure even in the train! … Disagreeable a place! … If it was striking to them that i looked out of the toilet, they would certainly have the face to come after me! … Phooey! … When shall this train pull out of here yet?! … Since last year, things could go wrong a good deal, if they already throw in wolf-dogs!

The train moved. I breathed freely again. A feeling of joy filled me.

Now, only one question was already left: — was thinking — shall i be able to avoid the conductor? … The best would be to exclude even the possibility of meeting him … Have to find out where he is, afterwards will remove myself from him! … If he then overtakes me, i will make use of the toilet of the corresponding carriage!

Stepped out. Looked to the right and left. Through the transparent doors, one could see far forward and backward. He did not came in sight. Started backwards. Before entering a compartment, through the door controlled it from nearer. In the meanwhile, kept watch on the ones being farther. Few people traveled.

Got to the third compartment of the last carriage. Looking in, it proved to be empty.

He has to be in the first half of the train — established. … At the very worst, he is inspecting from the front backwards … I hope that he has not passed beyond the toilet of my baggage yet.

Started back for the bags.

According to my plan, for safety reasons i had to keep out of my way Resicabánya. Therefore, the starting-point of approaching the frontier marching had to be a locality before it. Did not fix it exactly; it depended on the concrete circumstances. Took into consideration Ezeres[109] and Kölnök[110].

In the last compartment, i put the bags up on a baggage rack. Sat down on the seat adjacent the corridor facing forward. Taking purchase on the arm-rest, slightly leant laterally, and through the doors was keeping close watch on the movement of the conductor.

The train snaked in smaller or greater arches. Between two curves of

109 Read approximately: 'ɛzɛrɛʃ. In the romanian language: Ezeriş. Village in a straight line at around 30 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

110 Read approximately: 'kəlnək. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Bănila Cîlnic, Bănila Câlnic. Village in a straight line at around 35 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

opposite directions it more or less straightened out, and i could see far ahead in it. The conductor rose to view at times, as he went from one traveler to the other, entered one compartment, or came out of the other. At the stations looking out through the window, i established that he either stepped down or stood out in the door of the carriage.

The train departed from a station. Controlling looking to the left, i beheld its table.

Brebu[111] — read. … Ezeres shall follow! … Shall i be able to last out as far as there?

The conductor entered the first compartment of my carriage. A mild excitement descended upon me.

I should enter the toilet! — thought. … But there still subsists the possibility of avoiding him! … And if still controlled it, he could fine me! … Had better not risk! … Rather pay the ticket! … Have sufficient money anyway … How shall set myself right with him? … Got on in Karánsebes; am going to Resicabánya … Arrived at the station in the last minute; the reason why had not sufficient time to buy a ticket.

The train commenced to brake. Rejoicing, caught the bags, and went out to the passage. It calling, the conductor had not cropped up. Opened the right door in the direction of course, and got off.

Looked to the left. Because of the left arch of the track, only the last carriage was visible. In neither of its doors appeared the conductor. The courtyard of the station was empty. On the blue table hung on the high side of the building, the lettering of white characters corroborated that i was in Ezeres.

Already only the nature separates me from the frontier! — thought.[112]

7. Across the Dognácska Mountains[113]

In haste, i set off backwards. Immediately behind the train, crossed the railroad. Did not look to the right, in order not to make myself more suspi-

111 Read approximately: 'brebʊ. In the hungarian language: Bréb.

112 According to the schedule, the local service C 1561 had to depart at 5 hours and 29 minutes. [6] From Constanţa, i was by rail at 689 kilometers, and made 896 kilometers, with 13 accommodation-trains and 1 freight train, with the getting-down and/or getting-on touching of the following stations: Valu lui Traian, Movila, Bucu, Platoneşti, Deduleşti, Bucureşti Triaj, Depou Bucureşti Triaj, Bucureşti Nord Gara Basarab, Bucureşti Nord, Depou Bucureşti Triaj, Săbăreni, Pătroaia, Milcov, Bordei, Işalniţa, Răcari, Temesvölgye (Vălişoara), Ezeres (Ezeriş). [6]

113 Read approximately: 'dogna:tʃkɔ. In the romanian language: Munţii Dognecei.

cious in the eye of a possible observer. Proceeded along it.

I hope — was thinking — the conductor has not caught sight of me.

On all sides, a mainly green and flat nature lay. In the distance, there outlined lower or higher hills and mountains. Slightly on the left, the terrain commenced to descend.

It is probable — was thinking — that in the valley lies the village … The train has already removed itself in due measure.

Turning to the right, waded into the high grass of the meadow. It proved to be very dewy. Came to a halt, and looked down. The legs of my pants had already become well wet.

Here, beside the railroad, cannot change clothes — thought.

Tucked up the legs of my pants. Started on. A maize-field came next. The plants were low. Its soil had dried out to splitting. Began to feel the tiredness. Looked round. Slightly on the left in the distance, a wood was visible.

That is the most suitable place for resting — thought.

Made my way towards it. A country lane cropped up. Beheld a pool on it. It was seen through crystal clearly.

My water is almost run out — thought. … Being drought, i have to utilize every water source!

Approached it. Set down my baggage. Took out the mug. Tasted the water. It appeared to be relatively potable. Filled up the bottle completely become empty.

With regard to its staleness and relatively busy place of origin, i will resort to it only in case of emergency! — thought.

Stepped into the wood tired to death. It was sparsely formed by high trees. Put down the bags. Changed clothes. Hang out the damp socks and pants on branches. Disposed my resting-place. Retired to sleep.

Around noon, after eating, i brushed the pants. In a bag each, took out milky candy and respectively, soft-centered chocolate for current ingestion. Also wrapped with bags the milk bars and the articles of clothing destined for social camouflage. Began repacking in the rucksack.

I emptied the bags. Gathered them up, and together with the low shoes put them in the lower compartment. On them, set the heavier and physically resistive foodstuffs. Placed the clothes, as well as the finger biscuits and the biscuits in the upper compartment, the PVC foil in the sleeping-bag keeping-bag on the top, the polyethylene foils laterally, the objects occupying a small place, holding hygienic, sanitary or other interests in three pockets. Tucked the one-liter bottle in the fourth, right lower one, the three-quarters one with the mug on it in the upper compartment, so that they were ready to my hand without undoing the rucksack. It filled to the

capacity. Fastened it down. Lifted it on, and made a few steps.

It is heavy — was i establishing — but easy to carry, because it forms an integral whole … If someone caught sight of it, he could hardly interpret it with other than my illegal fleeing attempt … I have to hold a reconnoitering!

Put the rucksack down. Against the railroad, the terrain commenced to ascend. There was visible the fringe of the wood. Set off towards it.

On the leaf-litter, discovered a cherry-shaped and -colored fruit, but smaller than that. Tried it. Was sweetish.

Certainly, it is wild cherry — thought.

I looked for, and consumed a few ones.

Left the wood. A hillock followed. Climbed onwards on its steep slope on the grass.

One of my illegal-fleeing principles was that approaching the frontier was the safer, the higher terrain it happened on, namely in this concrete case, the farther it happens from the villages in the valley of the Krassó[114]. For this reason, according to my plan, on the way to the hills of Versec i had to cut through the Dognácska Mountains approximately in a southwestward direction. My planned route crossed the highest part of that in a straight line. But on account of the difficulties of the relief, was not sure of the practical accomplishableness of its making.

Getting up to the top, came to a halt, and swung in my direction of march. There unfolded itself in front of me the type of terrain already experienced in the preceding year: knobby, largely overgrown with grass, poorish in signs of human activity. In the distance, the deciduous forest of the mountains was visible.

I know — was thinking — that the green heights exclude the possibility of seeing the soil of the neighboring other-world, that only the sky being above them belongs partly to it … But do not mind … Because it is not my chosen other-world any longer … Rather my injuries separate me from it, than my hopes attach me to it … It is only forcedly needed on my way towards another other-world and the new-world … Considered it to be a land of freedom, but it proved to be only a gate of it, just like in the east the Black Sea, and in the west Bánság, on the land of which am now.

Positive feelings dominated my mood though, in intensity they went far to remain under the level experienced in the preceding year on the hill next to Resicabánya. The attraction of Bánság was thinned and lengthened by the attraction of the territory of the yugoslav communist state. But i was still far from it. And also the crossing of its notoriously guarded eastern frontier could mean only a step towards a country of freedom, as it did not exclude, but increased the peril of catching and captivity, as on it a fron-

114 Read approximately: 'krɔʃʃo:. In the romanian language: Caraş.

tierist could instantly be recognized from his or her march or clothing, as its flat frontier zone could be traversed with difficulty unperceived, as the trains going to the west were controlled already from its eastern frontier by the militia. The contrasts between the attraction of the far freedom and the repulsion of the near captivity, between the farness of the attractive freedom and the nearness of the repulsive captivity agitated in the bottom of my soul.

I advanced on a sector sparsely overgrown with flowering grass approximately 1 meter high and thick with lawn. The type of plant experienced the first time, along with the whole of the region gave me a romantic impression.

The nature of Bánság does not deny itself this time either — thought.

The railroad broke through. On the left at around 50 meters, a small building was visible.

It is the way-station of Kölnök — thought. … The village must be somewhere down in the valley.

Crossed the rails. Darted upon clambering the steep hill-slope. Grass overgrew it. Farther up in some places, acacia groves were visible. The burden on my back had become more overwhelming.

I should rest — thought.

Among the first trees, came to a halt, together with the rucksack sat down, lessened and took it off from my shoulder, and put it aside. From its right lower pocket, took out the big bottle, and drank a few draughts of water. Lay back on the dry leaves.

My rucksack was never so much heavy yet — thought. … Maybe it could not be heavier … I am at the commencement of the most difficult route section … Have to gradually make myself accustomed to the suddenly increased need of effort … Have to avoid the stiffness … Will not hurry! … Will not make an extra effort!

According to my plan, the lasting march in the Dognácska Mountains had to physically prepare me for getting rid of the similar terrain of the hills of Versec as quick as possible. My condition, growing with the passing of time, had to increase the speed of advance, so much the more as in consequence of my nourishment, the weight of the rucksack was diminishing gradually.

Late in the afternoon getting on a top, beheld some blocks. Slightly on the left in the distance, they towered over the hillocks.

The northern corner of Resicabánya — thought.

In the valley, reached a brooklet. Rejoiced, because the first time came across fresh water in the course of the day.

I will replace my stale-water supply! — decided. … At the same time, will eat as well!

Put down the rucksack. Sat down on the grass. Took out a jar of haricot beans. On the following slope, a few persons shepherded smaller flocks of sheep and goats.

Marching on the top, some houses viewed.[115] Slightly on the right, a pine-wooded hill was situated.

I have to make a change in my direction of march! — thought. … In the wood, will turn to the right!

Paced upwards on the leaf-litter formed of long pine-needles among the pines. It was growing dark.

Got out of the wood. On the right side, a plateau lay. In my planned direction of march, the terrain descended steeply. Farther, a wood darkled.

It is time to establish for spending the night — thought.

Disposed my sleeping-place in a small depression. At this time, experienced that in addition to its advantages, the PVC foil possessed an essential disadvantage: being completely impermeable, it hampered the normal course of the skin breathing. In vain covered myself up only partly, on its interior surface vapor condensed, and my clothing became damp in some places.

Woke up to suspicious rustles. It was still completely dark. Sat up, and looked round. The plateau had been swarmed by cows. Lifted up my left arm, and began nosing into the watch: it was a few minutes past 2 hours.

I have to move into the wood! — thought.

Got up, stepped into the shoes, Lifted on the rucksack to my back, with one hand caught the PVC foil, with the other the polyethylene foils, and left the grassy terrain. However, the rustles did not come to an end: more sparsely though, but also among the trees there appeared cows vaguely.

It is probable — was thinking — that through the wood they came and are coming up to the pasture … Here, the probability of their trampling me down is greater … I will go back to the earlier place!

Still around two times woke up to that a cow had approached me each. At such times, sprang up to my feet, and drove away the animal tame, but with its potential trampling still considered perilous.

115 Probably, houses of the village Monyó. [Read approximately: 'monjo:. In the romanian language: Moniom.] [7]

At dawn, got up. Did my packing. Started on in my planned direction of march.

A deep glen unfolded itself in front of me. Step by step, began descending on thee steeper and steeper slope.

On its bottom, a brooklet flowed slowly. Plastic objects, rusty metal, and other wastes were visible in its bed.

I will not drink from the water of this! — thought.

Jumped down on the footpath running along it. Stepped over it. Began clambering up the slope of the next hill. Farther up, it was sparsely clad with high deciduous trees.

The wood became denser and denser. On the left, its terrain descended sharply. From under the leaf-litter, there showed ground, stones and rocks. On the right, the top vanished in the abundance of the boles and leaves. I marched roughly horizontally. By this means, somewhat deviated from my direction of march though, on the steep slope considered it more important not to render my way more difficult with level changing. Among the low trees, had to explore the possibilities of getting on. Advanced going round about, battling with the branches, or stoopedly, sometimes on my hands and knees.

Have all these a purport? — raised the question to myself. … I could do that bend my steps towards the frontier relatively comfortably, marching on a roadway … But then, at any moment could expect that there will catch me a militiaman passing there accidentally or put into action by squealing … And here am free, no one can squeal me, no one can take my liberty … Why would all these not have a purport?! … Even if should crawl or creep, neither that would be a too great pay and sacrifice for defending my natural and legal liberty, for gaining my real freedom, and for attaining my purposes!

Pricked up my ears to a vehicle noise. It grew louder from down the valley. Then it relatively quickly died down.

This must be a manifestation of the concrete road in the valley of the Berzava[116] — thought. There is no reason for keeping on the height any longer, as i have to traverse the valley anyway … But the slope is too steep … Am under the necessity of henceforward advancing horizontally.

In the parts of plan relative to the longer route sections to be done marching, i had included orientation systems, with the purpose of assessing the done and the rest of my way, as well as making easier my orientation. Had memorized these and other data of the maps considered to be es-

116 Read approximately: 'bɐrzɔvɔ. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Bîrzava, Bârzava.

sential. The first element of the orientation system of the march aiming at approaching the romanian–yugoslav frontier was altogether constituted by the river Berzava, as well as the concrete road and the railroad running next to it.

Reached a dried-up brooklet. Its bottom was formed by quicksand and smaller or greater stones, while its slopes by rocks. Letting myself down into it, looked to the left. It stepwise shaped its course for the road.

I will try to get down to the valley in this bed! — thought.

Turned to the left. On the steep sections, paced downwards with an increased cautiousness. Was aware of that a false motion could result in in an ankle-dislocation or a collision making my proceeding impossible. Where could do it, held on to the rocks mostly of body height. At times, on the dry or damp deposit, lost my footing or let myself slide. The rucksack stabilized my bearing, restricted the negative possibilities, it was ready to parry a possible fall backwards or sideways, increased my feeling of safety.

In a slow double-quick, i got down to the terrain suddenly becoming horizontal. Behind the leaves of the following tree, the dark green thickness came to an end. Under its branches hanging down, there was visible the edge of the road. Stooped, and stepped out of the wood.

There unfolded itself in front of me a sunlit region affecting me romantically. After a narrow meadow, the Berzava flowed. On its opposite bank, at the foot of a high hill, the railroad snaked. On the left farther, country houses lay. On the right, the concrete band led still long closely under the wood, till it vanished from sight in the thick of the trees.

A vehicle did not brake through. I hurried across the road. Descended onto the coat of green. Passed by an establishment in construction.

The river was around 10 meters wide. Its limpid water seemed to reach at most up to the knees. Relatively big stones covered its bottom.

Barefooted, it would be difficult to cross it even without a rucksack — thought. … I will not risk the falling in!

Sat down. Put off the shoes and the socks. Got into the shoes back. Tucked up the legs of the pants. Caught the socks, and rose to my feet.

Stepped into the river. With their suitable molding, the hard rubber soles well adhered to the slippery stones. The water did not perceptibly hurt the strong linen. After a few rapid, sure and safe steps, went up the left bank.

Pulling on the socks, from the right there struck my ear the noise of a locomotive. Looking back, it proved to be an accommodation-train. Carriages of old type formed it. The travelers looking out through the window

did not turn a particular attention to me.

It comes from Resicabánya — was thinking — and probably goes to Temesvár … I am too far from the frontier to be striking … Otherwise, in this beautiful tract can easily be taken for a tourist.

The steep slope was mostly overgrown with grass, dispersedly with shrubs, shrubberies and trees. With a view to keep my effort on a fitting level, i advanced in zigzags. On the left, the locality unfolded itself more and more prominently. Did not perceive town buildings.

It does not seem to be the outskirts of Resicabánya — thought.

Got to the top. It proved to be a plateau. Among sprouts of felled trees, it was overgrown with low vegetation. Mildly panted.

The following valley is not yet visible though — was thinking — i am under the necessity of retiring to rest.

Sat down in the shade of a willow shrub. Drank a little. Let myself back on the grass. The sky cloudlessly looked blue. In the infinite-seeming heap of distances, one became perceptible when roughly from the south the silverly glossy body of an airplane appeared in my visual field. It split the high atmosphere with a speed seeming to be slow, leaving behind white streaks. It called up in me the memory of experiences of the fourth university year.[117]

It is probable — was thinking — that it comes from an other-world, and proceeds to an other-world … Oh, oh! … They up there are free to cross the frontiers of the romanian communist state … But they are humans as well, just like us down here … Would they have privileges? … No. We are without rights … What an infamy is to keep humans by force among frontiers run artificially and arbitrarily! … What an infamy is to deprive humans also of their remaining freedom, only because they try leaving their this-world and reaching an other-world! … Would the “hydra” require of an extraterrestrial space vehicle as well to make its landing on an international airport?! … Would it have the extraterrestrial humans imprisoned, if they illegally pushed in on the territory of its state?! … Do not consider it to be excluded, as the “hydras” always did all in their power in the interest of maintaining, defending and expanding their reign … Aspiring to world domination with the catchword of “Proletarians of the world, unite!”, the russian “hydra” murdered millions of humans meaning peril to its precious instruments of power, the communism, the communist power

117 In october 1982, instead of practice in production, we were carried to gather grapes to the fields of Temesgyarmat [Read approximately: 'tɛmɛʃgjɔrmɔt. In the romanian language: Giarmata.] Although we were relatively far, in a straight line at around 40 kilometers from the romanian–yugoslav frontier, i often forgot my eyes on the western sky-line yearning. In the dinner hours after eating i always lay back, and not less yearning was watching the planes flying in the air-lift above the tract.

and its head … The german “hydra” aspiring to the same world domination, to the domination of the same world, with the aid of the nazism, disguising itself with the person of Adolf Hitler playing the german national secret political role of the “soul of the german nation”, had the face to decide on and to begin implementing the extermination of the jewish people, just in order that it could bring to fullness its domination over the german society, and could more easily subjugate other peoples … The american “hydra”, in its justifiable struggle against communism meaning peril to its political and economic power, but making use of some means violating human rights, with the aid of certain elements of the FBI keeps the people of the United States of America under observation; within the framework of the preparations for the nuclear war it have had experiments tried on it in relation to the effects of the radioactivity to the human, in its secret laboratories it had the HIV virus developed experimentally, and had it let go to its devastating way for a new extermination means of the individuals qualified perilous for it … In conformity with all these, if the extraterrestrial humans were here, the “hydras”, with the aid of their instruments ensuring their disguise, would treat them similarly, as they would be afraid of that their higher level of development could conduce to the losing of their power … But as the extraterrestrial humans are not striving after an earthly take-over, they record, sensationalize, exaggerate, modify, swell and spread the unidentified-flying-object phenomenon, using it to fashion a wrong opinion on the individuals inconvenient to them, to disguise their persecution and extermination by them, to disseminate their manipulating political principles, to cultivate in the common consciousness the idea of peculiarity and mysteriousness, by this means the best possible fading their own peculiar and mysterious manifestations.

Drew near to the opposite edge of the top. On the sky-line, there viewed the forest-clad range of the middle part of the Dognácska Mountains.

Is cutting across them in a straight line serving the purpose? — raised the question to myself. … Will it not slacken my advancement? … It remains to be seen.

Having descended on the grassy slope, drew near to a forest-clad hill. At its foot, there ran a forest-path hewed out of the soil. In front of the couloir-like earth wall around 2 meters high, came to a halt. Above it, pines showing their root systems frightfully steeply disappeared in their own dark thick.

I am not here for the sake of alpinism — thought. … But even if would, also then could get up on the peak with difficulty.

Turned to the left. The path leniently arched to the left. From time to

time looked upwards, and was thrillingly watching the steepness.

Got down to a country lane. It led roughly to the south. On its other side, there spread a deciduous wood. Under the outside trees, a brook gurgled.

The Dognácska! — thought, rejoicing, and came to a halt. … Would i have reached the Dognácska yet?! … Am north of its crossing-point of the last year, and according to my map, on the whole it flows in a south-south-westward direction, so its upper reach is sooner attainable … That it is narrower, is self-evident; so much the more as it is summer … Last year, experienced a rubbled lane though, but its character and width can change as well … But all these do not mean yet that have indeed attained the Dognácska … Need newer data … Have to control its further direction! … At the same time, my march to the south shall only make easier the cutting across the mountains.

Swinging to the left, started onwards on the lane. At around 50 meters, from among the trees, a human viewed on it. He wore rural clothes, namely a white shirt and a black vest, on his head he had a black felt hat.

I cannot avoid him any longer — was thinking — as he has certainly observed me … After all, am too far from the frontier that he means a peril.

In april of the preceding year, i said to the humans coming to my way that made a trip. However, established that the mountains were beautiful though, but they were touristically unexploited. For this reason, as well as because of the relative nearness of the frontier and of my direction of march, they seemingly found my statement curious or did not even believe it. On the basis of these experiences, in my third illegal-fleeing plan saw more credible to speak of “touristic orientation contest”. In addition, considered that this notion better took attention off the truth, as it was relatively unknown, and in a greater measure differed from the notion of “fleeing”.

“Good afternoon!” said i, in the romanian language.

“Good afternoon!”

“Tell me, please, does this lane run to Dognácska[118]?”

“No, to Kiskrassó[119].”

His answer slightly depressed me.

“Could you tell me, how could i reach Dognácska the soonest?

”Through this forest,” answered he, while pointing approximately to the west.

“You know, this interests me, because i am taking part in a touristic ori-

118 In the romanian language: Dognecea. Village in a straight line at around 22 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

119 Read approximately: 'kiʃkrɔʃʃo:. In the romanian language: Lupac. Village in a straight line at around 25 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

entation contest … Thank you very much! Good-bye!”

“All the best.”

The brook flowed slowly around one meter and a half deep. The lower branches of the spreading trees reached in above it. On its gulch-like bed wall, i let myself and jumped down on the pebbly bank. The crystal-clear water was at most span-deep and around 2 meters wide. Rinsed the hands, and eagerly drank my fill.

Since Galaţi, i did not lave and wash — thought. … Cannot leave this opportunity unutilized … Will wash out the shirt as well, because in the forest of the Dognácska Mountains shall not need it to camouflage me at all! … If a human or a vehicle come nearer, will stoop, and the bed wall shall screen me.

Put the damp articles of clothing into a bag. Filled up the bottles. Drank my fill. Proceeded on my way.

The forest was formed of high trees having thick boles. Its thinnedness and the lenient ascent of its leaf-littery terrain made an easy march possible. Having removed myself from the lane to a complete screening, i came to a halt, put down the rucksack, sat down on a stump, and took out a jar of peas.

It was getting dark. Beheld the fringe of the forest. Turned to the right. Went out to the grassy terrain. It was moonlight. In some places, there stood plum-trees. Down in the valley, as if a housetop had loomed.

This place is suitable for sleeping — thought. … And i see better as well.

Put down the rucksack. Hung out the washed articles of clothing on a tree. Brushed my teeth. Disposed my sleeping-place.

On my feet, perceived ants. Got up. Took out the dry clout. Cleaned the intruders away from the PVC foil. Had tucked myself in only partly though, the cloth moistened from the condensed exhalation. Transferred my sleeping-place from beside the ant-hill a little farther away.

Did not rid myself of the gnats in this night either. With the T-shirt shielded my head, and pulled my hands under the armpits though, could not keep away from each bite after all. With a decreasing intensity, this struggle lasted from the lying down till the getting up.

In the morning, proceeded on my way in the forest. Its terrain became steeper and steeper. More and more frequently, had to relieve the burdens of climbing with more or less considerable turns. The weather became marvelously fair. The mountain tract was only heightening this aesthetic experience. The thick lasted on without interruption.

Got to a height. Far down in the valley, the upper corner of a village was visible. A rubbled lane led out of it roughly in a northward direction.

Dognácska! — thought, rejoicing. … Now, beyond all shadow of doubt, i have already approached the second element of my orientation system.

Beyond the built-in area, compared to those seen up to this time, the zone was the most mountainous and the forest clad it completely.

At its upper perimeter, i could go round the village — was thinking — but the difficult terrain would instantly force me to the south … The advance here seems to be easier: have better take to the south just now!

For the most part and on the whole, the height remained horizontal, but at times i had to advance downwards or upwards. The holdings succeeding one another stretched far up to the slope. They were surrounded by fences made of wickers and branches. Often, had to go round about, at times had to climb them. The trees and the relief rubs offered a suitable screening.

After having clambered a steeper sector, came to a halt panting. Beginning sitting down at the foot of a sharply ascending place, the rucksack touched the land more quickly. My burden having eased, let myself loose. Leaning against it, reached the fat grass. Recovered my breath. From my shoulders, undid and took off the straps. Took out a tin of tinned fish, the opener, and the tea-spoon. Opened it, and began eating.

If in my this illegal-fleeing plan the hungarian communist state figured for an intermediate state — was thinking — or it were my target state[120], then before the romanian–hungarian frontier i should not climb so much … But woe would betide me, if the frontier guards of the romanian communist state did not shoot me dead and caught me … My maltreatment in Bors[121] would be a flea-bite next to this: they would carry me to the militia in a sheet, so that they did in Alsósztamora[122] with my companion in distress from Kolozsvár[123] … Even if got across the frontier, the political system of the hungarian state is communist in the same measure as before; that they harbor frontierists does not mean an essential step forward yet, as a few years ago the yugoslav communist state did not deport back those illegally fleeing through it … And further, with my humaneness i outgrew the hands of the hungarian nation, feel rather human than hungarian, rather a member of the humanity than of the hungarian nation; my political hu-

120 According to my radio information, the authorities of the hungarian communist state harbored the frontierists originating from the romanian communist state already from the end of 1987.

121 Read approximately: 'borʃ. In the romanian language: Borş. Village in a straight line at around 2 kilometers from the romanian–hungarian frontier. [2]

122 Read approximately: 'ɔlʃoːstɔmorɔ. In the romanian language: Stamora. Village in a straight line at around 5 kilometers from the frontier. [11]

123 Read approximately: 'koloʒvaːr. In the romanian language: Cluj-Napoca.

maneness is not to the taste of the political hungarianism, namely of the hungarian “hydra” … Which strives after possessing itself of defining the hungarian identity … Which created its notion of hungarianism with notes formed in the distant past … Which takes its purposes from the past … Which sees the future of the hungarian people in its past … Which pushes into the background all those hungarian humans who conceive the hungarian nature in a reformative, creative manner, who first are humans and only afterwards hungarians, who do not resign their humaneness for the sake of an abstract hungarianism arbitrarily defined by the hungarian “hydra”.

Got up without the rucksack. As if a lifting force had pushed me to the feet. Made a few steps ahead. Moved extremely easily. Felt that my condition grew. Was under the impression that it kept me going even against my will, that there had accumulated in me a quantity of energy far exceeding my need, that could have climbed the steep slopes in double-quick.

Began to do gymnastics. During marching, the rucksack held my trunk numb. Its burden did not make use of my muscular system in an equal measure. It was good to relax, to make it work completely and balancedly.

Turned my attention to that the interior linen of the rucksack had soaked with the sweat of my back.

Has it touched its content?! — raised the question to myself.

Undid, and controlled it. The paste-boards of the boxes of the finger-biscuits put in the upper compartment, gotten wet through on their touched surfaces, had softened. With a foil, isolated them from the linen.

Got to a rough small opening. Down in the valley, the village was visible almost in its full spread. From the front at around 10 meters, a mowing young man viewed so that i had no possibility to hide myself from him in secret. He looked up at me, and stopped his activity. Proceeded on my way undisturbed.

“Look out!” said he, and lifted his right arm. “There are wild bees there!”

I halted short. Looked round, but nowhere saw bees. Started on slightly turning to the right.

“Thank you! … Are the wild bees perilous?”

“Well, if they took alarm, they could certainly attack you as well!”

“Could they?! I did not know that … Which village is that there, down in the valley?”

“Dognácska.”

“Then, i have believed it well … Tell me, have you seen around here humans equipped in like manner as me?” cut i short his possible question.

“No.”

“I am taking part in a touristic orientation competition … We have to reach certain points fixed in advance …”

“… No, i haven’t seen anybody.”

“Thank you. Good-bye!”

“Good-bye.”

On the right side, the lower part of Dognácska viewed panoramically. The ridge commenced to leniently descend. There followed a young clearing.

I passed behind a few household plots. The terrain became steeper and steeper. Was drawing near to a slope clad with a wood. There came out the glen. On the bottom, a lane ran perpendicular to my direction of march. On its other side, a wider brooklet murmured. Rejoiced at the fresh water.

Getting down, looked to the right. Did not see a human. At around 50 meters, there were set in order on the right side of the lane several cabins lime-washed light blue. Farther, other houses were not visible.

Probably, i have reached the southern corner of the village — thought.

The brooklet rapidly flowed in the direction of the brook. In some places it accumulated in basins of stones and pebbles crystal-clearly, and foaming-purling fell down in handful cascades. Put down the rucksack. Washed down my face, neck and arms. Drank my fill. Poured out the warmed-up contents of the bottles, and filled them.

I will not touch the village! — decided. … Will keep on a southward direction!

Began climbing on the leaf-litter of the sparse wood. It slowly turned horizontal.

The trees stood thicker and thicker, and became shorter and shorter. Pushed my way among them with greater and greater difficulty. My advance was on the verge of becoming impossible.

I will descend into the valley! — decided. … Anyway, have already sufficiently removed myself from the village.

Swung to the right. With one hand pushing aside the boles, raising the other arm in front of my face, pressed forward. The terrain became steeper and steeper. More and more frequently, lost my balance. Could not stand any longer, was under the necessity of crouching down, put the arms on the knees, pillowed the head on them, and let myself slide.

I got out of the wood leant against the rucksack, with my right leg stretched forth, and got down to a horizontal terrain. Lifted up my head. Was down in the valley. A mostly grassy terrain lay in front of me. Stood

up. At around 100 meters, the rubbled lane led. Across it, there flowed the Dognácska. After a narrow meadow, a forest-clad hill rose as far as my sky-line. On the right at around 200 meters, the outside houses of the village were visible. Did not see a human.

I have gone round the inhabited area! — thought, contentedly.

Stuffed the split shirt under my pants. Took up my planned direction of march, and started on with hurried steps.

Looked sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left. There cropped up neither a human, nor a vehicle. Crossed the lane. The brook flowed around 2 meters widely in its well delimited bed.

From its smaller width and depth, it is visible — was thinking — that i am more to the north than last year … The dried sweat commences to take hold of me: should clean myself!

Looked to the left. At around 30 meters, in front of a pebbly brook-side section, short trees, shrubs and other higher plants promised for a screening. Turned towards them.

They proved to completely screen me from the lane. Put down the rucksack on the coat of green. Spread the articles of clothing washed out the day before on the sun-flooded stones. Undressed to bathing-pants. Took out the soap, and went to lave.

Was sitting leant against the bole of a tree, waiting for the clothes to dry completely. On the other bank from the left, an older person broke through. He wore everyday country-clothes, on his head he had a worn black felt hat. A youngster followed him. Bent his steps towards the village. Not a plant screened me from him. Catching sight of me, he instantly turned in my direction.

He intends to meet me — thought. … I do not like it, but have to accept it … Now, the version of touristic orientation contest does not hold, as one cannot be taken for a competitor who washes, airs clothes, and takes a siesta … Am making a trip!

Getting in front of me, he came to a halt. He smiled mildly, in a friendly manner.

“Good afternoon!” greeted he me.

“Good afternoon.”

“What are you doing here?!”

“… I have recently finished the dinner, and now am resting a little.”

“… Where are you from?”

“… I am from Resicabánya.”

“… What has brought you here?” asked he, doubtfully, smiling on.

“I am making a trip … I am going through the nature.”

“… Where do you work?” insisted he, with the well visible intention of

catching me in the lie.

"… In the siderurgical combinate."

"… In what section?"

"… In the designing section."

It was visible by the look of him that he knew my intentions.[124] In vain was i composed, and in vain could seem my answers lifelike and logically consistent, the facts spoke for themselves: i was staying in the frontier zone[125], with an equipment suitable for approaching and crossing the frontier marching, and had given out myself for a tourist in a region not utilized touristically, and what is more, on a weekday, namely on tuesday. It was seen by the look of him that particular respect mixed with envy, observable on many non-frontierists, which surrounded those who had ventured to face the frontier and to brave the frontier guards backed by the squealers. It was seen by the look of him that my distrust discommoded him. I felt that he entered into my feeling.

"I too worked in Resicabánya," was he saying, being affected, "still when i was a young man …"

He began relating a story according to which he had fallen a victim to the communist authorities. With his head lowered, he was looking at the ground. Spoke confession-likely. In the background of his soft voice, it was perceptible the abundance of moods accumulated throughout years, decades and bottled up.

In all certainty, in me he has met with a human — was thinking — before whom he can disburden his mind, can ease his spiritual sorrows … Evidently, he expects me to return his trust … But however much it seems that he will not squeal me, i will not trust him, because subsequently the "hydra" can come across and interest him to tell all he heard from me … And what does an incidental human relation mean beside succeeding in my illegal fleeing attempt, and attaining my purpose of life?!

"I too had enough trouble with them. Heaven bless you!" said he, being overcome by emotion, and started on.

An authentic human manifestation — thought. … An authentic human manifestation, which is lacking in the fear, suspicion, lie, hypocrisy and perfidy running with communism … An authentic human manifestation, which is lacking in the isolation and aversion running with nationalism, in the hatred running with chauvinism … An authentic human manifestation, from which i did not have a share already for years … A human, whom the manipulating national secret policy of the "hydra" has not weaned away

124 The illegal frontier-crossing attempt — namely the act qualified as a crime with which i was immediately accusable — was not included among the crimes to compulsorily be denunciated. [8] In spite of the fact, i had it from hearsay that for fear of the punitive sanctions of the Securitate and for attaining certain advantages, some persons squealed the frontierists.

125 In reality, i was not in the frontier zone yet, because the frontier of Dognácska did not coincide with the frontier of the romanian communist state. [9] [7]

from his human character … How many are they there? … Probably, the great majority are of this kind … In this atmosphere of fear, i got the farthest reaching confidence of a human within a moment … And for this it was sufficient to sit next to a rucksack in the nature around 20 kilometers from the romanian–yugoslav frontier … Conditions rarely presenting themselves, which give free scope for developing the human character of a human … All these are hurting though, but here and now there is no place for remorse … And would not like to meet one more human, however much anti-communist he or she would be … Up! … Away from here!

On the other bank of the Dognácska, the hills seemed to be the lowest approximately in the south-west. Started on in that direction.

It was strange a situation — thought. … While i did my best to disguise myself with words, my situation gave me away, namely in such a measure that it neutralized his fear … And while seemingly he made his best to reveal himself with words, his situation was not capable of breaking my longer-pull fear.

Entered the wood. Its terrain ascended undulatingly steeply.

To the south-west, the march would be too difficult — thought. … I will turn to the south!

Struck upon wild cherry. Ate several.

Got out to a meadow. Passed by a cabin seeming to be empty. Was nearing a steep mountain. Extending from the west to the east, it completely blocked my way of a southward direction.

It is almost unclimbable — thought. … Again, i am reduced to the same dilemma: alpinism or advancing on the lane … While last year approached the frontier in a little more than one day, now it is already the third day that have been marching, and am only at the Dognácska … Up to the present, perceived not one vehicle … Will try to round the mountain-like forms of relief on the lane!

At the foot of the mountain, turned to the left. Passed under the wood. At its end, the lane came in sight.

It already leads on the right bank of the brook — established. … The easy advancement is an agreeable feeling … After having ascended and descended so much, it seems to be a comfort to march horizontally, what is more on a rubbled lane!

Going on it, accelerated. In order to prevent my falling into the visual field of humans, searched its apparent ends with an increased attention. On the two sides, the forest-clad steep mountain-slopes ran along on farther than the eye could reach approximately in a north-southward direction. Only on the left, the flood area of the Dognácska defied their autocracy.

In case of need, i will hide myself in the wood! — thought.

Reaching a narrow right curve, from the distance there broke through a flock of sheep. On the lane, it came towards me. I halted short. On the left side, there followed a house. On the right, there towered a stonily steep mountain. I clambered up on its slope as far as a height of around 10 meters among the trees. In a leaf-littery depression, stooping sat down, and waited for the lane to become empty.

The cries of the shepherds and the barks of the dogs sounded more and more intensely. At times, i lifted my head, and watched the evolution of the developments. There came no sign of life from the house.

The bleating-jingling flock were pressing together on the strait interspace between the fence and the slope. The shepherds did not look upwards to the mountain. The dogs did their duty unsuspiciously as well.

Also the last sheep had disappeared, the noises died down behind the rocks of the curve. Let myself down to the lane.

Keeping watch on the courtyard, passed by in front of the house. Did not see a human. Marched on with accelerated steps. The lane was covered by a thick dust layer.

As if there would not be vehicle traffic here at all — thought. … Also this refers to the economic under-development of the romanian communist state … The mountain personal peasant farms mostly grew and can grew for subsistence.

On the left side, a maize-field lay. Did not perceive the brook. At around 30 meters, observed two hoeing persons. One of them turned his attention to me, righted himself, and looked at me fixedly.

It is already late for hiding myself — thought.

“Good afternoon,” said i, in the romanian language.

“Good luck!” replied he, with an enthusiastic tone, breaking into a smile.

It is evident — was thinking — that also this human knows my intention … He made known his goodwill and moral support, so he cannot be a squealer.

Marched on without reaction unchanged. Despite the positive manifestation, felt uneasy. It extremely disturbed me that according to my experience in this region one could see on me already at the first glance my illegal frontier-crossing attempt, and about that i was powerless.

The hill-slopes did not seem to come to an end in the near future. Forced the pace.

I have already made a sizable way to the south — was thinking — but am still north of the point where crossed the Dognácska last year … This is

evident, because there the terrain was less mountainous, the brook flowed next to lane, and it was wider as well.

At a narrow right curve, a light blue cabin stood.

I am drawing near to a village — thought.

Instinctively turning to the right, went on the horizontal grassy sector. Looked upwards at the steep mountain. In its thick wood, there struck my eyes the stair-likely rocky stripe of a dried-out brooklet.

It seems — was thinking — that in the bed i shall be able to climb the slope … After all, have no other alternative.

Began climbing on the rocks. The rubber soles of the mountaineering boots well adhered to the rough basalt surface. Easily advanced upwards.

Got to the top. Proceeded on my way without halting. The place of the rocks was taken over by grass. Entered the wood. Short trees formed it neglectedly. Its bumpy leaf-littery terrain rippled roughly horizontally.

Beheld its fringe. Breathed freely again. Going out, found myself on a grassy plateau. My look spontaneously tended to a south-western section of the sky-line: in the distance, there was visible the row of three barrows.

The hills of Versec! — thought, exultedly.

My surprise was great, my happiness boundless. Marching at the foot of the mountains, no sign had referred to that the character of the terrain would change. It had depressed me that because of the cabin braking through had to turn off the lane. Climbing on the hill-slope, there had grown upon me the uneasy feeling according to which would still have to battle with the difficult soil circumstances a long while. And suddenly, all have changed: after a newer plateau seeming to be low, the mountains disappeared, moreover the tract could hardly be called even hilly, woods were only dispersedly visible. And, in addition, there lay in front of me my natural compass, the intermediate target of my route, the part and symbol of Bánság and the gate of freedom: the integral whole of the hills of Versec.

Well, well! — thought. … The nature of Bánság provides not only fairness, but also pleasant surprises.

Put down the rucksack, sat down on the grass, rested on my left elbow, and could not gaze with enough pleasure the row of the three barrows. The sun in the course of westering made the sight more sublime. Both showed the way leading towards the chosen other-world and the desired new world.

8. The watch-tower

Having started on, from my planned direction of march, a glen cropped up. On its hither slope, a grove stretched up. Thickly, it was formed of small trees.

Can i cut it through — was raising the question to myself — without needing to descend and climb again?

Turned to the right. There unfolded itself in front of me an its longer and longer section.

It seems — was thinking — that there is no link between the two plateaus … I have no choice, but to cross it!

Turning towards the glen, began descending on its grassy slope.

Entered the grove. It proved to be sparse enough for its cutting through. But one could see that no interest was manifested towards it. A network of a lianeous plant covered it sparsely. It slackened me in the advance.

Got down to its bottom. There struck my eyes a brooklet torn into stains by the drought.

I should complement my supply of water — thought.

Turned to the right on the opulent leaf-litter. Examined several pools. From the water seeming to be the clearest, filled up the bottles.

Leaving the grove, i began climbing the following grassy slope of the glen. It was shorter. Its ascent gradually decreased. The night was falling.

It would be better a hidden place for spending the night — thought.

Got to the plateau. Among the incomplete rows of partly or completely dead fruit-trees, it was overgrown with rich long grass. Looked round. Nowhere near by was visible a shrub, shrubbery, cluster of trees, wood or another place suitable for hiding. In my planned direction of march, it still ascended leniently on around 50 meters as far as my sky-line.

I will settle in this orchard remains! — decided. … As expectably a human will not go about this way at night … Tomorrow, shall have to start on as early as possible … Want to as soon as possible know behind my back this tract poorish in screening possibilities … And have to reach the woody top before the Cernovec[126] in order to be able to survey the zone of the hills of Versec … This time it is excluded, because with my plan excluded the possibility of finding myself face to face with the watch-tower!

At dawn, started on with rapid steps. Having let myself down from the plateau, the hills of Versec disappeared from my sky-line.

126 In the romanian language: Ciornovăţ.

Turned my attention to that was stepping on the same place where in the preceding year had discovered the bark-like cry of the deers. The row of fruit-trees viewed as well. It ran along through a harvested grain-field. It gave me satisfaction that i used an ornamental compass though, my orientation was not less productive than in the course of my second illegal fleeing attempt.[127]

Had advanced in a wood of horizontal terrain. Getting to a small opening, a circle-mouthed hole came out. Its diameter was around 70 centimeters, its wall stoned. In a depth of around 1 meter, a water surface broke it. Its bottom was not visible.

A well — established. … A frontierist marching in the night can easily fall into it … It would be good to drink and complement my water-supply … But even lain down, i could reach the water with difficulty … Will not risk my life! … Am not under threat of death from thirst … The brooklet-pool water far too serves the purpose … Would need a string, but have no one.

Beheld rows of young fruit-trees. They broke down under the apples.

I have gotten to the orchard — established.

At the fringe of the wood, came to a halt. Looked round. On the right at around 200 meters, the building was visible on the top of the hillock.

In april of the preceding year, at most persons performing some kind of works could have perceived me — thought. … Now, in all certainty, i could drop across with field-guards as well … First of all, they could inquire after my full rucksack … The building itself also increases the probability of the presence of humans … Have to reconnoiter the terrain!

Put down the rucksack. Started between two rows of trees. They led roughly in my planned direction of march. Under my feet, the grass was newly mown. Looked sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left. The crowns being low considerably restricted the visibility, while they increased my camouflage. At times, crouched down and among the short boles swept my look round the surveyable part of the orchard. Did not perceive a human.

A wire-netting broke through. Behind it, there followed a maize-field. It leniently ascended as far as my sky-line.

The fence is climbable — established. … The crowns of trees being

127 The persons arriving at the localities of the frontier zone were obliged to present themselves at the militia within 24 hours to report the planned period of their stay. In the day-time, only those persons were allowed to stay in the vacant parts of the frontier zone who took part in works, and were able to certify that their domicile was in the frontier zone being near the place of the works, or that they were registered at the organs of the militia, or that they were employees of an enterprise in the frontier zone. [9]

low well screen me from the building … This path is suitable.

Turned round for the rucksack.

On the way to the fence, pricked up my ears to a noise of vehicle. A bus appeared in front of me. It drove from the left to the right at around 50 meters, leaving a thin dust-cloud after itself.

If i had not performed reconnoitering — was thinking — it would have approached me in the maize-field! … But there, i could have crouched down … Probably, it transports agricultural workers … Do not think that someone from them would have caught sight of me, as the short distance between the rows of trees and its relatively high speed offered little chance for this.

Reaching the fence, looked round. Saw no one and nothing particular. Put the rucksack outside. Kept tight hold of a concrete stake, put my right foot on the wire-netting incurving above, and climbed out of the orchard.

Lifted on the rucksack to my back. With steps as rapid as possible, penetrated into the maize-field. Their lines roughly led in my planned direction of march. My shoes somewhat sank into the loose soil. They reached approximately to the knees. Diminishingly ascending, they did not cease to form my sky-line. Only slightly on the right, the crowns of a few high poplars were visible roughly parallel with the rows of maize.

Getting up to the top, i beheld a tractor. It stood slightly on the left on the edge of the maize-field. It was equipped with a hoeing machine. Three persons were active round it. None of them looked at me. I instantly turned off to the right. Was around 30 meters from the poplars. Drew near to them with an unchanged pace, without looking back.

In their seeming occupation, they have seemingly not caught sight of me — thought. … Possibly, they feigned that … Although it is very difficult for three persons to simultaneously play the same play in a spontaneous manner … Particularly in this atmosphere of fear of the type “everyone suspects everyone”.[128]

A steep grassy slope unfolded itself in front of me. Let myself down on it. The space between the trees was partly filled by poplar bushes. Slipped in under one, and sat down.

If they have still caught sight of me — was thinking — and squeal me, they will capture me in any case … So, there is no reason for continuing my way now.

128 The denunciation of the frontierists was not obligatory in the frontier zone either. The law only ordained that in their activity the frontier guards rely on the voluntary collaboration of the citizens as well. In the frontier zone, to the influence of the Securitate it was added that of the frontier guards as well. For this reason, the probability of squealing was much greater there. From this point of view, it was a favorable circumstance for the frontiersts that the law considerably restricted the freedom of movement also for the residents of the place. [9]

Looked round. On the other side of the row of poplars, the maize-field continued horizontally. On the left, the upper edge of the slope around 10 meters high constituted my sky-line descending uniformly.

Proceeding in the maize-field is excluded — thought. … Shall the slope screen me in the needed distance? … I have to hold a reconnoitering!

Loosened and took the rucksack off my shoulders. Got out from under the bush. Clambered up the slope. At its edge, sat down, and looked in my planned direction of march.

The maize-field continued with a decreasing height, after around 100 meters its declination subsided, to then fill a large part of the flat terrain following the row of poplars. At around half a kilometer, there snaked a thicket belt. The hills of Versec were not visible.

That must be the hurst of that brook — was thinking — which last year i crossed on a plank bridge … This slope would provide screening only in a short distance … Have to wait for the evening! … In the dark, will get across the maize-field, the brook, will climb the hill before the Cernovec, and will sleep there as in the last year!

Let myself down to the hiding-place. Took out the polyethylene foils and the PVC foil. Disposed my resting-place. Lay down.

In the sky, there twinkled the stars, had came out the moon. From their light, scarcely got in something between the slope and the row of poplars. I emerged from under the bush. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Climbed out of the gloomy darkness producing suspense.

I shall not possibly leave tracks here either! — thought.

On the hard-set soil between the balk and the outside row, began letting myself down in the direction of the brook. My near environment was well enough visible. However, in the distance, the hurst entirely wrapped itself in the darkness extending from the maize-field, somewhat reflecting the moonlight, as far as the starry sky.

Getting down to the end of the slope, had to continue my way on the soft earth among the maizes.

The terrain had become horizontal. Step by step, i perceived the narrowing of the sphere of action of the moonlight, and the growing of the blackness. My flesh commenced to creep.

I have to penetrate into that black-showing thick! — thought, quaking.

The blackness keeping rising, i was more and more trembling. From behind the maize-field, a moony sector broke through. On its edge, came to a halt. Grass overgrew it in a width of around 10 meters. The blackness stood in front of me for a wall being around 4 meters high. It seemed to be impenetrable. It was almost the all-powerful master of my visual area. Only the moonlit grass and the starry sky still kept my spirit.

Maybe, my eyes shall adapt themselves to its pitch-dark — thought.

I was fixedly looking at it. Slowly, the sensation of a thick, high vegetation came into being in me. Turned my head to the right and left. It ran in an unsurveyable length in both directions. However much stared at it, could not discover the dimmest sign which would have raised in me the hope that it would possibly have been penetrable. The purl of the brook did not sound. There surrounded me a dead silence. The depressing oneness of the lightlessness and noiselessness was only broken by the insects buzzing off by me from time to time.

A point of light appeared in front of me.

What is that?! — raised the question to myself.

It moved slowly. Came nearer. Removed itself. Again, came nearer. Again, removed itself. I was unable to establish at what distance it was from me.

As if it had been the pocket-lamp of a human moving in the distance — thought. … Would it be a frontier guard?! … The laborers squealed me, and now the frontier guards are looking for me!?

I became almost petrified. Focused my attention on it, waiting for what would happen. It vanished from sight. From another direction, it viewed again.

A human being far cannot make a so large distance in such a short time — thought, slightly feeling relief. … And if it were on the other side of the hurst, it could not be of a continuous character, it should glimmer … What could this be? … Would it be a flying lighting bug? … Would it pour out such a sharp light?!

Knew that there existed a bug which crawling lighted in the dark, however had never had opportunity to experience it. The flying glittering phenomenon produced an extremely curious effect, only increased my aversion to the hurst.

It must be a peculiar kind of bug — thought. … It is counted out that i will try cutting through the thickness in the night! … Have to look for a bridge or another place, where it breaks!

Stepped up onto the coat of green. Turned to the left. Kept far from the hurst. In some places, perceived grass-like uliginous plants. At times, had to step over smaller or larger brooklets.

In a small bed, presumed to discover water. Came to a halt. It was around half a meter wide. From my pocket, took out the pocket-lamp, crouched down, and threw its light into it. Clear water was visible in it.

It is sufficiently deep to enable me to complement my supply from it — thought.

Put down the rucksack. Took out the mug. Drank. It tasted like potable water. Filled up the bottles.

The main function of the plastic mug was to make it possible the efficient utilization of the shallow water sources. Had considered this to be of a vital importance, and it proved to be so. In the early spring of the preceding year, had often come across tasty crystal-clear water, and had not even made use of many of them. Yet, at this time, in the course of the hot summer days, had to make the best of all the offering opportunities, and it happened that i had to draw in my consumption.

In this case, also the pocket-lamp contributed to creating the successful accessibility of the drinkable water. By virtue of its small dimensions, i could clasp it in the hollow of my hand. Two pencil-batteries of 1.5 volts fed in it the tiny longish bulb, which movably up and down in an also longish orifice simultaneously constituted the switch. The light streamt out of it through a hole of approximately a peppercorn diameter. So much completely answered the purpose. At the same time, its handling made my observation possible in a relatively little measure from a distance.

On the right side, the pitch-dark had not broken, it henceforward constituted my horizon. At times, in its touching place with the sky-line, it took a more concrete shape, i could dimly discern a tree-top or a formation comparable with that.

Sometimes, there flashed the mysterious point of light. At such times, i came to a halt, and kept watch on the newly cognized phenomenon, till after describing a course it was absorbed by the blackness.

It is probable — was thinking — that it lights only during flying, and its habitat is the thickness.

A lane emerged in front of me. Turned to it. Gravitating to the left, it edged away from the thicket belt.

Does it not pass through the flood area in the opposite direction? — raised the question to myself.

Turned round. It drew near to the thickness leniently descending. In its wheel tracks, perceived mud and water. Slackened, and advanced with an increased caution, feeling my way with the feet. The watery section ending, accelerated.

The impression struck me that i had gotten into the thickness. But on the left side, the higher vegetation steadily showed black. The lane increasingly arched to the right.

I cannot march on! — thought. … Have to look for a sleeping-place! … Anywhere, even in the maize-field, but not here!

Turned round on the lane.

The lane commenced to edge away from the hurst. My fear somewhat

abated. I was overcome with the dissatisfaction and curiosity running with the failure. Came to a halt.

After all, will try cutting through it! — decided.

Swung to the right. Kept my eyes glued on the thick dark formation. With cautious steps, started towards it. Began to tremble. Approaching it, there appeared distinguishable parts on its surface. Despite my intellectual efforts, could not comprise them in any of the elements of my notional system. The image of its integral whole became stronger in me. Around 1 meter from it, came to a halt. Slightly leant forward, in order to see it better. My eyes were not able to prescind from it a branch, a shrub, a tree or anything else. As if it had densely been constituted by little leaves. My heart sank into the boots.

Away from here!

Went up on the lane. Leaving the flood area, it bent to the left, and went away from it perpendicularly. On the right side, a strip of high grass separated me from the maize-field.

It is a suitable place for lying down — thought. … But still remove myself a little from the hurst!

At around 50 meters from it, stopped, and disposed my sleeping-place.

On my waking up in daylight, i instantly sat up to see as soon as possible in what manner the sun had terminated the nightly mysterious and dreadful-seeming blackness. It was jungle-thick. In its visible length, discovered not one rift. Looked round. Saw neither a human, nor a tractor. In haste, got up, put on the shoes, and began packing.

I was perpendicularly drawing near to the thickness on the grass. Due to the light, my evening fears had not broken out again. But became all the more curious. Slackened. As got nearer and nearer to it, my image formed about its impenetrability changed increasingly. On its fringe, it was thickened by shrubs though, its interior somewhat revealed itself in front of me. It was formed by trees of shorter growth, for the most part similarly high. A lianeous plant enmeshed it more sparsely or thickly. Its other fringe was not visible.

Penetrated into it. Going round about the obstacles, turned slightly to the right. There viewed the bed of the brook. It was dried out. From curiosity, went onwards on its bank, searching the natural phenomenon seeming peculiar. In some places, there stood water of biscuit color in deeper, hole-like parts of its. Fallen leaves of trees floated on its surface.

It is a favorable circumstance — was thinking — that in the night i did not make up my mind to cut it through … Namely, was unprepared for the eventuality according to which there does not flow water in the brook, and would have expected that a purl indicated its existence: in this manner,

could easily have slipped into such a hole!

Crossed the irregular-ditch-like bed. The other fringe of the hurst grove broke through. A grassy stripe followed. It was a little narrower than the former one. After it, a maize-field lay. On the left in the distance, there was visible the hill before the Cernovec. The hills of Versec henceforward remained in the background invisibly.

Turned to the left. The rich grass proved to be dewy. After a few steps, the linen of my shoes and the lower part of my pants had gotten wet through.

I cannot march on the perimeter of the maize-field — was thinking — as my shoes would get muddy, and my pants would get wet above as well.

Came to a halt, and tucked up the legs. With rapid steps, soughed onwards on the coat of green. Could hardly wait to reach the hill, and examine the panoramic sight of the hills of Versec.

The maize was followed by sunflower. The perimeter of its field edged away in a large arch from the hurst. From behind it, there emerged the sun.

Advanced across a little meadow. It seemed to be known. Drawing near to the hill, a mild excitement descended upon me. Its right part was clad with a wood. Braking towards the left, it was replaced by grass, rarely by trees.

At the foot of the hill, got to a brooklet. Without slowing down, stepped over its water. Turned slightly to the left, and began climbing. Having gone round the thick, took a direction parallel with it. As if an invisible force had attracted and pushed me upwards, screwing out of me a performance coming very near my capacity.

Questions rising on 5 april the preceding year recurred to my mind: is there visible the plowed stripe running on the plateau?; are there visible the possible means and terrain conformations of frontier guarding?; is that place suitable for the nightly crossing?; which is the best evening path? For their answering, had to wait more than one year.

Getting to the top, the excitement of my curiosity attained its summit. Acacias stood in front of me, for the most part obstructing my view. Yet, it struck my eyes that the wide valley of the Cernovec followed. Passed by them. At the last one, halted short.

The watch-tower!!

I had instantly recognized it, whereas saw it the first time from this position, and was around 5 kilometers from it. A chill came over me. In the course of a moment, there recurred to my mind and again took place in me the terrific experiences relative to it.

In the early morning of 5 april 1987, i came face to face with you down on the meadow — thought. … And you haughtily towered high up on the

top … It was not enough for your state the height of the hill: it had still misappropriated that much money from the pockets of the citizens, in order that you could be on the hill, that it could increase the field of view of the frontier guards with around 10 meters, that you increase the probability of the detection, catching, wounding or killing of the frontierists, that you could parade: i am the master here! … And you were the master: you dominated me in space and spirit … It was bitter, very bitter … It taught me: already by my plan excluded even the possibility of your domination … Now, i am standing here in front of you again … Much farther, and much higher … How many more meters would your state need in order that the guards of its frontier be able to detect me? … Many, a great many, an infinity … But even those would not be enough for it: only if it were the "living god", who sees everyone, only then it would know my whereabouts … But this does not mean that the "hydra" is a less haughty big hulking formation … No … I am smaller … And this is its ruin … I am able to reconnoiter a path on which shall be able to pass by you without that the frontier guards detect, catch, wound or kill me … Unless the "hydra" has followed me with its secret sensors along my way, and will give itself away before me and through my statement before others as well … As on its instructions invisibly tiny beings infect to death individuals inconvenient for it, so will i move among its invisibly enormous tentacles invisibly, so will i get out of its national-communist empire on the way of its ruin untouched, so will i infect it as well! … I am dominating you in space and spirit alike!

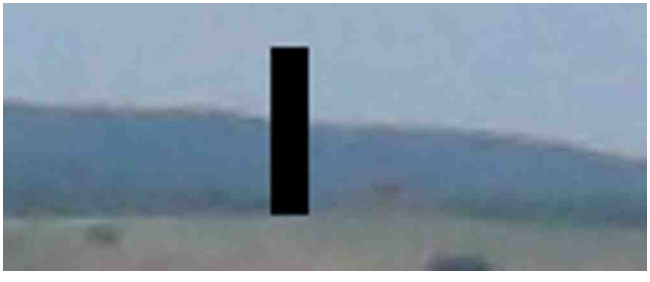
9. Which is the most favorable evening path?

Was self-confidently and safely standing in front of the watch-tower. Only two steps remained before the complete execution of the illegal-fleeing-plan part relative to the romanian communist state: fixing the best evening path, and crossing the frontier. Felt the master of myself and of my situation. A feeling of satisfaction and joy filled me.

Put down the rucksack, embraced the bole of the acacia, leant against it, and took under examination the surroundings of the hills of Versec. The watch-tower stood roughly in the west. Beside it, there lay the small watch-house partly enclosed by trees, which had not been visible from the meadow, but which i had already seen during my transportation to Oravicabánya. The watch-house and the watch-tower being around 1 kilometer south of it were not discernible. Farther to the north, a watch-tower was not visible either. The rising sun shone on the plateau though, every other essential element vanished in the humid atmosphere. Slightly on the left in

the background, the eastern barrow dominated the tract dimly. The forest almost completely became one with the vapor veil.

The valley as if had been the bottom of a dew-haze sea. On the right, the fringe of the wood obliquely led down on the hill-slope. In front of me, a maize-field lay. Farther down, a grain stubble. Immediately after it in the bottom of the valley, there ran along the concrete road between Temesmóra[129] and Oravicabánya. On a section of its other edge, the row of poplars were visible.[130]



This watch-tower is the only one — was thinking — which is visible from here and the valley … From the bank of the Cernovec, it was all

129 Read approximately: 'tɛmɛʃmo:rɔ. In the romanian language: Moraviţa. Village around 2 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

130 With the inserted photo, on 8 august 2019 at 11 hours and 51 minutes or thereabouts, at around 300 meters north of the place where in 1987 i had touched this top, but not at the same place as in 1988, i visually reconstruct the above described. Since then, the watch-towers were pulled down, and it seems that they were replaced with much lower outposts. I indicate the watch-tower of the epoch with black color proportionally, but slightly oversized. Beside it on the right, an outpost of new type is discernible, which possibly stands at the same place as the watch-tower.

along visible … Coming out of Komornok[131], it was visible on the place where the top diverges to the north-west … Accordingly, its function can be to enable the frontier guards to control the entire valley from Komornok as far as Kákófalva … Judging from its position, i am at around 300 meters north of the place where last year touched this top … Will hold a reconnoitering only later, when the haze lifts! … And now, have to hide myself!

Caught the rucksack, and entered the wood. At a few meters from its fringe, came to a halt, and looked round. Its surveyable part was relatively sparse, but in some places also thicker spots were visible.

I have to search for the most favorable hiding-place! — thought. … However, first will nourish myself!

Advanced downwards on the rough soil. Getting in the bottom of the valley, beheld the brooklet. It meandered on the fringe of the wood. Its water did not flow.

It is not of the best quality — was thinking — but it seems that it answers the purpose … It is a favorable circumstance that it is in the wood, because so can avoid the risks running with its leaving.

Turned to the left. Advancing along the brooklet, searched further the character of the terrain and the thickness of the trees.

It seems — was thinking — that the part from the frontier of the wood is the most convenient.

Above, looked out a place of human height, closely surrounded by shorter trees. It was at around 4 meters from the fringe of the wood and well farther from its highest point. Disposed my resting-place. Did not content myself with the screening and camouflaging tendered by the nature. Not transgressing the bounds of strikingness, placed broken-down branches all round, so that i would possibly not be visible from near by either. Lay down.

Had departed for my third illegal-fleeing way with the conviction that, with regard to the terrain experiences and knowledge gotten in the preceding year, crossing the frontier in the Kákófalva zone was for me a formality. Had only set myself the task to translate into practice my plan drawn up and crystallized in the course of the months spent in the prison, then in Marosvásárhely.

I knew: that there were flocks of sheep on the meadow of the Cernovec, as well as its right bank was plowed up and intersected with ditches approximately in an east-westward direction; that the section of a north-

131 Read approximately: 'komornok. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Comorîște, Comorâște. Village in a straight line at around 4 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

southward direction of the frontier, which was nearest to the third element of my orientation system, namely the road-railroad-brook, ran on the plateau, and edged away from it only to the south behind the second watch-house, bending to the west; that it was possible, but extremely perilous the day-time march on the knobby terrain south of the watch-house, overgrown mostly with grass; that only after its bending to the west completely on the eastern barrow the frontier entered the forest, which lay on several square kilometers to the south and west.

The part of my plan relative to the crossing was consisted of several, well settled phases: after nightfall, letting myself down from the hill; at around 100 meters from the road, turning to the left, and advancing parallel with it; crossing the road, where it bends to the left towards Kákófalva, and continuing the march parallel with the railroad and the brook; turning to the west in a point to be fixed on the spot; crossing the brook; cutting across the meadow, approximately in a westward direction; pushing in among the hills of Versec, roughly in a westward direction; turning to the north on the fictive line passing through the peak of the eastern barrow in a north-southward direction; crossing the frontier on the barrow.

Attached a particular importance to the turning off to the left. With this, on the one part, had to create the possibility of cutting across the meadow perpendicularly to the brook for minimizing the probability of my smelling by the shepherd dogs and for keeping out of my way the ditches. Could decide on the concrete direction only on the spot, on the basis of the information gotten about the position of the sheepfolds. According to the heard in the prison, the shepherds beside the frontier collaborated with the frontier guards. And, on the other part, had to sufficiently remove myself from the second watch-house and the frontier section running behind it roughly in the east-westward direction, in order to make my march to the west safer.

As opposed to my former illegal fleeing attempt, i did not stick to the idea and practice of the day-time march and crossing. Knew the terrain, and had pointed out my way towards the frontier as exactly as possible, while the place of its crossing exactly. Did not necessitate reconnoitering. But was convinced that in the night it was not in my power to efficiently move on the forest-clad steep hill-slopes.

Had to pay attention to that even if was not able to exactly determine the momentary depth of my penetration among the hills of Versec, but at least my error was not big. Namely, if got too near to the frontier section running to the south, then my advance to the north would become more perilous. For this reason. had to keep an eye on the eastern barrow, task which did not look like easy because of the experienced continuity of the forest.

The part of plan relative to the clambering up of the eastern barrow partly constituted the application of my principle according to which i had

to make all physical and temporal sacrifices in the interest of increasing the probability of my success. Namely, judged that the more unpassable a terrain unit was, the more difficult to guard and the less guarded it was. Not only because of its character, but as in all certainty the frontier guards did not expect that in such a place the frontierists tried in relatively great numbers. Further, according to another presumption of mine, in the Kákófalva zone the whole frontier-guarding system was organized for a westward direction. From this, had concluded that advancing to the north i could attain a maximum safety.

Considered the trackless crossing to be important in order to keep back the place of my crossing. During my second illegal fleeing attempt, it proved to be faulty my conviction according to which in a wood there was no plowed stripe. At this time, however, considered this requirement to be realizable. Namely, presumed that the frontier passed through just on the peak of the eastern barrow roughly in an east-westward direction, and could not imagine that there were a plowed stripe on the mountainily steep-sloped forest-clad barrow. On 24 april the preceding year, on the way to Oravicabánya, the frontier guard accompanying me said that the cylindriform building on the peak was a watch-tower. Not so much the content of that suggestion, as rather its fact gave me food for thought. Furthermore, recalled the relatively small-scaled map, on which i had had to show the place of my crossing at the militia in Belgrade, as well as once again examined the maps being in my atlas and touristic guide-book. All these had not only brought about, but also appeared to corroborate my presumption.

On the basis of my information, the plan ensured with the greatest possible probability the trackless crossing though, i did not exclude the possibility of its ulterior changing, moreover scrapping either. Namely, my terrain knowledge did not contain some essential data relative to the nearest section of the frontier.

The dew has already evaporated — was thinking — and, in all certainty, the air became more transparent … The time of my reconnoitering way has come!

Put on the cap, and started. On the fringe of the wood. came to a halt, and looked round. Did not see a human. There followed a sparse acacia-grove stripe around 10 meters wide. Beside it, a lane ran along. After it the maize-field, above it a thick of tree crowns were visible.

I could best survey the tract of the hills of Versec from the maize-field — thought. … Have to go there! … Am perceivable from three places: from the lane, from the maize-field and from the watch-tower.

Left the wood. Gravitated upwards. Turning my head to the right and left watching, cut through the acacia-grove. A human did not view. Lean-

ing out, looked down and up on the lane. Its visible part proved to be empty.

Lay down. On its hardly-set soil beaten bare, crept across, in between two lines. Got on the knees, slightly raised the head, and swept my look round on the green surface formed by the leaves swaying about mildly. Was alone in the abundance of the maizes. Crouching paced on.

After around 30 meters, fell on the left knee, and with my hands resting on the other, began watching the terrain from the frontier. Almost the same haze screen pervaded the air as in the morning. On the plateau, a plowed stripe was not discernible. Neither a fence was visible. The forest seemed to be homogeneous. The wood beyond the maize-field was separated from the stubble by a grassy sector.[132]

No new essential data — thought. … It seems that my plan in hand shall not change for the time being … And as for putting it into practice, my letting myself down from the hill will happen through the maize-field, grassy sector and the stubble … It is a pity that for want of other information cannot formulate the further phases of my plan more concretely … Will do this on the spot.

Returned to the forest.

Pricked up my ears to a hum of engine. Looked to the left. A white Dacia[133] passed uphill on the lane.

It corroborates the grounds and utility of my hiding-place — thought.

After the noonday eating, tried sleeping. But could not. It was hot. In my head, there were flitting thoughts concerning the following, most important and most risky phase of my illegal fleeing attempt. Estimated my

132 The inserted photographic reconstruction of 8 august 2019 at 11 hours and 50 minutes or thereabouts would be more successful, if the grassy terrain were replaced with a maize-field, and under it the cultivated area with a stubble-field.

133 Read approximately: 'dʌtʃiʌ. The passenger car of romanian communist make.

food supply. It was still enough for around nine days.

In the afternoon, accomplished one more reconnoitering operation. Notwithstanding that the sun illumined the tract from higher, the misty atmosphere constituted a similar obstacle before obtaining newer essential information.

During my imprisonment of almost seven months, i met and talked with many companions in distress. From that general exchange of experience, found out that beside the frontier there were at least two kinds of warning devices: one signaled with a rattling noise, the other with the light of a rocket, and both became active by touching a strained wire. At the same time, obtained knowledge also of a bundle of wire slowing down or impeding the crossing, which loosened on stepping on it, practically entrapping the frontierist. On the basis of the information gotten in the outfits of frontier-guards as well, it seemed that in the day-time, probably in the forenoon, the frontier guards controlled the plowed stripe and saw service in the watch-towers, and in the night they guarded the frontier in specific points. Heard in the prison that their activity reached as far as 30 kilometers from the frontier. That seemed to be rather curious, because till now had not experienced means or terrain conformations, of which could have presumed that they served purposes of frontier guarding.[134]

A rifle-shot sounded.

A hunter — thought. … As if he were in the other wood … I hope that he will not come as far as here.

The rifle-shot had still repeated itself several times. Then on the approach of the evening, it had become quiet. From the water of the brooklet, i had drunk my fill, and filled up the bottles. Had done my packing. Put the lamp in the pocket of my shirt. Caught the rucksack, and carried it to the fringe of the wood. Sat down beside it, and waited for the complete nightfall.

For these decisive moments, i had to be in prison for more than half a year — thought. … Had to wait roughly the same for the most favorable time of my departure … Had to outlive the worst variant of catching … Had to experience through the difficulties and risks of the advancement by train … Keeping out of my way localities and humans, had to struggle for days with the obstacles of the wild nature … Hope with all my heart that now as well am only facing the steep slopes and the woods of the hills of Versec! … But know that this is not so: every moment i may get stuck in a

134 Pursuant to the prevailing law, the frontier guards were obliged to, quoth it, take the necessary measures to the depth of 30-40 kilometers from the frontier line inwards, with the purpose of scouting, identifying and arresting the persons intending to cross the frontier fraudulently. On executing those actions, they could perform terrain works and install alarming apparatuses. [9]

wire, and the noise of a device or the flare of a rocket may signal on my presence and position; every moment a wolf-dog may bark and attack me, a frontier guard may summon me, level his gun against me, shoot and wound me, possibly mortally … What can do against all these? … Nothing … Namely, nothing more than will do, if fully put my plan into action … The rest is not up to me, but the tentacles of the national secret political monster … What sort of a world is this?! … What sort of a world is that in which the humans have to be born, grow up, and live under the tentacles of the national secret political monster?! … What sort of a world is that in which the humans have to live in an atmosphere of fear created by the national secret political monster?! … What sort of a world is that in which humans have to avoid humans, the possible squealers or agents of the national secret political monster?! … What sort of a world is that in which humans have to leave the society, as it is the breeding ground and the living-space of the national secret political monster?! … What sort of a world is that in which humans have to live in the nature, in the manner of animals, in order that they could avoid the tentacles of the national secret political monster?! … What sort of a world is that in which a national secret political monster is hunting after humans at the frontiers of its national-communist empire?! … What sort of a world is that in which a national secret political monster has thousands of humans killed, wounded, tortured, beaten, deprived also of their remaining liberty, only because desiring freedom they want to leave from under his domination?! … What sort of a world is that in which humans cannot find their freedom, welfare and happiness … What sort of a world is that in which a national secret political monster is the omnipotent master of the humans?! … What sort of a world is the world of the romanian "hydra"?! … But the liberty of humans is not enough for it … As it does not want to have only domination … For it, the power is not only a purpose, but a means for reaching its supreme purposes: making its subjects full-blooded and enlarging the frontiers of its national empire … It needs the consciousness of the humans as well, in order that they desist from attaining their happiness, and act in the interest of its nationalist-hegemonic purposes … In the course of centuries, using the spontaneous or caused religious zeal of the humans, pleasing itself in the role of the "god", with the assistance of its churchmen and sovereigns of "divine mission" it stupefied them with the religion, diverted them in the direction favorable for it, programing: "Renounce the pleasures of your lives here below, take on your destiny marked out of the god, be obedient to him, bow to his will, as so and only so you may be happy in the other world" … By this means, in exchange for the fictive immortal life after death, keeping the spiritual existence of the society within narrow bounds determined by itself, it expropriated the only life in this world of the humans … Then, it recognized the advantages of the communist ideology,

and as the historical circumstances became favorable it rejected the monarchy and religion, substituted the "god" for the "party secretary-general", programing to the credulous, docile and obedient humans: "Renounce your petty-minded, individual interests, execute the party program, listen to and follow the instructions of the comrade party secretary-general, because if you do so, then your sons, the sons of your sons, or the sons of the sons of your sons shall be happy some day in the world of the realized communism" … Namely, in the romanian full-blooded, namely romanian national-communist "Great Romania" stretching from the Tisza[135] as far as the Dnyeszter[136], in the hungarian full-blooded, namely hungarian national-communist "Great Hungary" stretching from the Adriatic as far as the Carpathians, or in the russian full-blooded, namely russian national-communist "Russian Empire" linking continents … Who are you there in the darkness, who do not have other faculties than your nationalism, chauvinism and towering thirst for power, who robbing and defrauding the humans are rich, mighty and happy in the this-world?! … You are those privileged, who do not even think of leaving for an other-world and of creating the new-world! … What will you resort to when you shall have lost communism? … To what you shall remain with: nationalism, chauvinism, and national state.

10. How far shall i march in the night?

At 22 hours or thereabouts, the darkness made itself master of the tract.
The time has come to set off! — thought.[137]
Caught the rucksack, and went out of the wood. Cut through the acacia

135 Read approximately: 'tisɔ. In the romanian language: Tisa. River in the eastern part of Hungary and partly constituting the romanian–ukrainian frontier.

136 Read approximately: 'dnjɛstɐr. In the romanian language: Nistru. River partly constituting the eastern frontier of Moldavia.

137 The law defined the stripe of the frontier guards, which was constituted by a stripe spreading from the frontier line inwards as far as the depth of 20 meters, and in which the frontier guards had the right to move, to set up outposts, and to fix up devices of frontier defense. "The employees of the socialist organizations or the members of the co-operative farms" could only enter the stripe of the frontier guards in order to perform certain works and only with the authorization of the commanding officer of the competent frontier-guard outfit. At night, one was allowed to move with or without vehicles of transport from the frontier line inwards as far as the depth of 2 kilometers only in the public roads marked out by the authorities, and staying in the vacant lots without authorization was prohibited. From the stripe of the frontier guards inward as far as the depth of 50 meters, one might not have planted high agricultural plants. In addition, from the stripe of the frontier guards inward as far as the depth of 500 meters, it was forbidden building sheepfolds and hunting. The grazing ground of the animals could range in the day-time as far as the stripe of the frontier guards, and at night from it at least to the depth of 500 meters. [9]

grove. Crossed the lane, and on the perimeter of the maize-field came to a halt. Took out and put on my cap. Sat down behind the rucksack, shouldered it, and stood up. Several times shook it, in order for it to mold itself to my back.

As opposed to my theoretical preparedness, physical toughness and experiential ampleness, a suspense descended upon me. I was mildly shaky on my legs. Somewhere in the middle of my trunk, a curious feeling sprang, some kind of mixture of joy and grief. It indicated the dividedness of my soul between the desire of freedom and fear of captivity.

"Much success, István[138]!" whispered, with a quavering voice.

Entered the maize-field. Followed by the susurration of the leaves rubbing against the middle of my body, made for the wood. The sky was completely starry. The moon had risen as well. Its light increased the visibility, somewhat counterbalancing the power of the darkness of the evening.

In the vicinity of the middle of the field, turned to the right, and began traversing the lines downwards. Pushed aside the maizes getting in front of me, and lifted my feet in order not to cause damage and to advance easier.

Reached the grassy sector. It fell. Descended on it with cautious steps.

Approached the stubble-field. Could hardly discern its grain stems. Being relatively high, they were come down, approximately perpendicularly to my direction of march. They did not perceivably hinder my advance. Under the weight of my body, they rubbed against one another, cracked, crashed or broke. It seemed that the sounds so resulted far filled my surroundings.

I am advancing noisily — was thinking — but have no choice … Do not think that there would be an outpost here in the stubble.

It leniently descended. Sometimes, lifted up my head, and examined the considered line of the road. No light emerged on it.[139]

138 Read approximately: 'iʃtva:n. My hungarian first name.

139 On the inserted photo, it is visible the approximate place of beginning my march on the stubble-field on 8 august 2019 at 12 hours and 32 minutes or thereabouts.

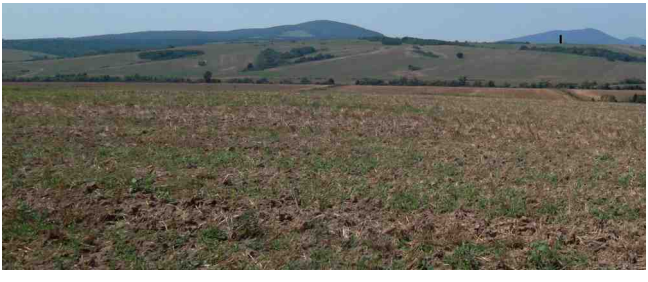
I will not draw near to the road any longer! — decided.

Turned to the left. Getting face to face with the stems, had to higher lift the feet. My march slackened.

As if these also served aims of frontier guarding — thought. As if also the harvest had been executed under the guidance of the frontier guards.

At times, stumbled against bundles standing out. More or less, they penetrated into the boots, somewhat hurting my big toes. At such times, halted, and examined the marks of the bumps left. Gladly established that not only the skin, but also the socks did not get grazed either. Occasionally, looked to the right. The road remained unfrequented.

The sparse traffic beside the frontier comes in useful to the frontierists as well — thought. … My maliciousness only depends on those persons who are willing to collaborate with the frontier guards.[140]



140 On the inserted photo, the same grain-field is visible with around 700 meters farther on the south on 8 august 2019 at 13 hours and 9 minutes or thereabouts.

Reached a deep ditch. Halted short. Its uniformly descending and respectively ascending slopes were overgrown with grass completely. It perpendicularly intersected my way.

It does not look like — was thinking — as if it served purposes of frontier guarding … Forward!

Let myself down into it, and climbed out. Maizes appeared in front of me. Breathed freely again. They were arranged in my planned direction of march. With strainless steps, started on.

The straw cracking was replaced by the hardly perceptible rustle of my soles sinking in the loosen earth and of the plants continuously rubbing against the upper part of my pants. Pushed aside the leaves being higher with my hands in order to diminish the noise. On the right side, the row of poplars loomed at around 100 meters.

The row of poplars emerged in front of me at around 40 meters.

I am drawing near to the section of the road bending to the left, towards Kákófalva — established.

Some excitement overcame me. From behind, the farther stillness was broken by a noise of horseshoes. I reflex-likely sat down. Rose a little, and looked back. The faded shape of a cart was coming nearer on the road. Its light was not on, or there was no one.

It can be seen from this as well — was thinking — how sparse the traffic is here … Probably, it comes from the lane intersecting the meadow, as otherwise should have perceived it sooner … It is not excluded that just frontier guards sit on it!

Took cover. Felt secure. From behind, a light emerged soundlessly. Coming nearer and intensifying quickly, it lighted up the environment. Its beams were playing over my head among the maize leaves. A soft hum of engine struck my ear. Becoming more and more intense, it covered up the noise of the horseshoes. It took the turning on the left, and drove by in front of me. Then, together with its light, disappeared in the direction of Kákófalva behind the hill. The dark spread around me again.

It was a Dacia — thought. … The first one which i have experienced this evening!

Tla-tlo, tla-tlo, tla-tlo — sounded it, already on my right side.

Lifted up my head a little, and looked there. Around three persons sat on the cart. Haltingly, they were talking as well.

Probably, they are frontier guards! — thought, trembling. … They are coming from a watch-house, and going to the village, maybe for water.

Under these circumstances, they were inoffensive, but their nearness still thrilled me. Pulled down my head, and waited for the horseshoe noise to cease.

Tla-tlo, tla-tlo, tla-tlo …

It became a dead silence again. From my seat, looked round. Perceived nothing suspicious. Stood up, and examined the environment again. There were nothing, but darkness and silence on every side. Started on.

In the vicinity of the poplars, a grassy stripe broke through. A small ditch ran along in it. I stepped it over. Went on the concrete road. Its perception brought about a peculiar feeling in me. For a few days, did not touch concrete, and it had to happen just beside the frontier. Despite the solid surface, paced uncertainly on it.

Leaving its opposite edge, took a long step. Suddenly pulling forward my left leg, avoided the fall.

I should have expected — was thinking — that the ditch from the frontier is deeper! … A momentary inattention is enough for my plan to go up in smoke! … As with the dislocation of the ankle, my proceeding would practically become impossible … Must be more cautious!

Proceeded on my way without halting. Accelerated. The new terrain unit proved to be an agricultural ground. Could not establish exactly what plant was cultivated on it. As if they had been peas. They reached up nearly to the knees. Between two rows, could easily advance in my direction of march. Looked back. No light was visible.

If the cart came nearer now — was thinking — then i would lie down … And if the Dacia broke through simultaneously with it, then in its light they would in all certainty take notice of my rucksack standing out and my blue jeans showing from among the low plants … And even if they were not frontier guards, in this atmosphere of fear so many persons could not do that they will not squeal me in Kákófalva unanimously … This is what would have happened, if i had not sat down in the maize-field! … It is strange that in the course of all my evening way not one vehicle passed by me, and then at the same time two ones came upon me unexpectedly, namely, just there, then and so that in their interaction they would necessarily have caught sight of me, if i had not sat down!

Kept a rather high pace. My surroundings seemed to be completely invariable. At times, i was under the impression that marched in vain, as made no headway anyway. Although my steps did not bring about any perceivable differences, and the terrain, dimly seen in front of me and touched under me, manifested itself practically uniformly, my advance produced an interesting effect on me. With every movement, my early fear diminished, my self-confidence increased, my belief in success strengthened, i became happier. Every meter of way done mitigated the anti-humanness with which my ancestors, grandparents, parents, i and further around two million hungarian humans had been overwhelmed mainly by the romanian, the french and the russian “hydras” in their raging nationalism, chauvinism

and boundless ambition of power by forcibly pulling over us the romanian citizenship, then the communism, imposing upon us a foreign, national, then national-communist statehood, for the riddance of which am ready to give up my liberty, corporal integrity and life, only that could cross the frontier of the this-world, and am ready to give up my native land, citizenship and national identity, only that ceased my statelessness, my "bozgor"[141] quality, and could obtain a more humane other-world.

Slightly on the left in the distance, a luminous point was visible.

As a point, it would only have the stability aspect — thought. … But it emits light, so it also has the instability aspect, its state is complementary, relation-likely … Therefore, it is not an absolute element, it only seems to be that … It is a light emitting system … Probably, it is a part of Kákófalva or Varadia[142] … It is not unambiguous, because Kákófalva lies on my left side behind the hill, and Varadia slightly on the right in the distance.

Suddenly, there unfolded itself in front of me a light-colored ditch with its section in the form of a V. It seemed that it was overgrown with high grass. With my right foot, began groping its slope.

It is dry and grassy — established. … Last year, i experienced a similar ditch on the other bank of the Cernovec as well … Do not see what frontier-guarding reason there would be for it.

Crouched down, rested on my palms, and with short steps let myself down into it. It was not deep. Stood up. With my foot and hand, controlled the other slope. It proved to be similar. Climbed out. The plantation continued.

Now, i am doing the same as last year — thought. … But simplier and safer … At that time, twice marched to the south, first on the bank of the Cernovec, in order to remove myself from the watch-tower, then next day at the eastern foot of the hills, in order to remove myself from the watch-house … Now once, but my purpose is the same … At that time, did it, had to do it, in the day-time … The result: the stable-lad, the shepherd dog, the shepherd, and the frontier guard threatened the carrying of my plan into effect … Now, am doing it in the night: from the cart and the automobile, they had practically no chance for catching sight of me under the circumstance of my sitting down.

My advance became somewhat slower. As if bindweed or other creeper had bound to one another the rows of plants being up to my knees. On the

141 Read approximately: 'bozgor. Its approximate meaning is "person without a country". It is a national-secret-political-propaganda word of the romanian "hydra", which it had put into circulation in order to produce ethnic antagonism, programing into the consciousness of the ethnically romanian humans: "The hungarians live on romanian land for tenants, and consequently they may at any time be rightfully driven away from there with ethnic cleansing."

142 Village in a straight line at around 6 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

right side, the railroad-embankment commenced to be visible. After it, there loomed a maize-field.

It is evident — was thinking — that i have already drawn ahead of the point where last year had started from the bank of the Cernovec towards the hills, as there between the railroad and the brook there was a meadow … But have not attained the point yet where turned to the west after removing myself from the watch-house … The more to the south will go, the safer shall be able to turn to the west.

A newer light stripe appeared in front of me. Its depth was perceptively smaller. Easily crossed it. On its other side, the rows faded in one another, braking my advance.

My march became more and more difficult. Had to push and pull my legs in order to crush the stubborn resistance of the vegetation. With the rubbing and the breaking of the claspers adhering to the legs of my pants in stronger and stronger numbers, produced a sharper and sharper noise.

This loudness is worrying! — thought. … And i am leaving striking tracks! … Should turn to the right … After all, have already well removed myself from the watch-house.

Came to a halt, and looked to the right. At around 50 meters, beheld a tractor. It stood beyond the railroad, on the perimeter of the maize-field. It seemed to be abandoned.

It is possible — was thinking — that there is a human in or beside it … I should not approach it … Will still go on to the south!

Proceeded on my way. From time to time, looked behind, and controlled the surroundings of the tractor and my visibility relative to it.

The tractor having disappeared from my visual field, had turned to the right. Reached the railroad. Its embankment around 1 meter high was constituted by big irregular stones. In some places, plants grew out from among them. Cautiously climbed it over.

Penetrated into the maize-field. Had to traverse its lines. There struck my eyes the changing and alternating height and denseness of the plants. In some places, perceived midget exemplars having only around 20 centimeters.

There emerged the brook. Its surface of around 3 meters wide surprised me. As if it had been a standing water.

It can be seen from this as well — was thinking — that i am much more on the south than last year … Particularly, if take into account also that now the weather is dry, then it was rainy … Its this point is much nearer to the Krassó … Do not think that its depth would far surpass the height of my knees.

Its bank leniently declined. It was overgrown with grass. Sat down on it. Loosened and took off the rucksack from my shoulder. Removed the boots and the socks. Put them in the upper compartment. Tucked the legs of my pants well up.

Stood up. On the slope of the bed, let myself down. With the right foot groping, stepped in the water. Cautiously, advanced with around a sole's long steps on the sandily muddy bottom. It leniently deepened. Perceived a metallic object. It had a smooth and slightly convex surface.

Probably, it is a plow-iron — thought.

Weighed on it. It did not prove to be unstable. Paced on. It became deeper and deeper. It almost touched the legs of my pants. Drew them up the highest possible. In the middle, it reached up to the thighs. It commenced to shallow. Breathed freely again. Slightly accelerated. With a feeling of joy, stepped out onto the grass of the other bank.

An obstacle less — thought.

Put down the rucksack. Submerging my feet in the water, washed away the mud stuck to them.

Getting ready for the land proceeding, stood up, and turned round. The meadow and the hills were not visible, constituting one with each other and the dark. A dead silence made the atmosphere still more gloomy.

The grazing ground of flocks of sheep in the day-time has changed into a minefield of shepherd dogs in the night — thought.

Began keeping listening. At times, bleating and barking broke the far stillness, indicating the existence of the sheepfolds and their directions. Considered to discover two: one at around 45 degrees on the left, the other at around 20 degrees on the right.

The direction to be followed: slightly to the left! — decided.

Raised my eyes to the sky. The moon, the radiant planets, the stars, the multiple stars, the groups of stars, the sets of stars, the galaxies, the multiple galaxies, the groups of galaxies, the clusters of galaxies, the visible part of the so-called universe showed system- and relation-likely above. They appeared to be a finite number of finitudes, both vertically and horizontally.

New-world, heaven, garden of Eden, paradise, nirvana, or anyhow you are called, where are you? — raised the question to myself. … We desire with all our hearts: be here on the Earth! … We hope from the bottom of our hearts: you are as near to us as near we are to you! … Extraterrestrial human, who are there in the new-world! … Deliver us from the evil! … Your world come! … Terrestrial human, who are there in this world! … Deliver yourself from the evil! … Create the new-world![143]

143 With this paragraph, i do not "pray" — as it has been interpreted and programed with their personal secret political propaganda relative to my person by the ethnical and the national secret

Swung in my planned direction of march. The moon sickle showed white and glimmered slightly on the right. Watched the position of the Great Bear as well.

Lifted on the rucksack to my back, and started on. On the basis of the experiences of the last year, i expected to perceive furrows. Reversely, the terrain remained grassy.

Here, it is not plowed already — thought. … Yes, as this place is much farther from the frontier … This meadow is fit for grazing the sheep.

Saw almost nothing, my distance of sight was dimly limited to around 2 meters. Paced slowly. Reeds appeared in front of me. With my feet, began fumbling about, lest should have stepped in mud. But the soil proved to be dry. At times, they touched my pants. Trod down one now and then. They were the only on the ground which could distinguish from the darkness. They made it possible foreseeing the surface of my way, facilitated my march.

The reeds disappearing, as if i had gone blind. My soles again perceived soft. Focused my look in front of me in order to observe in time the change possibly looming through. But outside of the uniform coat of green, unceasingly merging with the darkness, nothing was visible. Sometimes, was caused the impression that there came next a terrain unit suddenly ascending. At such times, lifted up my leg in order to begin climbing, but took a long step.

It is probable — was thinking — that the hills bring about this optical illusion.

From time to time, looked upwards to the sky in order to control my direction of march. The moon and the stars not only guided me, but they replaced in me the sensation of nothing of the darkness to the sensation of something of the light. At times, came to a halt, and listened to the sounds arriving at me. It did not seem that was drawing near to a sheepfold.

In the nothing of the darkness, something commenced to get darker. I shuddered. Its rectangle shape came down from above. Round it, there at once became lighter the darkness seeming to be perfect up to this time. The terrain commenced to ascend. With an ever deepening blackness, it occupied a larger and larger place in my visual field, assumed a more and more concrete form. Only a few steps separated me from it already.

A wood! — thought. … I have reached the foot of the hills!

Rejoiced. There struck my eyes long pine-needles of brushy branches.

political organizations generally, and the hungarian national secret political organization particularly, according to their interest relative to the falsification of my person and deception of humans — but it constitutes an expression of my atheist principle according to which the religion is a creation of the human consciousness and not a reflection of the existence and actions of a supernatural being.

A pine-wood — established.

Came to a halt. Recovered my breath. Turned round, and sat down on the grass. Mildly panted. Was covered by perspiration. Felt slightly tired. Put the arms on the knees, and pillowed my head on them.

I am beyond this as well — thought. … Was most afraid of the valley of the Cernovec … Have worked off the peril of the shepherd dogs … Neither a ditch, nor a plowed ground slackened me in the march … With this, have made the route section makable only in the night … Am at the foot of the hills of Versec … From here, can already march in the day-time as well … What is the top like?

Drank a few draughts of water. Stood up, turned round, and eyed the wood from nearer. It proved to be exceedingly thick: tree touched trees, branch branches.

Probably, it is a plantation — thought.

Turning to the left, started along its fringe. It held off. Its side ran up on the hill at a right angle. Next to it, i began climbing on the grassy slope. The similar experiences of the preceding year recurred to my mind. But had not to go round about dry branches, and was screened from the right.

The plantation came to an end. Getting to the top, found myself on the edge of a ridge. Halted. In the moonlight, could discern the main terrain units. In front of me, an unharvested grain-field lay. On the right, it undulated. Above it, down in the valley, there was visible a grove formed of short trees. It stretched as far up as the following slope. Its upper part was overgrown with grass. After that, in the west, in the north, and in the south, newer grovy-grassy hills faded in one another and finally in the darkness of the night. The moon sickle stood slightly on the right, at around the middle of the distance between the zenith and the sky-line.[144]

144 On the left side of the inserted photo, it is presumably visible on 8 august 2019 at 16 hours and 29 minutes or thereabouts the vegetation stripe which i had experienced between the stubble-field and the maize-field on 7 july 1988. At the same time, it is on the whole surveyable also the paths of my farther march of a southward direction and cutting across the flatland of the Cernovec. I went up on the hill around 1 kilometer south of the 1987 place roughly indicated by the right edge of the photo.

What shall i do? — raised the question to myself. … Shall lie down, and tomorrow continue my way in full daylight? … Do not need the direct light of the sun, because it is shining through the moon, and no impenetrable obstacle obstructs me for the time being … Do not need resting either, because hardly feel tired … At least in short distances, can still advance, and it seems that those little valley groves are cuttable through in this relative darkness as well … Have a well fixed route towards the peak of the eastern barrow … It is not likely that at around 3 kilometers from the frontier there were alarming apparatuses and outposts on an agricultural ground, in a wood and on this difficult terrain … There is no reason for stopping … Moreover, on a similar terrain in the day-time last year almost came across a frontier guard! … There is no reason for spending my time in the romanian communist state, so much the less in its frontier zone! … Will rest in the yugoslav communist state! … Full steam ahead! … Will go in the night as far as can! … In some measure, the terrain looks like that i saw from the plateau after turning off the lane along the Dognácska … Is this grovy valley avoidable?

Turned to the right. Took up the pace highest possible. Pushed in the grain-field. Got to a lane. Went on it.

The crest of a wave constituted my front sky-line. On the left side above my light surroundings, there was visible a dark grassy stripe. It steeply descended. In the valley, the grove unceasingly lasted on. Looking forwarder, no sign referred to that somewhere it would come to an end.

The northern frontier section is much nearer than the western one — thought. … I will not take the risks of the northern march longer! … Have

to cut through the grove!

Turned to the left. Passing through the grain-field, reached the grassy stripe. In front of its suddenly descending terrain, came to a halt. Around 30 meters separated me from the grove. Examined it more scrupulously, as it disappeared in the valley, then again appeared on the following hill-slope.[145]

It is not much wider than the glen grove after the Dognácska — thought. … By some means or other, will struggle through it … Afterwards, will continue my way on the grassy slope!

Swung sideways, and began descending. With the left leg paced downwards, with the right one followed it. The approach of the thick produced a mild aversion in me.

Up to this time, in the night i cut through only the forest around Marosvásárhely — thought. … But knew that, and it was sparsely formed by big trees … Reversely, this small wood is unknown, dense, constituted by small trees, and situated on a steeper terrain … My worry is groundless, as like the nature, so much the more the hills of Versec … These cannot produce negative sentiments in me … The lack of sunlight is responsible.

Cuckoo! sounded it. Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

The bird song pleasantly surprised me. It recalled one of my romantic experiences. Came to a halt, and looked at the grove.

Last year, you made a sign of you north of here in the forest — thought. … Then, it was light, and you were only a curio … Now, it is night, and with your agreeable notes you not only make my feeling of aloneness scattered, but also announce your being together, and in some

145 On the photo of the front cover, as well as on the inserted photo, on 9 august 2019 at 19 hours and 20 minutes, and respectively on 10 august at 6 hours and 48 minutes or thereabouts, at most a few hundred meters from the respective place of my illegal-fleeing path, there is visible in the woody foreground possibly just the valley wood at issue, and in the background the forest of the hills of Versec with the eastern barrow as the main target of my frontier-crossing plan.

measure make neighborly that creepily unknown steep thickness.

With a slightly better mood, descended on. The grove seemed to be sparser and sparser, the trees looked bigger and bigger.

Reaching its fringe, it proved to be sparse. Slightly, felt relief. It was formed of exemplars around 5 meters high of a peculiar species of tree never experienced by me up to this time. Its relatively short branches mostly grew on the upper parts of the boles. They were densely covered by long pine-needles.

It may be a type of pine — thought.

More deeply, a pitch-dark dominated. Entered it. The terrain horizontalized out almost completely. My soles perceived a soft plant carpet. It grew darker and darker. There viewed newer and newer pines. It commenced to descend.

It became more and more steep. Being not able to advance normally any longer, i swung sideways, and with the left hand holding the boles, with the right hand groping about the following boles, paced downwards from one tree to the other on the grass getting sparse.

My sole did not touch the ground. A chill came over me.

What is there here?! — raised the question to myself.

Drew back. More firmly held the bole, and reached my leg down, as far as could. The sole did not perceive neither hard, nor soft, it hung in the air. Hardly could pull it back.

There arose the idea of the possibility according to which i lost my foothold, and under the burden of the rucksack fell down into the dark depths. There flashed across my mind the horrible vision of not only the failure of my illegal fleeing attempt, but also of my physical disability, moreover of my death. With both hands, clutched the bole for a life-belt, and fastening my soles to the bare soil exerting the highest possible push on them, clambered up behind the tree, and rested against it. Recovered my breath.

Where am i?! — raised the question to myself. … In a devilish trough.

Up to this time, the wood was a part and a representative of the harmless nature for me. At this moment, it happened the first time that it did not sheltered, but threatened me. I regretted that had to apply a negative word-group to it, so much the more as it was also a part and a representative of Bánság, the hills of Versec, as well as the gate of freedom, the chosen other-world and the desired new-world.

It is a fact — was thinking — that i cannot cut through the wood … On its fringe, can spend the night … But no! Have one more possibility: will go round it!

The moonlight made it well visible in front of me the fringe of the wood, showing my momentary way and destination. I darted upon clambering the remaining steep sector. Advanced upwards keeping tight hold of

the boles, sometimes in a manner bordering on slipping. There was more and more visible the steep slope seeming to be a grassy wall. Went out of the wood.

It is more risky to march towards the frontier — thought.

Turned to the right. The side of the wood arched down on the hill leniently descending.

There broke through the grain-field. Looking to the right, under the outside trees there loomed a thick high vegetation. Was under the necessity of wading into among the grains being up approximately to my knees. With my big toes coming out of the boots, felt the roughness of their stems. The plot had become sparser, the plants lower.

I must rest a little! — thought.

Came to a halt, and sitting down, leant against the rucksack. Felt that on my back the shirt was soaking wet.

There is no peril of my catching a cold — was thinking — as the rucksack isolates me from the air in the necessary measure.

Let also my head back, and closed my eyes. My tiredness was perceptively diminishing, my muscles were charging up with power.

I will need energy — thought.

Took out a soft-centered chocolate, and began eating. In front of me and on the right, the sparse, but impassable, perilous and mysterious wood, my hopelessness. The bizarre pine exemplars only increased its peculiarity and mystery. In front of me and on the left, the dense, but passable, harmless and known grain-field, my hope. In front of me and above, there twinkled stars, my dream and purpose, the dream and purpose of the terrestrial and extraterrestrial humans.

The contrast of bright and dark, brightness and darkness, near and far, known and unknown, knowable and unknowable, accessible and inaccessible, capacity and incapacity are dominating me — thought. … And at the macroscopic level, nothing looks to be moving! … How contrarily is impressing me this nature seemingly uniform in its seeming stability! … If i only look at the stars, everything is different … As if the embroilment of my soul became clear, its storm calmed down.

Took out the big bottle, and drank. Had to consume around half a liter of water in order to slake my thirst for the moment. It almost completely emptied.

I do not know — was thinking — that if run out of it, how long shall be able to keep this pace … And in this zone have to march at a speed the greatest possible … Up! … Away from here!

Reached a lane. It ran into the grove.

I can cut through the grove! — thought, rejoicing. … As if the lane goes into it, then it must go out of it somewhere … The unknowable

turned into knowable, the inaccessible into accessible, the incapacity into capacity … And in a short time, the unknown shall turn into known! … The question is only whether its direction is suitable or not.

Turned to it. It leniently descended. Its looming stripe all at once disappeared in the black hole being wide open in front of me: on a few square meters neither trees, nor stars were visible, only a pitch-dark. Stopping short, began to tremble.

I could continue going round the grove — thought. … But do not know at what distance it sweeps to the south … It may be that a few more kilometers, as the valley seems to be rather deep and long … And on the lane can advance quicker, safer and in a more advantageous direction … Ahead!

Started on. Entering the grove, my eyes ceased to see. I slackened. Stretched out my hands feeler-likely, and kept them moving up and down, to the right and left. Touched nothing. My soles henceforward perceived the hard soil of the lane. Step by step, now with one, now with the other foot groped about ahead. Its descent somewhat increased. The touching of the rubbled bare surface and the muffled shuffling of my boots constituted the only sensations in my soundless and lightless surroundings.

My eyes slowly adapted themselves to the darkness, i could gradually discern the gray stripe leading in front of me. Let down my hands, and the sole groping about changed into slow, then more and more courageously accelerating steps on the relatively even lane surface. Looking ahead, it disappeared in the interior of the grove. On the right and left, mountainily steep slopes rose high.

No wonder — was thinking — that on such a place i was not able to let myself down … If had insisted on it, would have fallen down striking against one bole to the other onto the lane.

The crowns of the pines mostly touched one another. Among their branches, stars glittered. In some places, exotic shapes outlined in the clear sky. It seemed that they were at around 30 meters high. The moon viewed as well on my right side.

The direction of the lane is suitable — established.

As was getting farther and farther down, the trees rose higher and higher, their crowns increasingly merged into one another, less and less stars glimmered into amongst them. The moon was not visible any longer.

I should control the direction — thought. … Do not think that in this large wood there would stay a frontier guard, but the visibility is relatively low anyway … With using the pocket-lamp, shall probably not take on a greater risk than with omitting to control the direction.

Came to a halt, took out the lamp, lifted my left arm in front of me turning it in the working position of the compass, and flashed a beam of

light on it. The magnetic needle intersected the lane roughly perpendicularly.

The direction of the lane is roughly suitable — established.

Started on. It did not cease to descend.

There is a great contrast between the appearance and the reality — thought. … From the ridge, it seemed that i stood before a glen half clad with a grove, beyond which could get in a short time … Although here, in a wood of mountainous character, large and proving to be larger and larger, in a valley, deep and proving to be deeper and deeper, am living through peculiar experiences: in front of me, a scarcely discernible, narrowing, then fading gray stripe; on each side up to around 50 meters, almost a pitch-dark; higher up in the air, and higher and higher, exotic pine crowns; among them, spherules twinkling at cosmic distances … The neighboring objects are relatively invisible, the far celestial bodies are relatively visible; the invisible is come-at-able, moreover creepy and perilous, the visible is beyond reach, stroking and harmless … My sensation of depth is becoming more pronounced … My impression is that am marching on a sea-bottom, on the bottom of the sea of the bizarre wood … And have not attained its deepest point yet!

On the left side, there broke through the branch of a bifurcation. I halted. A bridge provided continuity for it over a ditch. After that, it snaked up to the slope. The lane leniently descended on forward.

On which shall i go on? — raised the question to myself. … Must determine the approximate direction of both!

Took out the pocket-lamp. Arrived at the result that the descending main branch deviated from the western direction — my planned direction of march — slightly to the north, and the ascending by-branch slightly to the south.

Gravitating to the south is safer — was thinking — as with it i shall remove from the frontier section of east-westward direction … At the same time, on a lower level it is more probable the emergence of outposts and watch-houses … Furthermore, must ascend the eastern barrow, so the losing of height is to possibly be avoided … Is there any water in this ditch?

Went on the bridge. Flashed a beam of light on it. The bottom was not seeably through thickly covered by dry branches overgrown with vegetation, the near slopes as well. Put down the rucksack. Took out the mug and the big bottle. Started on the main lane downwards.

It became muddy and boggy. Long timbers placed lengthwise made it fitter for the traffic. Turned to the left. At the edge of the lane, struggled through a bundle of twigs. On the grass of the ditch slope, let myself down. With the right foot, cautiously stepped on the layer of vegetation and dry branches. Did not perceive water.

I have to examine its part neighboring the bridge — was thinking — namely there it is probably deeper.

With forcibly shaking legs, paced on towards it. From time to time, staggered. Being about to stoop, under my right sole a dead thick branch snapped. Could hardly keep my balance. With my foot, had not experienced water.

It is perilous a place! — thought. … Away from here!

Cautiously turned round. Doing gymnastics, reached the passable slope. Several times slipping, crawled out of it.

I have unharmed gotten rid of this as well — thought, breathing freely again.

Put the mug into the left lower pocket of the rucksack in order to be near at hand. Lifted on it to my back, and began climbing on the new lane.

If it considerably deviates from the westward direction — was thinking — then i will return.

It steeply ascended, and sharply meandered. Approximately 90 degrees to the left, 180 degrees to the right, 180 degrees to the left, after that it became relatively straight, and its ascent diminished.

The lane was hewed in the mountain-like slope. On the right, up to a human height, an almost perpendicular earth wall bordered it. Above it, boles of pine rose further, vanishing from sight among their own branches in the dark. Stars were only sporadically visible above and on the left.

Was passing by deep wheel-tracks. In them, perceived water.

Is it drinkable? — raised the question to myself.

Came to a halt, took out the mug, and tried it. It had an excellent taste. Being pleasantly surprised, rejoiced.

It reminds me of the crystal-clear brooklet water of early spring! — thought. … Here, will drink my fill, and replenish the bottles!

Leant against the slope, loosened and took off the rucksack from my shoulder, and put it down on the ground.

Being refreshed, pressed on with rapid steps.

Neither in the day-time could i advance quicker on this lane — thought, contentedly. … But then could not afford marching on a lane in this zone, and on the slopes would be far from keeping a so great pace … Now, approximately know already its average direction till now … Look at the compass! … Taking it by and large, it leads to the west-south-west … This is suitable.

It leniently ascended on.

Stars appeared in front of me. There surprised me their unusually great number and unusually low position on an unusually large surface of the sky. Below it, there cropped up the moonlit surface of the lane.

I am drawing near to the fringe of the wood! — thought, going into raptures. … But as if went out through the same black hole, as through which came in!

My enthusiasm subsided. Getting out of the wood, came to a halt, and looked round: the grain-field was nowhere visible.

I have cut it through! — thought, with a happiness breaking out again.

Gravitating slightly to the left, at around 20 meters, the lane disappeared in another wood. Along it, the terrain was overgrown with grass on both sides. On the right, a horizontal sector lay as far as the sky-line. Above it, the sickle of the moon was visible surrounded by stars.

My direction of march has roughly coincided with the planned one — established, being satisfied. … Which way shall i go on? … Possibly, must avoid the lane and the wood … See whether shall be able to advance on that bare terrain!

Turned to the right. From behind the trees being on the left side, a larger and larger surface of the sky unfolded itself in front of me. The horizontality of my sky-line was broken by a suddenly rising line. It grew round to a peak, and commenced to fall with a similar steepness. Halted short.

The eastern barrow! — established, being surprised. … Would i be still so far from the frontier?! … Well yes, the forest lanes were not made for the frontierists … Have gotten much nearer to it than last year … How high it looked from the front of the watch-house! … Now only around half of it towers over me … Its cylindriform construction is being disappeared in the dark … But it has not lost its romanticism in this manner either … Oh, symbol of the gate of freedom, of the chosen other-world and of the desired new-world, of the hills of Versec and of Bánság, how near i have gotten to you! … This time, you are also a part of my route to Austria traversing Bánság, the hills of Versec, the romanian–yugoslav frontier, the yugoslav communist state and the yugoslav–austrian frontier … Have practically covered the route section in Bánság, now am on the hills of Versec, around 1 kilometer south-east from you … Hope that shall be on you as soon as possible, you shall turn from my plan into reality, the reality of my frontier crossing! … And on and with you, i shall be able to close behind me the gate of the national-communist empire of the romanian “hydra”!

Started on slightly swinging to the left. A plowed terrain struck my eyes. Halted short. Huge furrows constituted it, much bigger than the ones on the meadow of the Cernovec.

Evidently, it serves purposes of frontier guarding — thought. … It blocks the horizontal terrain before the vehicles running on the lane … It is still better than the dark forest lane running in an uncertain direction.

Went on it. Usually, with one step climbed a furrow, and with the other

let myself down from it, and after a little step resumed the cycle. At times, slid down from them. It exceedingly disturbed me that, subsequently to the relatively quick pressing forward of a long duration, was constrained to a slow rate.

Looked to the left. Down in the valley, a wood was visible, similarly to those perceived from the ridge.

Could i not go next to the plowed ground? — raised the question to myself.

Turned towards its edge. It proved to stretch as far as the grassy slope. And that was impassably steep.

What a natural peculiarity! — thought. … And what a social peculiarity and depravity that the frontier guards did not leave unplowed even a narrow footpath of balk on the edge of the plateau!

Proceeded on my way removing from the valley obliquely. There rarely arose an opportunity to make a normal step. In spite of the fact, the distance between the furrow tops was too great for me to be able to step from one onto the other. They differed in dimensions. Sometimes, wanting to put up my foot on a big furrow, it proved to be small, and took a long step. At some other time, considering to perceive a low one in front of me, bumped into an earth tongue reaching up to the knee or the thigh. They were also different in arrangement: now a smooth, now a rough surface got under my soles. Some steadily kept the weight of my body, others crashed in under me. Several times, lost my balance. Fell down.

They did not destine this only for hindering vehicles — thought, struggling to my feet. … As one can hardly march on it as well … And it means a peril also for the corporal integrity … It has the disposal of particular characteristics: in the darkness it is almost imperceptible and unforeseeable, the information procured about it are hardly serviceable in the proceeding, it is impossible to increase the marching rate, the threatenedness of the corporal integrity is permanent on it … All these cannot be accidental-like.

On the right side at around 30 meters, a covered pen emerged. No sign of life came from it.

However dead it may seem — was thinking — i have to stand aside from it as far as possible.

Gravitated to the left. Approached the edge of the plowed terrain at around 2 meters. Parallel with it, continued my struggle with the furrows.

From time to time, looked up, and for a moment took delight in the sight of the barrow. Its right edge was visible just above the plateau. Its lower part was overgrown with grass, the upper one with trees for the most part. The terrain units following its other half were screened by the wood, to which i was drawing near.

The trees became discernible. In front of them, a lane ran. It came out of the wood, and curving round a half-circle, vanished from sight in the direction of the barrow. Above it, the starry sky indicated that it constituted a part of my sky-line on the plateau.

It is evident — was thinking — that it runs towards the frontier … I am still relatively far from the line intersecting the peak in a north-southward direction, for this reason my approach to the northern frontier section is not reasonable yet … Moreover, on the probably bare moonlit terrain this would be extremely perilous! … Have no choice, but to march on in the wood.

Turned to the lane. It leniently descended. Entered through the black hole. My eyes had not accustomed themselves to the darker darkness yet, when stepped in mud, my left boot bogging down around half. Quickly, shifted the weight of my body on the right foot, and pulled out the left foot. Rubbed and struck my sole against and to the scraggily dry soil, till had cleaned the mud clearable away from it. Started on with an increased precaution.

On the whole, the lane ran approximately horizontally in a westward direction. Taking advantage of my favorable circumstances that could advance on a beaten terrain and in my planned direction of march, i was pressing forward with full exertion unflaggingly. Sweated very much, but did not get tired, and was not sleepy. Did not feel the need of that should have rested or slept. Halted only to drink water from time to time.

On the left side, a villa-like building emerged. Its slim shape rose from a grassy terrain sparsely clad with pines. Halted short.

Would it be a frontier-guards building? — arose the question in me.

Stared my eyes on it, and kept listening. Perceived no unusual sign.

If they have not observed me till now — was thinking — they shall not observe me after this either … I will not go it round! Forward!

With the most cautious steps possible, started on. Passing by it, was afraid of a barking of dog. But the small building henceforward remained lightless and soundless.

The day was braking. The wood commenced to become sparse. Among its pines, there appeared shorter deciduous trees. The lane bent to the left. In front of me and on the right, a hillock went up. It was mostly overgrown with grass.

I am no longer dependent on the lane — thought. … And, after all, it deviates from my direction of march.

Turning it off, began climbing on the grassy slope.

In the vicinity of the top, slightly from the right, artificial objects seemed to loom forth from the semi-darkness. As if elliptically concave wire-nettings had watched the sky, and they had been fenced. Halted short.

Radar antennae! — thought. … In the vicinity of the frontier radar antennae?!

With slow steps, started on. Drawing near to them, they increasingly got out of shape, till entirely changed into trees in my eyes.

A mirage! — thought, feeling relief. … But, in spite of the fact, the relatively bare top is a perilous place!

Turned back. Slightly on the right, a wood was visible. Began descending towards it.

Approaching it, proved to be a thin wood belt. Farther down, it terminated.

I will go it round! — decided.

Turned to the left. From behind it, as if there had emerged a building lime-washed white. Halted short.

A watch-house!? … Or a mirage?

It lay at around 100 meters among the trees. With my eyes on it turning to the right, cautiously began to descend approximately to the west, in my planned direction of march. Step by step, there increased my conviction that had again lived through an optical illusion. Accelerated. In the seeming tangle of trees and cluster of trees, it gradually vanished.

A rubbled lane emerged in front of me. It was better preserved and wider than the ones in the wood.

In all certainty, the frontier guards use it! — thought, gotten slightly frightened.

Resulting from the inertia of my speedy descent, i stepped on it involuntarily. Stopping short, uncertainly looked asunder. It snaked down on the hill-slope from the right to the left. Did not see a human or a vehicle. With rapid steps, crossed it.

There followed a terrain overgrown with rich grass. Farther down, a wood was visible. Let myself in double-quick. The day had already broken almost completely. It became possible my sight to the north.

Where is the eastern barrow?! — raised the question to myself.

Suddenly slackening, looked to the right. It was not visible. On the skyline, a forest-clad ridge leniently descended from the east to the west.

The peak must be in its highest point — thought.

Came to a halt, swung towards it, and controlled its direction. It was slightly to the right from the north.

I have stepped across the line! — thought, with an increasing fright.

Letting myself in double-quick, began descending on the grassy slope in the presumed direction of the eastern barrow. Down in the bottom of the valley, the same wood commenced.

Entered it. Was formed of deciduous trees. An unsurveyably high hill followed. Its slope steeply ascended in my planned direction of march. Began clambering up on its coat of green. With the purpose of relief, advanced in zigzags. From time to time, halted and recovered my breath.

Got up to the top. The wood dominated my entire visible surroundings. Began descending on the similarly steeply descending slope.

The ridge looked united only from afar — established.

Pushed on the third resembling hill. Its slope was so steep that could pace upwards making use of only the front part of the soles. At times, had to halt, but did not sat down.

I am not far from the frontier any longer — thought. … It would be splendid, if it ran somewhere around! … Then, would certainly cross it tracklessly … As cannot imagine that a plowed stripe be on this terrain.

The ascent of the slope commenced to diminish. Beside the grass, it was covered by more and more leaf-litter. Among dry branches and higher plants, there emerged young trees partly covered by spider web.

As if it had been a virgin wood — thought. … Maybe, no human has been here for decades.

On a stripe around 20 meters wide, the terrain changed into horizontal. After it, two steep slopes followed beside each other. A non-modernized lane cropped up. It came from the left, passed in front of me, and snaking vanished from sight behind the hill being slightly on the right.

Is that the frontier? — raised the question to myself.

With accelerated steps, approached it. Examined it. Was formed of two stripes beaten smooth.

These wheel-tracks are much wider and much less deep — was thinking — than the wheel-tracks of the lane experienced on 6 april last year on the yugoslav side of the frontier.

Looked round. A frontier-stone was nowhere visible.

It is not the frontier — thought. … A normal lane … But, certainly, the frontier guards use it … Away from here!

A narrow natural ditch around 4 meters deep flanked it. Its opposite slope was constituted by the slope, steeper than all the foregoing ones, of the left hill being in my planned direction of march. The boles of the trees intercepted angles of around 45 degrees with it. Farther up, it disappeared behind the leaves.

I had to sliding let myself down into the ditch. Looked upwards. It was impossible to appreciate the height of the hill because of its steepness and the thickness of the trees. Began clambering on the nearly grassless slope.

What a terrain! — thought. … It rivals the steepest forest-clad moun-

tains of the Carpathians … Here, it would be difficult to even place frontier stones … Probably, i am already near the peak.

The steepness of the slope diminished. On the right, it became leniently ascending, on the left, steeply descending.

This must be the western slope of the barrow! — thought, trembling. … The peak is on the right … But i will henceforward keep the northward direction! … Because my purpose is not so much the climbing of the barrow, as rather the crossing of the frontier … It should run somewhere around … It is indeed inconceivable to come across a plowed stripe here … But there should be frontier stones or other signs here as well … They are regularly placed at certain distances from one another, so that it may happen to pass between them without observing them … Be that as it may, consider my plan fulfilled.

Watched the soil around me in an increased degree. It was covered by grass, less by leaf-litter. The branches were low, the inferior ones almost touched the ground. At times, had to stoop in order to slip through under them. In some places, bigger stones appeared. Had well examined them, but finally did not consider to discover signs of the frontier in them.

Is the mysterious cylindriform building visible? — raised the question to myself.

Looked to the right. The thick of the leafage proved to be impenetrable for the eyes. On the left side, the sky broke through, afterwards a panoramic sight of the hills of Versec: as far as the eye could reach, there was mere forest; the western sky-line was constituted by the huge, middle barrow with its 647 meters above sea-level, as compared to my level of nearly 362 meters[146]. A feeling of joy overcame me. Halted.

I no longer take delight in the romanian communist state's symbol of the gate of freedom, of the chosen other-world and of the desired new-world, of Bánság and of the hills of Versec — was thinking — but am standing on it … Although do not know in what communist state am, but know that the great part of my sight is on the territory of the yugoslav communist state … It is not the land of liberty, of my chosen other-world and of the desired new-world though, but a part of their gate … Know that in a short time shall experience its other symbol, the middle barrow, not from far, but from near, on my way leading towards the freedom, the chosen other-world and the desired new-world … Am convinced that its other end is on the Earth planet!

Down at the foot of the barrow, beheld a watch-house. It barely jutted out of the forest mostly with its tiled roofing. As compared with the frontier-guards buildings experienced up to this time in the romanian communist state, it looked relatively smart. From its windows, the green color was

146 [11]

lacking. Its front looked on roughly to the south-east, the romanian communist state. Did not observe a frontier guard. Behind it, the forest lay seemingly uninterruptedly, no sign referred to the existence and whereabouts of the plowed stripe.

That is a watch-house of the romanian communist state — thought. … As if it floundered at my feet … Be a frontier guard indeed, who observing me from there, will catch or shoot me!

Felt a master of not only the frontier zone of the hills of Versec, but also of the situation. From the watch-house, there commenced to wail a siren. Its short, muffled sound repeated itself at short intervals. I got slightly frightened.

Would they have observed me?! — raised the question to myself. … It is not probable that they watched the slope of the barrow just when i became visible for them … Or would they have now discovered my tracks left in the grass? … Or they simply sounded reveille … The siren regularly announces an alarm! … Away from here!

Started on. Kept a northward direction. It commenced to descend. Became more and more steep. The place of the grass was taken over by dense leaf-litter. The steepness of the slope exceeded that of the former one. Was unable to keep my route-step: resting on the palms or partly sat or fallen down sliding or loosing my foothold advanced meters without a break. But at the same time, made haste.

I am already on the northern slope of the barrow — was thinking — but have not perceived a sign indicating the frontier yet … This disagrees with my presumption, according to which it passes through the peak behind me roughly from the east to the west, as cannot accept the idea that nothing marks it … Very much hope that am already in the yugoslav communist state, but do not feel there at all.

The terrain suddenly became horizontal under my soles. I got up, adjusted the rucksack, and stuffed back the shirt under my pants. Slightly on the right at approximately 5 meters, beheld an outflow. Its water flowed from a small concrete wall through a thin steel tube. Around it, there dispersedly lay pouches of foodstuffs products. Had not to read their wordings, because their colors and quality indicated that they were of yugoslav make. The warm thrill of a mixture of pleasant surprise and joy imbued me.

Would i be in the yugoslav communist state yet?! — raised the question to myself. … The absence of the frontier signs and the presence of the yugoslav signs keep both possibilities open … As through the small frontier traffic the yugoslav products can get in the romanian communist state as well … Slake my thirst!

Put down the rucksack. Washed down my hands and face. Drank my fill. Poured out the remaining pool water. Filled up the bottles.

I am down at the foot of the barrow — thought. … If it is true that the frontier passes through its peak, then there is no reason for my further northern march … Have to get out of the forest, in order to see in which state i am!

Looked round. The terrain was horizontal only in the west.

The westward direction is suitable — thought.

Started on along the shallow bed of a dried-out brooklet covered by leaf-litter. Followed with an increased attention the horizontal forest terrain unfolding itself in front of me and on the right. From time to time, also looked up on the slope steeply ascending on the left. Perceived nothing that had given evidence of the frontier or its certain crossing. Only packing materials of yugoslav products thrown away broke through once and again.

From the right, there broke through a cherry-tree. It sank under its black fruits. Under it, the riper ones covered the ground densely.

It is curious a phenomenon! — thought. … In the wood, so far i did not experience improved cherry yet … And it is untouched on the ground and tree … As if no one needed it … It is greater the probability of that the relatively rich yugoslav, than the poor romanian citizens do not need it! … Will gather from them!

Proceeded on my way. It commenced to become sparse. On the right side, another cherry-tree appeared. Reaching the fringe of the wood, halted. In front of me, there lay an agricultural ground. There struck my eyes its small maize plot: relatively high plants of the same height uniformly densely formed it. It was in a sharp contrast with the maize-field experienced a few hours before in the romanian communist state.

I have crossed the frontier!! — thought, rejoicing. … Am in the yugoslav communist state! … My plan worked to the full: have tracklessly crossed the romanian–yugoslav frontier!

11. Shall i reach Újvidék[147]?

The bitter experiences relative to my deporting back of the preceding year recurred to my mind. My joy changed into gall.

Before shunning the civilians — was thinking — i have to rid myself of the threat of the frontier guards: must remove myself from the frontier! … In all probability, it runs across the peak of the eastern barrow, and be-

147 Read approximately: 'ʊ:jvide:k. In the serbo-croatian language: Novi Sad.

cause of the difficult terrain features it was left unmarked … However, only the unmarkedness is certain … Whereas last year in the forest i came across a wire-netting fence, a plowed stripe and frontier stones, but there the terrain was almost horizontal, so cannot be sure of that it is unmarked only in the vicinity of the peak … It may be that the rest or other parts of the section of an east-westward direction of the frontier are not marked either … This seems to be corroborated by the fact that from the barrow did not see the line of the plowed stripe, albeit should have perceived a cleared forest stripe around 10 meters wide … So cannot exclude even that am standing only at a few meters from it! … Moreover, the unmarkedness can include the section turning to the south as well … This is what the fact refers to that the terrain became exceedingly steep even much before the barrow … But even if it were marked, staying on the territory of the yugoslav communist state itself does not yet mean a warranty for getting rid of the frontier guards of the romanian communist state, as breaking national and international laws, they are able to drag back the frontierists into their state … And here must beware of the frontier guards of the yugoslav communist state as well! … Consequently, marching in the forest, on its fringe or near it involve extreme perils: either because of the unmarkedness of the frontier could find myself in the romanian communist state, or the frontier guards patrolling on one side or the other could perceive me … For this reason, must leave the forest and remove myself from it! … And if have to proceed unscreened, then at least remove from the frontier, and remain within the frameworks of my plan relative to the yugoslav communist state! … Therefore, will not gravitate to the south, and will stick to the line of the barrows as near as possible! … At the same time, must be careful that civilians do not catch sight of me either! … Will go round the cultivated ground!

Looked round. Did not see a human. Started on. On the right side, the maize plot was followed by a sunflower one. It was also uniformly high and dense. Farther inside, there stood short peach-trees in some places on other plots. Varicoloredly ripe big fruits smiled from them. In front of me, a grain-field not green from weeds, but golden-yellow undulated leniently.

Never in my life i saw a so much tended and regular agricultural region! — established. … Beyond any shadow of doubt, am in the yugoslav communist state!

On the crest of a wave, a small tractor cropped up. I recognized in it that type which had the opportunity to know in the preceding year. It pulled a small combine-harvester.

This already proves definitively — was thinking — that i have crossed the frontier … Just came into the yugoslav communist state, and immediately a human has made his appearance in front of me! … The harvesting farmer could have waited for the sun to evaporate the dew from the grains!

… Am unable to establish whether he has caught sight of me or not … If suddenly changed my direction of march, only would give myself away.

Was drawing near to a depression around 10 meters wide overgrown with grass and partly limited by acacias.

I will take cover to breakfast! — decided. … Maybe, he will remove himself or finish harvesting meanwhile.

Let myself down in it, and sat down. In addition to the cherry, took out biscuit. Began eating. Looked at my watch. It was a few minutes past 8 hours.

I crossed the frontier at seven or thereabouts — thought. … Namely at six, according to the yugoslav time.

Put the watch back with one hour.

The tractor quite approached me. Looked behind. The farmer slightly averting his head took a curve to the opposite direction.

Has he peeped in here as well?! — raised the question to myself. … Seemingly, he has not caught sight of me, or i do not interest him though, but i must disappear from here! … The southward and westward directions are excluded … Can go only to the north.

Was marching along the depression. Began to feel the consequences of the increased exertion and nocturnal sleeplessness.

I will not turn to sleep yet — was thinking — because must better remove myself from the frontier!

Advanced on the perimeter of cultivated grounds, on footpaths or country lanes. Also wild sectors came into my way though, had to waive them, because they were mostly clad with dense acacia groves. Having removed myself from the harvesting farmer, began gravitating to the west. Did not see a human.

The sun was fierily shining. On the left, approached a row of shrubs. Its hither side was dominated by shade. The tiredness and sleep commenced to encroach on me.

Here, i will stop! — decided.

Took off my rucksack. Put it under a shrub. Threw myself backwards on the grass, and closed my eyes.

In conformity with the first phase of my plan concerning the yugoslav communist state, advancing at the northern foot of the hills of Versec i had to remove myself from the frontier, then had to reach Újvidék on foot. The purpose of this route section was that avoiding the carriage-ways and localities i left behind the frontier zone, where was imperiled not only by the increased militia control, but also the collaboration with the authorities of

the inhabitants.

According to the experiences and information of my companions in distress, the yugoslav–romanian frontier was practically lacking in frontier guarding, from time to time it was controlled from jeep, and no one was caught by the frontier guards of the yugoslav communist state. On the other part, there were frontierists arrested in the neighborhood of the yugoslav–greek, yugoslav–italian and yugoslav–austrian frontiers.

Their preponderant part were caught by the militia in the yugoslav–romanian frontier zone, directly or indirectly. They controlled the trains, railroad stations and carriage-ways. For this reason, some frontierists took big sums of money with themselves, from time to time hard currency, and tried approaching the frontiers of their end states with hired cars. This venture was not free from risk either, because in Slovenia there were controlled the passenger cars according to their registration numbers arriving from the yugoslav–romanian frontier zone. Some could take the opportunity of the safest variant, in which their occidental relatives or friends waited for them with occidental cars in previously arranged places and times beside the yugoslav–romanian frontier, then transported them to the proximity of the western frontier of the yugoslav communist state.

The recognition of the frontierists did not hit against difficulties, as the differences pertaining to the level of living often found a striking expression in the clothing as well. Certainly, many started on their way with articles of clothing procured especially for this purpose. But regularly also those having the disposal of sufficient money and suitable apparel had to make a route section in the frontier zone marching, from the frontier as far as the locality planned for beginning advancing with means of transport. Here was their recognition the easiest, as the citizens of the yugoslav communist state generally did not resort to going on foot even in the countryside. Here was in action and took its victims the reconnoitering and squealing network developed among the population along the yugoslav–romanian frontier. Here was determined the course of life of tens of thousand by vigilant eyes and invisible telephone-calls. Here had the mass of the freedom-wanting frontierists deprived of their remaining liberty as well, from here had them sent among the walls and conditions of the prisons of the communist state of the romanian “hydra” for months and years the yugoslav “hydra”-federation.

I had to convert my remained around 3,200 lei into dinars. For this, Újvidék seemed to be the most suitable, because of its farness from the frontier, bigness and hungarian-inhabitedness. Did not exclude the possibility of that in a given case would arrange changing the money along the way at a house off the beaten track or on the skirts of a locality. Namely, considered that the illegal demand for the currency of the romanian communist state decreased with the increase of the distance from the frontier.

From Újvidék, had to approach Maribor by train on the route Eszék-Verőce-Kapronca-Varasd-Csáktornya[148]. Could not take advantage of the Belgrade-Zagreb[149] railroad line, the most used by the frontierists, because of its notorious controlledness. Similarly to my illegal-fleeing practice in the romanian communist state, could advance possibly only with services of local interest, and had to avoid the stations or station-buildings of the bigger localities. Planned to cross the frontier on the mountainous terrain being north-west of Maribor.

If the sum of money at my disposal made it possible, could include in my route Fiume[150] with the purpose of trying the sea illegal fleeing. In this case, had to turn off in Kapronca, and to arrive in the town of the largest port of the yugoslav communist state passing through Zagreb, as well as Károlyváros[151]. In case of unsuccess, had to approach Maribor by touching Ljubljana and Celje.

Feeling a slight stiffness, i started on after eating. Marched on a country lane of a roughly westward direction. A horizontal agricultural land surrounded me. Neither a construction, nor a human were visible on it. Slightly on the left, the middle barrow dominated the tract.

Reached a small grassy ditch. It intersected my direction of march perpendicularly. Examined its bottom with interest. It proved to be dry.

Nowhere can be found a drop of water — thought. … I shall immediately run out of my supply … Should rest a little.

Let myself down in it, turned round, and sat down on its edge. The eastern barrow already appeared to be small. On the left from it, on bare small hills two watch-towers stood around 1 kilometer from each other.

How inoffensive and innocent you seem looking from the west! — thought.

Started on. On the right side, a lucerne-field lay. From behind its descending farther part, a few roofs emerged.

A village[152] — thought. … It lies on a lower level … I am on a plateau.

The evening was closing in. On a leniently declining sector overgrown with high grass, i approached the north-eastern foot of the middle barrow at around 30 meters. On the left side, the forest commenced at around 10

148 Read approximately: 'ɛseːk, 'vɛrəːtsɛ, 'kɔprontsɔ, 'vɔrɔʃd, 'tʃaːktornjɔ. In the serbo-croatian language: Osijek, Virovitica, Koprivnica, Varaždin, Čakovec.

149 In the serbo-croatian language: Zagreb.

150 In the serbo-croatian language: Rijeka.

151 Read approximately: 'kaːrojvaːroʃ. In the serbo-croatian language: Karlovac.

152 Probably, Márktelke. [Read approximately: 'maːrktɛlkɛ. In the serbo-croatian language: Markovac.] [11, 14]

meters.

This is a good place for spending the night — thought.

Came to a stop. Put down the rucksack. Took out a pack of biscuit. Sat down, and began eating. Because of my saliva deficiency, could hardly swallow down the first bites as well. The three-quarter bottle was still approximately half. Took it out, and could consume the supper ration only sipping water from it to the partly chewed biscuit.

Disposed my sleeping-place under a small tree in the grass. Could fall asleep with difficulty. Often awoke, because of the tiredness and the fight with the gnats.

In the morning, started on with good spirits. Felt rested. The consciousness that was in the yugoslav communist state somewhat raised my moral strength. There directly periled me neither bullets, nor beating, nor terrible prison conditions no longer. Reached a dried-out brooklet bed. It came out of the forest roughly in a south-northward direction.

Maybe, in the shade of the forest, it has not dried out completely — was thinking — and i may get at water.

On its stony bottom, turned to the left.

The bed became wetter and wetter, changed into deeper and deeper, as well as more and more gully-like, its walls were covering me increasingly. Among the stones in some places, water stains viewed. They became larger and larger.

On the left side, a non-modernized path appeared. I scarcely observed it, because it ran on beside the bed almost at the same level with my eye.

In front of me, there unfolded itself a pool system with a surface having a few square meters. I rejoiced. The crystal-clear water was around one span deep.

It is enough not only for drinking, but also for laving and washing — established. … And the screening is suitable.

Subsequently to laving from top to toe, i set about washing the shirt already stinking of perspiration, the jeans mottled by spots of dirt caused by rubbing with the earth and the green vegetation, as well as the used socks.

Pricked up my ears to a buzzing of motorcycle. Interrupted washing. Being crouched down, was not afraid of that the person coming nearer from the south would catch sight of me. The sound attained its maximum intensity, afterwards gradually fainting it still resounded for minutes from a northward direction.

Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Took up the washed-out and wrung wet articles of clothing, and started backwards in the bed of the brooklet. Looked mostly left, and watched the terrain of the middle barrow. Its foot being at a few meters ascended uniformly steeply. Farther up, its slope vanished behind the leaves of the trees standing relatively thickly.

It is just as steep — was thinking — as appears from afar … It is too difficult to go onwards on it … After all, up to this time i have seen only one human, and on the field could march safely.

Beside the forest, i stretched out the wet articles of clothing in the fiery sun on the grass.

In this manner, they shall dry soon — thought.

Started on to the west. After the brooklet bed, the terrain commenced to undulate. On the right side, there cropped up houses.[153] From them, as far as the fringe of the forest, namely the foot of the barrow, a vineyard was situated.

Climbing outwards from a wave-trough, the lines step by step unfolding themselves one after the other similarly broken off in front of me indicated that in my planned direction of march an agricultural path ran through the vineyard. On its left edge, three humans showed up. Their looks were on me.

It is already late — thought. … If i turn round, shall only give myself away … Obviously, they have already discovered me earlier, because as my head broke through from the depression in front of them, they were already looking at me, therefore they had been waiting for my appearance … Under normal circumstances, it was i who would have observed them sooner, as while they are working, namely should be working, i am exclusively occupied with watching the terrain unfolding itself in front of me! … It is strange, but so it is … Hope that by the time i get there, they will go to work! … If not, then will pass by them with a “dobro jutro”[154]!

As was drawing near towards them, more and more came out from among the lines on the left side, men and women, adults and children alike. They focused their looks on me as one, expressing interest, moreover astonishment. I forced the pace and took longer steps.

It is evident — was thinking — that i am considered a rare phenomenon … Greet them to set their doubts at rest!

“Dobro jutro!”

153 Probably, the houses of Temeskutas. [Read approximately: 'tɛmɛʃkʊtɔʃ. In the serbo-croatian language: Gudurica.] [11, 14]

154 Read approximately: 'dobro 'jʊtro. In the english language: good morning.

“Dobro jutro,” said some, in a low voice.

With their tone, they expressed that despite my serbo-croatian words they did not particularly think that i was a yugoslav citizen.

“Ceauşescu?” asked one.

“… Nema[155],” said i, smiling. “… Tito[156].”

According to my hopes, with these serbo-croatian words i had still succeeded in keeping myself within the bounds of the appearance of the yugoslav citizenship. Span out my answers and steps as long as possible though, was only about the middle of the still increasing group. Wanted to pass by in front of them, but some with their bodies and arms closed my way, and said and showed me to sit down to talk. With gestures, i tried to resist, but because of their definiteness and great number was under the necessity of yielding to the pressure.

Turning to the right, went in between the lines slightly, and sat down on the edge of the right one. They stood me round, and brought a small young fellow-worker of them.

“When did you come over?” asked he, in the romanian language with a serbo-croatian accent.

“In the morning.”

“Where?”

“There in that wood,” said i, pointing towards the eastern barrow.

He translated it, then again swung towards me.

“Where do you want to get through to?”

“To Austria.”

“Austria?” asked an older fellow-worker. “… Beograd-Zagreb-Maribor ili[157] Beograd-Osijek-Ljubljana-Jesenice?”

It is a provocative question — was thinking — because Maribor can be reached the quickest possible through Eszék, while Jesenice through Zagreb.

They offered me bread and liver paste.

“Hleba osam dana[158],”said i, while pointing at my rucksack.

They insisted. I was constrained to accept. With a clasp-knife, a young man peeled a cucumber as well.

“The liver paste is good, isn’t it?”

“It is very good. Far better than the romanian one.”

“How do you know serbian words?”

“Last year, i was already in Yugoslavia.”

“Where?”

“Beside Belgrade, in Padinska Skela[159].”

155 Read approximately: 'nemʌ. In the english language: no.
156 Marshal Josip Broz Tito, a founder of the yugoslav communist state.
157 Read approximately: 'ili. In the english language: or.
158 Read approximately: 'hlebʌ 'osʌm 'dʌnʌ. In the english language: bread eight days.
159 Read approximately: 'pʌdinskʌ 'skelʌ. Suburban locality of Belgrade. [13]

“How long?”

“Fifteen days.”

“… Did the romanians beat you?”

“No. But they maltreated me.”

“… How much time were you in the prison?”

“More than half a year.”

The members of the team were listening to him with interest. They were looking at me with regretful faces, expressing compassion and willingness to help, but denoting a relative incapacity. Satisfying their curiosity, in ones or twos they filtered back in between the lines. Having consumed the food, i got up.

“Thank you!” said.

“Don’t leave! … One of us went with a motorcycle to inform our director … He’ll send an automobile, and that shall drive you to Versec … Certainly, you are tired and don’t know the way … Wait for it!”

“… I will not stay more!”

He looked at me disappointed.

“Here, you’ll go down the path,” was he saying, “turn to the right, enter the village, and from there reach Versec with a bus.”

“That’s right! Thank you.”

Started in the pointed direction. He came after me.

In what a situation i have become involved! — thought, being indignant. … If follow his guidance, the authorities of the yugoslav communist state will obviously capture me … If make my way towards the forest, or turn backwards, namely resist to the utmost, these people would have the face to even capture me, as morally i have no reason for querying their “good faith” and refusing their offered “help” … But, after all, their manifestation suggests that the “hydra” federation manipulates them … This is corroborated by that the mediating person is coming after me, therefore, probably with the purpose of informing the militiamen to arrive, he wants to know exactly where and in which direction i will leave the vineyard … And if the yugoslav “hydra” federation has detected me through them, then i have no chance to traverse the yugoslav communist state … I had better control my presentiment of evil!

“It is all right!” said. “I will wait for it.”

In the depression, there stood a wooden-structure. It had no window. He showed me in. I sat down on the small bench under the left wall. He squatted down on the one facing the entrance.

“What building is this?”

“Here we eat, and take cover, if it rains.”

There sounded a hum of engine growing in volume. According to that, two automobiles pulled up in front of the structure. A person in civilian

clothes came in. Another followed him. They came nearer towards me smiling with a look expressing interest. I stood up, and took off my cap. We shook hands.

In the door, there made their appearance two robust militiamen in blue uniforms armed with pistols. I was surprised. Those feelings flashed through my body which had been caused in me on 23 april the preceding year by recognizing the fact of my deporting back. But my poise of mind quickly returned to the normal. In the prison of the romanian communist state, had learnt to adapt myself to the limits of my narrowed-down possibilities. Put the cap back on my head.

These vine-dressers are “hydra” agents indeed — thought. … At least a part of them … In the morning, should have proceeded on my way in the forest.

The militiamen headed for me. One of them began searching me. The other took off my cap, examined it, and with a negligent motion put it back on in an abnormal position. I adjusted it. He seized the rucksack, and pointed to the egress.

I went out. A white jeep and a blue bug-backed Zastava[160] stood in front of the building. They had me gotten in the latter one. The mediator person still being there watched me with a fixed look expressing obtuseness and dim feelings. A few fellow-workers of his had come there as well.

What was this?! — raised the question to myself. … An evil enveloped in a pure good … A certain kind of theater … A mesh … Group collaborationism … “Hydra” manipulation … You, unpunished criminals! … You have peoples oppressed, without their knowing about you! … You have humans persecuted, tortured, crippled, murdered or driven to suicide, without your being held responsible for those, and by so doing there be thrown light on you! … In my life, there is one evidence of your existence and actions! … In my death, there can be another!

12. At the militia in Versec

They put me in a cell. In its space of around 4 × 2 × 3 meters, there was no furniture. On the part of its parquet prominent at the back, a biscuit worn rug lay. Considerable stains showed dark red on it. The information recurred to my mind, according to which some of my companions in distress, being threatened with deporting back, had opened their veins, swallowed down cutlery or razor blades, or resorted to other desperate protesting and defensive methods.

160 A passenger car of yugoslav make.

This sad phenomenon throws light on many things — thought. … It expresses the choice of the respective frontierist between death and the national-communist empire of the romanian "hydra" … Why do they not commit suicide in the romanian communist state yet? … As the possibility of the success of their illegal fleeing attempts still maintains in them the hope of riddance and getting free … It brings to the surface the sad conditions in the romanian communist state, as how could it be there, from where humans want to escape even at the cost of their lives … It brings to expression the powerlessness of the respective frontierist towards the will of the yugoslav "hydra"-federation, which hunts for him or her, and after having captured him or her, instead of providing stay here and the possibility to migrate farther, but for the most part it does not even allow his or her case to the UNO judgement controlled by it, and delivers him or her up to one of the most bloodthirsty national secret political monsters of Europe and of the Earth planet … It points out that the possible basic principle of the deporting-back policy of the yugoslav communist state, if there is such a principle at all, according to which the romanian citizens flee for economic reasons, is false, as which normal human is capable of laying down his or her life just for the hope of a better level of living?! … It makes evident that the humans flee for their freedom, for the general freedom.

The door opened. They took me out. Conducted me into an office. At a table, an official sat. He wore a white shirt, on his head he did not have a cap. His big ringed gray eyes and stonily severe look — corroborated by my experiences obtained under identical juristic circumstances about the physiognomy of the person with a similar facial expression brought into relation with me in the cell of the station house of the militia in Belgrade on 7 april the previous year — seemed to refer to a specific serbian ethnic character.

"Sit down!" began he speaking, in a romanian language of serbo-croatian accent.

"Thank you."

I sat down in the armchair being in my vicinity. Discreetly, looked round. My rucksack stood beside the other table. Behind my back on the wall, a large map hung. It represented the yugoslav–romanian frontier zone in a white field. It marked the hills of Versec with green for the most part.

In all probability, the green color indicates the forest — thought.

Tried to establish the exact relation between the peak of the eastern barrow and the frontier, but could not, because the map did not display the differences in level. He asked my particulars. I gave him the bulletin.

"Where did you cross the frontier?"

Taking advantage of the opportunity, i studied the map for a few more moments, searching the relation between the barrow and the frontier.

“Here,” said, pointing up the zone of the eastern barrow.
“When?”
“On 7 july in the morning.”
“The day before yesterday?!”
“No. Yesterday.”
“Yesterday, it was 8.”
“Then on 8 … I have miscalculated the days.”
“And what have you done by this time?!”
“I had to rest, because had grown very tired … And washed as well.”
“And where did you want to get through to, to Belgrade?”
“No. To Austria.”
“What route?”
“Via Belgrade, Zagreb and Maribor.”
“And from Austria?”
“To Portugal.”[161]
“Portugal,” mumbled he, while putting it down.
“What do you have in the rucksack?”
“Clothes and foodstuffs.”
“Undo it!”
Undid it. He dipped his hand into, and rummaged in it a little.”
“That’s right! Ready! Take your baggage, and come!”

With a paper in his hand, he took me over into another office. He handed it over to an official wearing a suit. He signed it, and looking up on me, gave it back.

“You’ve gotten twenty days,” said he to me.

He took me out to the courtyard. Had me gotten into a microbus-like militia van. It left the court of the militia. I watched the streets of Versec through the barred window.

13. The prison in Versec

The door of the militia van opened. I got out. In front of me, a high iron gate painted dark brown. Above it, crowns of trees and housetops. On the right, a grassy-woody green area. After it, an old-style building with sev-

161 As a principled follower of the democracy of western type, judged that the ideology deducible from the theoretical further development of the dialectical materialism, namely from its surpassing by the existence principle of relation, cannot transgress the limits of the workers’ ideology. For this reason, considered myself social-democrat. In the selection of the most favorable other-world, applied the criteria of the possibility, need and effectiveness of my planned political activity. My choice fell on the portuguese state on the basis of my judgement that there my ethnical integration was possible, its country mostly needed development among the democratic states, and its social democratic forces played a considerable role in its political life.

eral upper storeys. On the left side, in a white wall large windows. On one level, it stretched forward completely. At its end, a door. The militiaman led me in through it.

"What do you have in the baggage?" asked me his comrade on duty, in the romanian language.

"Clothes and foodstuffs."

"Took out the foodstuffs!"

Set down the rucksack. Put out the left finger-biscuits, biscuit, chocolates, milk bars and conserves.

"Undress! … That's right! The shirt, the bathing-pants and the boots shall remain! Put the pants into the rucksack!"

"May i take with me toilet articles?"

"Yes."

Took out the soap, the tooth-brush, the tooth-paste and the shaving kit. Put them into a bag. Placed the pants into the upper compartment of the rucksack, and tied it down. Pulled the boots back. The first militiaman made a sign for me to follow him.

"May i carry the foodstuffs?" asked i his comrade.

"It is not necessary! There are enough here!"

Left the gate-room. Followed the blue-uniformist in a long corridor. On the right side, varnished wooden doors of self-color were set in order. Only the lack of handles referred to that they constituted the entrances of cells. With the polish of the cement floor, with the quality of the lime-wash of the wall and ceiling, with the straightness of the lines, as well as with the all-round cleanness, the prison exceeded the level of development even of the office buildings of the romanian communist state.

At its end, he had me in a new unit. He made a sign for me to turn to the right. An opened door unfolded itself in front of me. Waves of sunshine and of an agreeably sounding folk music streamed in through it.

Going out, found myself in a quadrangle. Walls lime-washed white, around 4 meters high and 10 meters long constituted it for a square. On the left, in the farther corner of the wall of the door, a number of prisoners sat on two old small benches intercepting a right angle with each other. One of them sharply separated from the others in age, body weight, dignity in direct proportion to the dimensions of the belly, and haughtiness of the look. They looked at me, but it could be seen on their faces that i was accounted an everyday phenomenon in their eyes. I stood under the wall being beside me on the right.

Coming from the inside, a prisoner made his appearance in front of me. With his left hand, he wordlessly drew away my bathing-pants, from the right one spread a powder behind them, and sprinkled the rest on my head. I smelled that it was the common lice-powder already experienced in the

romanian communist state. He made a sign for me to follow him.

He gave me a towel and a suit of uniform. It consisted of a thin coat and pants made out of identical khaki fabric. He conducted me into a shower-room. On the right side, there were arranged one-person compartments. He pointed up them.

Having led me up on the stair, he entered through a handled door. On the right side, through wide barred windows, natural light flowed into the dormitory. Being completely reflected by the walls lime-washed white, it ensured a maximal illumination. On the left, tin lockers were set in order along the wall of the door on the floor consisted of parquet. After them, an interspace, two rows side by side of two double iron beds each touching each other broadwise, a newer interspace, and beside the wall one more row of three.

He went to the bed in the right inner corner. Put the sheet and the rug on the bare sponge mattress of the upper deck. Handed me a locker key, and gave me to understand that i arranged my things.

Going down to the quadrangle, it caught my eye that the number of the prisoners had considerably increased. Some lounged under the left wall on the cement. They talked in the romanian language. I went there, and sat down beside them.

“Why do you not sit on the bench?!” asked i my companion in distress being the nearest.

“There, only the serbs may sit.”

“… Where have you come so much at once from?”

“From work.”

“Last year in Padinska Skela, near Belgrade, they scarcely took us out at work.”

“Here, they hardly have us worked.”

A frontierist came in front of me.

“Where do you want to emigrate?” asked he.

“To the United States.”

His look turned into mildly reproving, he moved his head up and down repeatedly, and went away.

He knows — was thinking — that i lie … He is functioning as an agent of the yugoslav “hydra”-federation.

14. Pivara[162]

A bell sound awoke me from the sleep. I leant on the elbow, and looked down on the lower level. The haughty prisoner had not moved yet. Sat up, pushed myself ahead, and as quickly, but also as cautiously as possible jumped down on the parquet, so as not to kindle his anger with my stepping on his bed, with its stronger shaking, or with our collision resulting from a possible simultaneity of getting up, and not to bring into action against me his arms of a terrible strength, certainly employed in his crime of murder.

Went to the locker. Stepped into the pants. Put the towel on my shoulder, and started to the lavatory.

In the dining-hall, there was already a queue for the breakfast. Took a plastic tray, a knife, and joined it. A pat of butter, two rolls and a rust-proof-steel mug of tea were given out through the sliding window. Sat down to a table.

One can scarcely have enough with this — thought. … In Versec are they saving, or in Padinska Skela were they generous?

Went out to the quadrangle. The few yugoslav prisoners were gathering under the wall of the door and dining-hall, and the large group of the frontierists from the romanian communist state under the wall perpendicular to it on the left. Considering my height, stood in an empty first place of a row.

“Shall those come yesterday be taken to work today yet?” asked i my companion in distress being by me.

“Yes … Here, you have to work from the first day till the last one.”

“And what next with those refusing work?”

“They shall be put at cell … It is better to work: you are in the open air, you see the world, you can drink beer or refresher, more food is given, the time passes quicker …”

“The radio says that here in Yugoslavia the unemployment is of 17 per cent … It seems that this does not refer to the prison …”

“It is just possible that around 17 per cent of the prisoners are at cell.”

Here, it is all about not months and years, but only days — thought. … Although my conviction is that from the money created by the frontierists something falls to the share of those squealing us, but beside my hunger for new information and experiences my principled considerations are dwarfed … Further, also in the cell they can put me together with such a haughty human of muscles … So he at least imperils me only on getting up

162 Read approximately: 'pivʌrʌ.

and going to bed … Consequently, for the time being i will not refuse work!

Three militiamen came out of the door. The haughty prisoner made a report. One of the blue-uniformists counted us. The others called us according to the places of work. I heard my name after the word “Pivara”.

A militiaman took out six of us through the gate of the prison. He conducted us farther on the sidewalk.

“This is what i call prison! … Without manacles, we are brought out to the civil world!”

“He is going there in front of us in such a manner as if he were not taking us! … One or two could leave even unobserved!”

“What is that ‘Pivara’?”

“The name of the beer and refreshing-drink factory.”

On the yard of the factory, a human wearing civilian clothes came to us. With serbo-croatian words, he turned to a companion in distress already experienced in the work there.

“Two humans to the beer!” translated he to us. “That is to say, one, as i am the first,” added he, in a humorous tone.

Several raised their hands. The relatively favorable circumstance of tasting the aroma of the yugoslav communist beer in Versec smiled upon the companion in distress being the nearest to him. The militiaman led the four of us farther back.

He took us into a large shop. No one was in. On the right side, in the right rear corner, and in front of us, columns of plastic cases of six being set in order side by side formed several separate blocks. On the left, a rolling transporter perpendicularly reached the opening of the wall of the entrance door. Bordering an equipment, it extended as far as the middle region of the shop, and in a right angle established contact with the production unit.

“Is this a specific prisoner place of work?”

“Yes, here only we work.”

“And what is our job?”

“To put the cases in columns, then to carry them to the automobiles … And our payment is that we may drink as much refresher as we will and can … Just now, we may open a bottle each!”

I examined the stock in hand. The refresher was bottled in one-liter flasks. According to the labels and colors of the drinks, one sort was prepared of ananas, the other of orange, and the colorless third one was furnished with the name “Tonic”. In the romanian communist state, had not had the occasion to experience the ananas, and to my knowledge the au-

thorities had not “wasted” the hard currency for the importation of this southern fruit. For this reason, knocked off the cap of a bottle having a light green label.

Through the opening of the production shop, a number of persons were visible. They brought into action the bottling equipment. The filled cases started towards us.

15. Ciglana[163]

After two weeks, i was shifted over to the group working in the brick-factory. Our number was considerably greater than at Pivara. A militiaman led us to the bus-stop in front of the prison.

From the table of the first-arriving bus, it could be seen that it was a regular line. Just a few travelers sat in it. He made a sign for us to get on.

Approaching a bifurcation, it could be read from the sign-board that the branch stretching ahead ran to the romanian communist state, and the one turning off ran to Belgrade. The bus took a curve to the left.

The sun was in the course of rising. We could not devour with our eyes the new yugoslav terrain unfolding itself in front of us. So much the more, because this constituted a part of the route which many frontierists had already made or tried it making on the way towards the west, which we had not succeeded in making in our these attempts, and which we still had to make in our possible planned attempts. Although i was traveling for the second time on this route by bus, nothing recurred to my mind from my experiences of 7 april the preceding year of more than one year.

It was striking the smoothness of the roadway, the variegation of the traffic, the modernness of the mostly upper-storeyed houses, and we saw from everything else that it was better and finer than in the romanian communist state.

Having left Versec, we went over a canal.

“Look at that!”

On the right side, on a bare terrain under a parking place, in the recess of a maize-field, there stood a blue bug-backed Zastava aimed at Belgrade.

It is evident — was thinking — that they are hunting for frontierists, as the maize-field covers them from the back, and they are watching the traffic being directed towards Belgrade … Probably, the frontierists leaving Versec on foot come around here to travel on hitch-hiking … And as soon

163 Read approximately: 'tsiglʌnʌ.

as they come over the bridge, the militiamen go into action … How many did already tell that they had been caught on coming out of localities!

Ciglana, just like Pivara, waited for us with an open gate. The bus entered through it. It stopped on the courtyard. We got off.

An employee distributed gloves among us. Their substance knitted from textile fibers was covered with a level of natural rubber on the fingered half of the palms. We drew them on. Were guided towards the brick blocks rising on the tubs being under a building.

Slightly on the left, two trucks waited. We were divided in two, put in files, and began loading. As to the solid bricks generally used in the romanian communist state, it struck the eyes the around six times bigger dimensions and piercedness of the bricks produced at Ciglana.

In consequence of the continuous hard physical work in the fiery sun, we were sweating very much. Our coats and shirts hung or lay scattered about in different places. The militiaman urged us frequently. At times, also the drivers took part in the work, making it evident the market aspect of the economy of the yugoslav communist state. This bore an effect of a new type in relation to the leisurely rate of work usual and accustomed in the romanian communist state. But we conformed to it easily, notwithstanding that worked under punishment. We had finished loading the truck.

“Won’t you come for water?” asked me a companion in distress.

“Of course, i will.”

We held the plastic bottles, and started towards the faucet. Passed by the dining-hall. At the end of a long brick block, turned to the right.

There viewed a green area, indicating that we were drawing near to the edge of the factory. No fence bound it. At around 100 meters, a railroad was visible. It ran approximately in the direction of Belgrade A waggon was stopping on it. Farther, a building lay.

The first station after Versec — thought. … If an accommodation-train not, but that waggon would be good for proceeding, as obviously it is not controlled by the blue-uniformists … But only if on the next occasion i get as far as here, as even if the militiaman does not see us now, in a few minutes he would discover my disappearance, and would alarm his comrades, who would easily capture me … And it is also possible that the yugoslav “hydra”-federation have these “strategically important” places kept under observation secretly.

16. An agent of the serbian “hydra”

On the way from the work, we went in the prison. In conformity with its habit, we lined up in front of the gate-room. The militiaman on duty came out, in his hand with a box of cigarette. He counted us from the right to the left. He took us one by one, we having to give him to understand whether smoked or not. Those answering in the affirmative could catch the pockets flying towards them.

It could be seen that my smoker companions in distress were imbued with an uplifting feeling. On the one part, in the romanian communist state, there existed few cigarette sorts of a cellophane packing, and in all certainty the yugoslav brand was not only of a new type, but also of a better quality. On the other part, they knew that there was probably in store for them another prison, where one could supply himself with these consumer goods only from outside and only in a limited quantity.

In the dormitory, we took to us soap and towel, and hurried down to the quadrangle, in order to be able to as soon as possible find a place under the shower improvised there. On an iron stand, a sheet-iron barrel painted red stood around 2 meters high with its bottom. With the aid of a rubber hose coupled to a faucet, it had been filled up with cold water the day before, which having been warmed up by the sun fell on us through a sprinkler.

I sat down beside my companions in distress waiting for issuing the supper sitting on the cement. From the loud-speaker mounted above the window of the office of the inner militiaman on duty, the already accustomed serbian folk music poured its impressive waves, it cherished our hope supported by the expected course of life of our insignificant minority, and deluded us that we had rid ourselves of the romanian communist state for good. We did not dare to even talk about it, all the less about its prison, our attention was mostly held by the small, but overstated problems of the moment, we made the most of every humorous aspect of the situation, at times we rose also the question of the nice future relative to the UNO camp, the hotel, and the further migration, trying to generalize it, although at least in our subconscious there lurked the idea of the terrible forced course of life as well.

“ADORJÁN István[164]!” called me an outer militiaman on duty, smiling jovially. “… Come in!” said he, in the romanian language.

Entering the building, he led me onwards on the corridor.

“Engineer, aren’t you?”

“Yes.”

164 Read approximately: 'ɔdorya:n 'iʃtva:n. My hungarian name.

In front of the gate-room, there stood a low-built person of middle age. He wore civilian clothes, on his head he did not have a cap. In his left hand, he held a portfolio. From his naturally severe look, i deemed to see that he was a person of the authorities.

“Good afternoon!” said he, in the romanian language, and stretched out his hand.

“Good afternoon.”

“Come, let’s talk a little!”

He started slowly on the corridor perpendicular to that of the cells. Halted by a door, and had me in the office.

“Sit down!”

“Thank you.”

“Where are you from?”

“From Marosvásárhely.”

“Are you romanian?”

“No. I am ethnic hungarian.”

“Have you ever been in Yugoslavia?”

“Yes.”

“When?”

“In april, last year.”

“Where?”

“In Padinska Skela.”

“And where did you want to then emigrate?”

“I would have liked to stay in Yugoslavia.”

“Why?”

“I would like to adopt a political career, and judged that Yugoslavia was the most fitting to this.”

“And now?”

“I would like to emigrate to Portugal.”

“Why?”

“Because there the left-wing forces have control over the political life.”

He took his look off me, slightly turned aside, and lowered his head, as if had thrown himself into a cringing pose, and stopped interrogating me on.

“… Do you know serbs in Romania?” began he speaking again.

“Yes.”

“Whom?”

“… Miodrag MILIČ[165].”

“How do you know him?”

“He was in my year at the faculty.”

“And where is he now?”

165 Read approximately: 'miodrʌg 'militʃ.

“At that time, he lived in Detta[166] … I cannot remember where he chose the place of work after graduating from faculty.”

“… That’s right,” said he, remaining sat. “… I only wanted so much …”

I stood up, opened the door, and stepped out. He followed me strikingly slowly. With normal steps, i started towards the gate-room.

Who could this human be?!” raised the question to myself. … His facial expression and behavior refer to a party functionary … Probably, he is a member of a local party organization.[167]

17. The head of the prison

Thursday, 28 july 1988. We went out through the gate of the prison. There struck my eyes that on the other edge of the street a white Dacia was parked down. It possessed a TM, namely Temes[168]-county registration number.

They took us to the skirts of the town, to an open-air market. Slightly on the right, the western barrow rose high. Behind it, the middle one was visible. There separated us from them a mostly plowed extended plain agricultural land.

Civilian persons carried spades, picks and shovels. They divided among us a narrow and long strip of ground marked out with a string, giving us to understand that we had to dig a hole on it. We started working. The militiaman sat himself at a few meters facing us on a chair.

“So much shall be enough!” said i to my companion in distress, after a series of picks. “… What do you say?”

“Enough! … I’ll shovel out the earth, and we’ll wait for the civilians to

166 Read approximately: 'dɛttɔ. In the romanian language: Deta. Small town in a straight line at around 9 kilometers from the romanian–yugoslav frontier. [2]

167 I could have asked him to arrange my stay in the yugoslav communist state after having served the punishment. But several factors hindered me in that. In the first place, the main purpose of my illegal fleeing attempt was obtaining political asylum, for which could ask only at the competent organ of the interior, and judged that at least in Versec had no possibility for this, as they had not asked me for a written statement as in Belgrade on 8 april 1987. In the second place, the idea of a simple stay there did not even occur to me. In the third place, i did not arange official matters through personal relations by principle. In the fourth place, did not know that the yugoslav–romanian frontier treaties had not ordained the obligation of deporting back the frontierists, and because of the then level of my international-law knowledge could not draw this conclusion from the existence of the UNO camp either.

168 Read approximately: 'tɛmɛʃ. In the romanian language: Timiş. It was the county of the romanian communist state nearest to Versec.

control it!"

I climbed out of the hole. Began a stretching gymnastics. Around 30 meters in front of me, there lay the toilet. Behind it, the ditch-likely deepening ground was overgrown with a dried high reedy stretch. The plowland was only visible above the footpath cutting through it.

I was not at the toilet yet — thought. … Would ask leave, on the footpath having cut through the reedy stretch would turn to the right with the purpose of misleading the militiaman possibly just watching me, behind the reedy stretch becoming invisible from here would turn back, would creep across the footpath, then behind the reedy stretch would stand up and take to my heels … In a few minutes, the militiaman would telephone to the militia, from where they would set off in my search … If they used wolf-dogs as well, in addition to having me shot, there would be also the peril of having me bitten … If they had not primarily capture me, i would set off to the west making use of the sun for a compass … Would nourish myself on fruits, sweet maize and green plants … If a day made around 30 kilometers, would be able to leave behind the remaining around 600 kilometers approximately in three weeks … The yugoslav–austrian frontier would be shown already from a distance by the Alps … It is questionable, on the one part, whether the vegetable food getting in my way were enough until reaching Austria, on the other part, whether i were able to do 30 kilometers a day without producing a perilous sensation … But do not think that the yugoslav "hydra"-federation will lose sight of me, so much the more as it was it which created the possibility of my escape … In Pivara being in the town, the last day saw the rear gate opened out; in Ciglana being in the village, the last day saw the door beside the stoves opened; and now, the last whole day of my punishment, it has me taken to an open-air market bordering on the nature … It is evident that it urges on my escape: so it is confident that i shall not get through to Austria … Even if it had not me shot, it had not me bitten, it had not me captured, it would have me followed discreetly, and in the fit place and time would have me pounced upon … It is not worth trying the escape.

There arrived the civilians. Having approached the hole, one let himself down into it, the other crouched down at its edge, and exchanging words they began examining it. We watched with interest whether they would be satisfied with our accomplishment. The grayish-haired and -mustached crouching civilian looked up on me, and with an acknowledging look, positive nods, as well as with moving his palm up and down gave us to understand several times that we had done a quality work.

"This is the head of the prison," whispered my companion in distress.

"He may all be the head, he may all be satisfied with us, if tomorrow they will have us gotten into the militia van, and send us back to Romania!"

“Who decides who goes to Belgrade and who to Temesmóra?”
“They.”

18. Nicu[169]

The following day, a german couple from the romanian communist state, Nicu and i were led out of the prison. They had us gotten into a militia van. It started. Our faces proclaimed tension and fear. The yugoslav “hydra”-federation had already decided on our courses of life though, we did not know where were carried. Kept silent.

The car stopped. The tension reached its culminating point. From outside, voices sounded. The door opened. We were on the courtyard of the militia in Versec. There made his appearance the ringed-eyed official, who had received me there twenty days earlier. In his hand, he held a sheet of paper. He called off the names of Nicu and myself. We stood up to go out. The couple handed us two packs of cigarette each. He shut the door. A militiaman smiling gave two banknote-like printworks to his driver colleague. Greeting each other, the van departed.

Through the flipper door, they conducted us into the building. Several militiaman stayed inside, practically screening and blocking its exterior egress. We stopped, and waited for the implementation of the arbitrary decision on our course of life.

“What do you say, will they give us back?” asked Nicu, whispering, in a tone being touched suggesting a state of mind verging on despair.

“I do not know … It remains to be seen.”

In front of the flipper door, an orange small jeep stopped. At the steering wheel, a robust middle-aged militiaman sat. As if he had been he whom i had seen on 7 april 1987 on the road leading towards the downtown of Versec in the blue bug-backed Zastava. He made a sign for us to climb into. His older comrade of similar stature opened up the rear door. We put our baggages into. Got in. The car put off.

We were tensely silently waiting for our concealed course of life to manifest itself. Were fixedly looking ahead, waiting for the emergence of the bifurcation, which had already known on the way to Ciglana. Knew that we would receive an answer to the question whether they were carrying us to Belgrade or to Temesmóra.

169 Read approximately: 'nikʊ. The nicknamed form of the romanian first name “Nicolae”.

The bifurcation appeared in front of us. Our tension increased. We slightly leant forward, and with our look and trunk would have liked to direct and roll the jeep to the left. But it kept its straight direction towards the romanian communist state.

We gave way to despair. Nicu lowered down his head, and began to whimper. I began to involuntarily push the back of the first seat. Looking behind, the militiaman softly muttered something. Not so much my deed disturbed him, as he examined me. I ceased.

Composed myself. Got the mastery of myself. Nicu henceforward sat dispondently.

I will try to raise his spirits! — thought.

"Nicu!" said, in an encouraging tone. "… There is no reason for losing your heart … For me, this is the third one … And i know that it shall pass … The future is before us!"

The jeep commenced to lose speed. It drew up. From the reaction of the militiamen, concluded that the fuel became exhausted. The one sitting in front of me got out. He went to the edge of the road. The driver dutifully sat further in his place. Nicu raising his head, we cast a significant glance at each other.

We examined the terrain, pondered over our chances. The sun was shining. On both sides, an unsurveyably flat wheatland lay. For our getting out, we would have had to push forward the back of the seat in front of me, and would have had to open the door. But the robust militiaman could easily have brought us to stop.

A white Mercedes pulled up behind us. It had a west-german registration number. The driver militiaman got out as well.

"What do you say," was Nicu asking."shall we have a try?"

"We can get out of the jeep … But how shall rid ourselves of the militiamen?! … We have come near to limp because of the hard work … And during the chase they can shoot us! … That is not wanting for us … Then, what would we do without money?!"

A militiaman poured fuel colored red from a white plastic can into the tank of the jeep. His comrade talked with the driver of the Mercedes wearing sunglasses.

"He works in Germany," remarked i.

"It is good for the serbs … They are allowed to do everything."

There viewed the building of the frontier crossing-place in Temesmóra. The plowed stripe emerged as well. Its road-wide harrowed ground slightly high-crownedly stretched to the right and left in the infinite.

A young officer frontier guard took us over accompanied by an inferior. He seemed to be good mannered. Conducted us to the building.

Through the vestibule, he took us back into a small room. Its furniture was consisted of a bare table, a chair and several metal lockers. He sat down. Questioned our particulars, and recorded them in a register-book. His tone and manners were lacking in roughness and aggressiveness. Moreover, he could be qualified as mildly polite and gentle as well. He looked up on me.

"Where did you want to get through to?"

"To Italy, then from there to the United States."

"And you?" turned he to Nicu.

"To Italy, and from there to Australia."

"You are here!" said the officer, triumphantly, while got up. "… Present them our newest composition!" instructed he his inferior, and went out.

His comrade-in-arms appeared to be of an indifferent type, although he had certainly not been enlisted from an error to a frontier-guards outfit being on the romanian–yugoslav frontier. He manifested himself as one acting greatly bored and under pressure.

"Well, come to present it to you!" said he, with a shade of in all certainty pretended complicity. "Turn round!" spoke he to me. "… Bow down! … Put your hands on the knees!"

With the inside part of his right boot, he began kicking my posterior. The kicks were not strong, but they got gradually stronger. No one controlled him though, he faithfully carried out the order. If he had truly been our accomplice, he would have proceeded more formally. But from his kicks becoming stronger and stronger it could be seen that he did not only act to orders, but he had inner reasons as well, that he did not like us as an individual either, that he delimited himself from us as persons qualified as criminals by the laws and authorities of the romanian communist state. He could not deny his nature of frontier guard, as the character of his personality mostly became one with that. Certainly just for this very reason he could be and was enlisted for a frontier guard. He had already completely been poisoned by the nationalist, chauvinist, fascist national-communist ideology. Unconsciously and unintentionally though, but he was already a puppet of the romanian "hydra".

Having carried out also on Nicu the sentence of his superior with around fifteen kicks, the frontier guard sat down, put his hands on the table, and as if nothing had happened, with a smiling face looked up on us.

"Where are you from?" asked he.

“From Újmoldva[170].”

“From Marosvásárhely.”

“I am from Arad[171] … Where have you come from?”

“From Versec[172].”

His face as if had registered the inferiority complex that he had never been in Yugoslavia, and would probably never have the possibility of legally crossing the yugoslav–romanian frontier.

“How much time have you stayed there?”

“Twenty days.”

“Did the serbs beat you?”

This question was of tricky character and of a self-justifying purpose. To the knowledge of everyone, while the frontier guards of the romanian communist state systematically hit the frontierists caught by them or deported back, the authorities of the yugoslav communist state did not maltreat us.

“No.”

“Did you work?”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

“In the bottler Pivara and in the brick-factory Ciglana.”

“Did you get a pay?”[173]

“No.”

The door opened.

“Well, come!” said the officer.

The ARO[174] arrived at the courtyard of the watch-house in Alsósztamora. It struck my eyes that in the place of the building on the left side, there ran a long and deep pit. A few frontier guards worked in it with picks, spades and shovels. Their comrades coming from service trusted us to them.

We put down our baggages on the concrete, and waited wordlessly. It produced some tension in me that in space we looked down on the frontier guards socially and legally situated in a higher position, and while they did a hard physical work, we stood passively, so much the more that the day before in the yugoslav communist state we also dug a hole. At the same time, was afraid of that under the implicit threat of maltreatment and beat-

170 Read approximately: 'ʊ:jmoldvɔ. In the romanian language: Moldova Nouă. Small town in a straight line at around 4 kilometers from the danubian romanian–yugoslav frontier. [2]

171 Read approximately: 'ɔrɔd. In the romanian language: Arad. County and county-seat name. The persons coming from villages regularly supplied the name of the county for an answer to this question.

172 In the romanian language: Vârşeţ.

173 Probably, with this question, he hinted at the “advantage” that in the romanian communist state the working prisoners got 10 % of the normal wages.

174 The jeep of romanian communist make.

ing they would compel us to work, and with this i would be under the necessity to commit a breach of my work-refusal principle in a wider sense relative to the penal institutions of the romanian communist state. To my surprise, however, the frontier guards worked on unchanged. Only one of them looked up on us with an indifferent face.

“Where have you been given back from?” asked he, in a tone denying his uniform.

“From Versec,” said i, took out the two packs of cigarette from the pocket, and handed them to him. “Take them!”

“Oh, we don’t need it! We have it, too,” said he, with a slightly forcedly unpretentious and indifferent bearing, being not able to completely disguise his desire for the product of a better quality.

“Take them, because we are nonsmokers! … We have to give them to someone anyway.”

“Well, that’s right … We thank you!”

A frontier guard came to us.

“Come!”

He conducted us to an office. At the table, there sat a comrade of him stripped to shirt.

“Where did you cross the frontier?” asked he me.

“At Kákófalva.”

“And you?”

“By Nérasolymos[175].”

The first frontier guard began searching me. Feeling for the money in the pocket of my fabric pants, he took it out. Counted it.

“3,200 lei,” said he to his comrade. “Record it!”

He gave it back, and swung towards Nicu. He obstinately thrust the hands into his pockets.

“Take your hands out of the pockets!”

“There is nothing in them!”

“I’ll see whether there is or not!”

“Even my mother does not delve in my pockets!” said Nicu, and obeyed him.

The frontier guards cast glances at each other. Their faces irradiated surprise and hesitation under the circumstance of their consciousness of power. Visibly, it was a near touch that they did not become tacitly resigned to a beating.

“Your baggages shall remain here!” said the shirted frontier guard. “Come after me!”

175 Read approximately: 'ne:rɔʃojmoʃ. In the romanian language: Socol. Village on the bank of the river Néra [Read approximately: 'ne:rɔ. In the romanian language: Nera.] constituting the romanian–yugoslav frontier. [2]

He hurriedly led us out of the office. He was of an aggressive attitude of mind. According to my experience, that type which using his real or simulated individual caprices, looked for pretexts for hitting and beating. He stopped in front of a door facing the gateway. Unlocked it.

"Go in here!"

He turned his attention to a relatively obstinate gesture of Nicu.

"Look here!" yapped he at him, swinging towards him. "Don't play tricks here!"

He looked deeply in the eyes of Nicu. Suddenly, slapped his face. He endured it without reaction.

"Where are you from?" asked he me, having shifted to his normal tone.

"From Marosvásárhely."

"I am also from that country-side … From Fogaras[176] … At which trial are you?"

"At the third one."

"Then you pertain to us."

He went out, and locked the door. The premises of around 3 × 4 meters produced the impression of a dismounted boiler-room. We sat down on a tube. On the face of Nicu there were written disappointedness and bitterness.

"In the absence of other orders, these are empowered to do with us what they want to," warned him. "… They must be treated carefully! … The thing is that we get off without beating!

In the course of the day, the door opened several times, and new companions in distress were put in. All of them had been deported back from the yugoslav communist state. Some sadly meditated. Others talked in a low voice about the relative happy days of their illegal fleeing attempts, the obtained experiences, the future bitternesses and their plans. Some had food bought in the yugoslav communist state: biscuit, wafer biscuit or chocolate. They offered everyone.

They strikingly differed from the humans who could be observed in the everyday life of the romanian communist state in the circles of the neighbors, in the place of work, in the street, in the mass media, or anywhere else. Judging upon their deeds of illegal frontier crossing and their manifestations, they constituted a tiny minority though, yet this did not unconditionally mean that they were in minority. But probably only that their characters striking at this time had previously been kept under by the atmosphere of fear. Despite the deplorable circumstances and the more deplorable prospects, i felt very well among them.

Our number became greater and greater. Also a girl was put in together

176 Read approximately: 'fogɔrʒ. In the romanian language: Făgăraş. Small town in Transylvania.

with her pair, but they were taken away still in the course of the evening. When we began making preparations for sleeping, we were around fifteen. There was not enough place for everyone to lie down. Some of us were sitting on leant against the wall.

I will not avow my trials relative to the sea illegal fleeing! — thought. … Left the cap bought in Galaţi in Versec … Only from the watch they could establish that was there … In conformity with the date of 8 july of my frontier crossing, departed from Marosvásárhely at the beginning of july … As far as Resicabánya, hitch-hiked, and from there proceeded on my way on foot … That crossed the frontier on the eastern barrow probably they do not know, as it is a fact that did not leave tracks … For this reason, will not avow anything about the eastern barrow, as then they will certainly take that into account in their further frontier-guarding strategy and tactics … And could still need the eastern barrow … Consequently, crossed the frontier on the woody-grassy knobby terrain, experienced from the ridge, in the night in a westward direction … Being dark, did not see the details, did not perceive the plowed stripe … How many humans try to flee in a year? … On the basis of my experiences up to this time, can presume that half of the frontierists arriving in the yugoslav communist state reach or approach Belgrade, half of those get in the interior of the state, and half of those cross the second frontier as well … Those who are caught west of Belgrade or in the zone between Versec and Belgrade, namely the majority, are deported back through the frontier crossing-place in Temesmóra, because that is the nearest … If in a summer day fifteen frontierists are carried to Alsósztamora, then can count five for each of the other two land crossing-places … So, during one day, twenty-eight cross the land frontier illegally, and from them only three get through to their chosen other-world … Can also presume that in july and august, the two hottest summer months, try so many as in the remaining months of the year taken altogether … So, while in july and august around 1,700, during the whole year around 3,500 frontierists get over to the yugoslav communist state … In this, can include the number of those few, who emigrate legally from the yugoslav communist state, as well as also of those, who flee across the Danube … Namely, presumably the number of those traversing the river is insignificant, and among them those reaching or approaching Belgrade constitute a preponderant proportion, as in the frontier zone of the Danube the control of the authorities and the collaboration of the population are obviously negligible … Moreover, taking into consideration that there flee much less across the bulgarian, hungarian, possibly the soviet communist states, as well as at sea, can consider this number as being valid with regard to the whole romanian communist state … In conformity with my experiences obtained in the prison, can presume that only one third of the frontierists cross the romanian–yugoslav frontier … Consequently, in one

year around 10,000 humans try to illegally flee the romanian communist state … Hope that in this can include the number of those killed as well … How many are they? … Up to this time, only one concrete shooting came to my knowledge … But that had not ended with death … Besides, it is said that on the frontier it is stated in orders: they have to shoot even without summons! … According to Radio Free Europe, along the romanian–yugoslav frontier there are several cemeteries, where the frontierists shot dead are buried … However, from these information, it is impossible for me to estimate the number of the killed humans … But can be certain of that those who from the around 7,000 get through to the vicinity of the frontier, and who do not halt to the summons and warnings of the frontier guards, at least a part of them lie in the nameless and unknown graves of the cemeteries along the romanian–yugoslav frontier.

19. ROȘU Gheorghe[177]

Early in the morning, the door opened. I was taken out with another companion in distress. At first sight one could see from his face the non-conformity.

They took us in a large office. Two professional frontier guards were in. One of them wore an officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. He swung towards us. From him, there irradiated a high-grade aggressiveness. As if he had been a bloody wild animal put into a human skin. His seeming surprise discharged into a sneer.

“Oh, Roşu, are you here again?!”

Under the new circumstances, the talk and mimicry involved risks. An inconvenient word, tone, facial expression or gesture could bring into action the hitting-beating machine. The best was to express the sadness, to simulate the regret, and to keep silent agreeing. Also my companion in distress acted in conformity with this.

“And anew did you cross the frontier at me?! … And you?!” asked he, swinging towards me. “… Did you too cross in my zone?! … You should deserve to hang you on the gallows!” remarked he, looking at us with disgust.

It is probable — was thinking — that this is the commanding officer of the watch-house which saw from the barrow.

“I’ll leave them to you!” said he to a non-commissioned officer, and started outwards. “Have a good time with them!”

The non-commissioned officer did not seem to be aggressive.

177 Read approximately: 'roʃʊ 'gheorghe. A romanian name.

“Take your stand at the map!”

My companion in distress went in front of the large map of the Socialist Republic of Romania hung on the wall. He endured the close questioning with experience. It could be seen from him that he did his best to minimize the quantity of avowed information. It was good to directly experience that there was still someone with whom, on the basis of consciously identical interests and purposes, we faced the tentacles of the “hydra”.

In the interior of the romanian communist state, i was alone, felt isolated. The easily manipulable and easily manipulated part of the population served the times, tolerated the oppression, lived for political defunct in the this-world. Those, who struggled in the world of the romanian “hydra”, and openly stood up against its communist regime, mostly disappeared, died for political livings for the new-world. And those, who decided on illegally fleeing to an other-world, were dispersed in the society. It produced a deplorable effect that we could be together only in the frontier-guard buildings, station houses, and prisons of the “hydra”.

My companion in distress pretended to have already told everything. The non-commissioned-officer frontier guard turned to me.

“Well, come,” was he saying, “and show me where did you cross!”

I stood at the map. Bent over the zone of the hills of Versec, and seemingly began studying it. The officer came in. From the noise of his steps, concluded that his attention was on me. I pointed up a point being on the frontier section of north-southward direction.

“I think that somewhere here.”

“And how did you approach it?”

I looked at the map again. Pointed up a place being north of the real one.

“Probably, i could start out from here, but cannot show it exactly.”

“Where did you get off the train?” intervened the officer.

“I came hitch-hiking.”

“How far?”

“As far as Resicabánya.”

“What direction did you follow from there?”

“A west-south-westward direction … I orientated with an inaccurate compass,” said, excusing myself, and pointing to it showed up my watch-strap.

“Did you walk in the day-time or in the night?”

“In the beginning, in the day-time, then on crossing, in the night.”

“Show me the nightly path!” yapped he at me.

“… I started out approximately from here … Descended the hill … For a while went to the south-south-west, then turned to the west completely.”

“When did you cross the railroad: before or after turning to the west?”

“… I cannot remember.”

"… When you crossed the railroad, the brook was on your left or on your right?" asked he, gotten irritated.

"… I cannot remember quite exactly … The advance entirely absorbed my attention, and was very agitated … Think that on my left, but i am not sure of that."

"You won't talk, will you?!" asked he, threateningly, looking at me like a bloodthirsty wild animal at its wriggling victim.

"But i pray you, believe me! … It would be very easy for me to supply certain information, but those would possibly not correspond to the facts … I would rather say nothing, than to affirm false things."

He looked at me distrustfully and doubtingly.

"… What terrain followed after the railroad?"

"… I think that a terrain overgrown with grass."

He shook his head discontentedly and angrily.

"… And how did you cross?"

"I went all night, roughly to the west, on downward and upward slopes, through woods and pastures … In the morning, it struck my eyes that i was in Yugoslavia."

"What struck your eye?"

"The character of a maize-field."

"… And didn't you perceive the stripe?"

"No."

"… Fence?"

"No."

"… Neither a frontier-stone?!"

"No."

Breathing in blushing, he appeared to have gotten into a fury.

"Be oooff!!! howled he. "But right away!! … No more will i see you here!"

Feeling relief, in our big sadness with a small happiness, we left the office. In the anteroom, a non-commissioned officer waited.

"Are you those who crossed at Kákófalva?" asked he.

"Yes."

"You'll come with me! Go in there, and bring out your things! … I have no manacles … I'll join you with this string!"

He rolled it on my right wrist, on the left one of my companion in distress, and tied a knot in it. Led us out of the building.

Arriving at the bus-stop in Temesmóra, i observed Nicu. He also was manacled together with a companion in distress of us. An officer supervised them.

"Stay here!" said the non-commissioned officer. "I'll go to try stopping an automobile."

We sat down on the ground overgrown with grass.
“I am ADORJÁN István from Marosvásárhely.”
“ROŞU Gheorghe from Piteşti[178].”
“We are beyond this as well.”
“Beyond … And well! … It could have been worse as well.”
“Did you try for the second time?”
“For the third. You?”
“For the third time as well.”
“Crossings?”
“Yes. And you?”
“Two crossings and one attempt.”
“All three at the serbs?”
“Yes.”
“I first tried at the hungarians.”
“Why did it not succeed?”
“Some inhabitants in the frontier zone squealed me.”
“Earlier at the serbs, did you cross in the Kákófalva zone similarly?”
“Yes. And you?”
“All the three times at the same place.”
“From around fifteen, we crossed at Kákófalva only two …”
“It seems that this zone is not much known.”

We did not exchange our experiences relative to the frontier crossing. It was my safety principle not to tell anyone about this more than had avowed to the authorities. It could be seen on ROŞU Gheorghe that he did not strive after this either, moreover, maybe he did not even want to talk about it. We mutually knew that we had crossed the frontier in the forest of the hills of Versec, and, consequently, we did not need the experiences of each other. We had already definitively solved the problem of reconnoitering the romanian–yugoslav frontier zone and frontier.

There pulled up a microbus. The non-commissioned officer made a sign for us to go there. All six got on.

The microbus carried us only as far as the first village. The frontier guards started on afoot on the pavement on the right side, making a sign for us to follow them. They completely turned their attention to their conversation and the scarcely existing traffic in the direction of Oravicabánya. On both sides, there were set in order big houses of swabian type in Bán-

178 Read approximately: pi'teʃtj. Big town in a straight line at around 180 kilometers from the frontier. [2] In the prison world of the romanian communist state, the prison in Piteşti was notorious for the horrible “re-educational” machinery operated in it against the political prisoners. During my imprisonment, i did not hear of that though, but in all certainty, in a less measure and in some of its elements, the sometime “re-educational” mechanisms were left over and functioned further in the “golden epoch” hall-marked by the name of Nicolae Ceauşescu.

ság. They seemed to be desolate.

Swabian germans must scarcely dwell here already — thought. … They who did not emigrate legally, fled to Germany through the yugoslav communist state illegally.

At times, we passed by in front of rubbled streets being directed towards the frontier. Neither on them observed a human.

We continued traveling in an ARO. The higher-officer frontier guard with a glum look aggressively interrogated Nicu and his companion. Several times, he threatened that would beat them at the watch-house. Sitting in front of him, i could not enough look out through the rear window, so that not set him against me with a glance either. But despite his higher rank, he did not fasten a quarrel on me. In this way, it appeared to become evident the rule according to which we fell exclusively under the powers of the accompanying frontier guard, that they did not interfere in the "internal affairs" of each other.

In Oravicabánya, we went towards the frontier-guard barracks on foot. With aching hearts, were looking at the nature greening at its height. Knew that we would see it again only in the coming year.

In the barracks, we were put into the cell that i had already experienced on 24 april the preceding year. Its barred door closed behind us. Two persons had already been in.

"Where have you been brought from?"

"From Alsósztamora."

"Did the serbs give you back?"

"Yes. And what about you?"

"We did not succeed in crossing. They have caught us already here in Oravicabánya."

"How?"

"We came from Stájerlakanina[179] hitch-hiking. Went shopping, then entered a restaurant. A militia patrol asked us to produce our papers … Are you beginners as well?"

"We are already at the third."

"Hasn't it succeeded even after so many trials?!"

"It is difficult … The yugoslav–romanian frontier zone can hardly be broken through, the civilians squeal … Belgrade is very much controlled. There are caught the most. Mainly on going out … Afterwards it is not easy either … The trains, vehicles and roads are supervised … Few get across Yugoslavia … And the second frontier is still to come.

179 Read approximately: ˈʃtaːjerlɔkɔninɔ. In the romanian language: Anina. Small town in a straight line at around 40 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

“Ahem! A few years ago, you could emigrate from the serbs, or they transported the fugitives with buses to the yugoslav–italian frontier … Why this change?!”

“It cannot be known … It is said that Ceauşescu gives a waggon of salt in return for each given-back frontierist …”

“Only yesterday at Temesmóra they gave back around fifteen … This means that each day they should deliver a freight train of salt to Yugoslavia … And the overall control comes to money, not to speak about drawing in the population … At the same time, the UNO pays hard currency for every frontierist kept and had emigrated.”

“I spent two days at the watch-house in Alsósztamora, where there is the railroad frontier-crossing place, but did not hear a freight train passing through it.”

“We know that in Versec there are such humans, who for a certain sum transport one away to the italian or austrian frontier. Are we right?”

“Yes. But that is not sure either … Beyond Belgrade, also the passenger cars are controlled … The safest is, if someone comes from the west to Yugoslavia with an automobile for you, and drives you beside the opposite frontier.”

“Where can you get out of Yugoslavia the most easily?”

“There is not such a place generally known … Many people are caught in the neighborhood of Maribor, as well as before Trieste … There were even such ones, who were arrested at the tunnel in Jesenice.”

“What tunnel?”

“At Jesenice, a tunnel of several kilometers runs through to Austria.”

“Ahem! What shall we say?! We did not even see the frontier of Romania … How does it look?”

“It is a plowed and harrowed stripe 6 meters wide, by its side with frontier-stones.”

“Is there no fence?”

“In some places, there is.”

“It is rumored that they give the penalty to the place of work.”

“They will obviously send you to the place of work. But the prison is in store for us.”

There came to the office beside the cell the captain composing my file on 25 april the preceding year. Opening the door with a key, he smiled, but said nothing. As if he had been in an inebriated state.

“Do you see that gap up there?” asked a companion in distress from Stájerlakanina.

We looked up. The left upper part of the grate perpendicular to the door was separated from the ceiling by around 15 centimeters. At the same

place, two horizontal steel bars were broken.

"If we force that two damaged bars to come down," was he continuing, "there shall result an opening of such a size that a human can pass through it without difficulty … We are planning that at night, if they don't lock the outside door, we will break free[180] … What do you say?"

"I will not go!" said i. "I know nothing … If they catch you, they will not send you to the place of work any more!"

In the cell, there were two beds. The companions in distress from Stájerlakanina prepared themselves to retire to rest together. ROȘU Gheorghe had not manifested his demand on sleeping on the floor either. I laid out a rug on the parquet, and spent the night on it. Namely, because of my trainedness, deemed the greater freedom of motion more advantageous than the softness of the mattress.

In the morning, a common-soldier frontier guard came to the bars.

"Do you have money?" asked he.

"Yes."

"If you want, i'll bring you something to eat!"

I reached over 100 lei. Also my companions in distress gave him money. He returned with cakes thick filled with ground poppy.

There arrived an officer of a huge stature. He came to the bars, and halted. We stood up. He gave us the once-over. His eyes fastened on ROȘU Gheorghe.

"Roşu! What is your business here?!"

ROȘU Gheorghe cast down his eyes.

"… I … I tried it again," said he, in a low voice.

"And you have again gotten here! … Come out! … Let's talk a little!"

ROȘU Gheorghe got visibly frightened. With a key, the frontier guard opened the barred door. He took him to the office. We were tensely hearkening to the developments.

"And just tell me, how it happened!"

With a shake in the voice, ROȘU Gheorghe shortly narrated the story of his third illegal fleeing attempt.

"You remember what you promised me last year, don't you?"

"… Yes."

"What?"

"… That … That i will cross the frontier no more."

A dead silence followed.

"Have you ever been slapped in the face?! … Well, come to show you

180 The penal code punished the escape with imprisonment from 6 months to 2 years. For the association in the interest of this, it ordained a punishment of the same size. [8]

how a slap is! … Don't draw back! … Come here! … I said, come here! … Don't lean!"

There sounded an immense blow, afterwards the noise of falling on the floor of the body of ROȘU Gheorghe.

"Now, you may make your way back!"

ROȘU Gheorghe staggered to the feet. The frontier guard brought him back to the cell, and left. His terrified face showed red, and it had been contorted from the slap. With his eyes cast and his head lowered, he sat down on the edge of the bed. We were keeping silence with compassion.

20. The compulsion of the compulsory labor

Temesvár, the beginning of september 1988. I stood facing the wall in an interspace of a big room of the prison, formed by two times two double iron beds placed side by side, and together with my fellow-prisoners lined up behind me was waiting for the arrival of the warden militiamen. In the thick wall at the end of the bed interspace being on my left side, a spy-hole made it possible controlling the activity of the prisoners. It was isolated from the corridor by a sheet of glass from inside, and by a sliding panel from outside. To ensure an insight as large as possible, its inner surface surpassed several times the outer one. Farther, a double-bed block of three preceded the barred door painted green. Behind it, a wooden door of the same color. Along the wall perpendicular to it, three double beds of one were set in order. They pointed out for me the upper deck of the middle one for the place of spending the nights. On the upper part of the wall behind me, barred windows without casements ensured the day-time light. Under them, double-bed blocks of two followed each other as far as the closet of the turkish toilet. On its door, a window of around 30 × 30 centimeters made its use potentially public. In front of it, a cement platform, above it with wash basins and a bracket for the mugs. In the corner on my right side, a wardrobe stood for keeping the sarsanas.[181] The consciousness that the severest militiaman entered into his duties brought about a tense atmosphere and a dead silence. It could be heard the continuously swelling noise of the doors opened and closed on the corridor.

The clanking of fixing and turning the wrench in our latch shuddered me. We strengthened up, constrained our muscles, stretched out our palms befitting the position of attention, in order to fill the requirements and avoid the disapproval of the militiamen.

181 It is a literal adaptation of the word of the romanian prisoner slang "sarsana". [Read approximately: sʌrsʌ'nʌ.] It meant the pillow-case-like specific prisoner haversack regularly made of white cloth domestically. This was the only keeping and transport means allowed in the prison.

“Attention!” cried the chief of room, and rattled off the report.

The notorious militiaman, however, was not satisfied with so much. As compared to his colleagues, he came into the room more deeply. On his way out, he halted approximately in the middle.

“Chief of room!” said he, in a firm tone of voice.

“At your service, citizen[182]!”

“I won’t see socks hung out on the backs of the beds any more!”

“Understood, citizen!”

“Line-up is free!” was it heard from the corridor.

I turned round. The files disintegrated. The tension had diminished though, the atmosphere remained artificial and unfamiliar. The cold colors, but mainly the streaky sameness of the prisoner uniforms, together with the rigor of the regulations and of the militiamen, eradicated almost all the personal notes from the general feeling. Knew that here the romanian communist state was the master, even if not a representative of its was present, and the room was full of humans. It was good, as it kept back the possible negative deeds of my fellow-prisoners outside manifesting themselves as criminals. It was bad, as it did not allow my companions in distress, constituting parts of the moral elite of the society and of the vanguard of the fight against the communist regime, to develop their individuality, personality and spirituality.[183]

The door opened.

“Attention!” said a prisoner.

The sitting prisoners rose to the feet, and everybody swung in the direction of the militiaman on duty.

“Go out to work!” said he.

As opposed to the earlier days, the room emptied completely, i remained alone inside.

“Go out!” spoke he to me.

“I refuse work, citizen!”

“Why?”

“From reasons of consciousness … And i am grown thin very much.”

“Go out!”

“I will not go!”

“Go out, since i cannot keep you here alone!”

Obeyed him.

“Come after me!” said he.

182 This address had to replace the formula “comrade”, as for ideological motives the henchmen of the communist regime could not concede the prisoners as being their comrades, and they qualified the address “mister”, used in unofficial circles, as being old-fashioned, a “capitalist” remnant, and probably indign as well.

183 In the civilian life, the frontierists were not despised, but more or less plainly they were particularly respected in non-official circles.

He descended the stairs. Went out to the courtyard. The prisoners spiked wooden cases. I came to a stop beside a finished-product stack.

A prisoner approached me with two cases in his hands.

“Put them up there!” said he. “You are taller.”

“… I refuse work.”

“Come here!” said the militiaman. “You’ll only straighten out nails!”

“I will not go, citizen!”

“… Look! Everybody is working, only you are staying unoccupied! Isn’t it all the same to you standing there or here by the table?! … It isn’t a great thing to straighten out nails!”

“I will not go, citizen!”

“… All right, then stand there!”

I will not yield an inch! — thought. … If gave my little finger, they would ask my hand; if gave my hand, they would ask my arm; if gave my arm, they would ask my body; if gave my body, they would ask my soul; and if gave my soul as well, then would already become in my entirety a supporting-pillar of the romanian communist state … If today accepted straightening out nails, tomorrow they would already ask me for spiking cases; and if tomorrow accepted spiking cases as well, then the day after tomorrow they would already take me out to the construction site of Comtim! … And there would be in store for me not only the hard physical work, not only the perils resident in the nature of the building work, but also the building scenarios imperiling my corporal integrity and life of the “hydra” … It is still green in my memory that in the spring of 1984 on the construction site of the new building of the Faculty of Chemical Technology, under the pretext of my height, the dean personally asked me to polish the upper part of a big window of the third upper storey, and it depended only on me that did not miss my foothold and tumble down … And the soul can be destroyed the easiest by destroying the body.

On my muscleless legs, i had quickly tired. Crouched down, and leant against the stack of cases.

21. The trial

Temesvár, tuesday, 27 september 1988. On the courtyard of the prison, a great number of prisoners were gathering. I observed a companion in distress whom had met in the prison in Versec.

“Hello!”

“Hello!”

"… Were you too given back?"
"I see that you too were!"
"… At the militia in Oravicabánya, i saw some from our group."
"I know that only the penitents were sent to Belgrade."
"… I wish we could meet in Traiskirchen[184] next year!"
"So be it!"

We had been lined up. Were conducted to three buses. The window curtains were all drawn away.

"Would they carry us by bus to Oravicabánya?!" asked we one another, flabbergasted.

"It is quite a privilege and luxury as opposed to the van!"

It is a good opportunity for the completion of my experiences relative to the frontier zone between Temesmóra and Kákófalva! — thought. … I must do my best to get to a window on the right side!

Got as close as possible to the rear door. It opened. The concurrence for the seats adjacent the windows proved to be less than expected. Easily attained my purpose.

The accompanying militiamen had sat in the fore-part of the bus. They had either winked at our forbidden curiosity, or had not even looked behind. In this manner, only that prisoner did not look out through the window who did not want to. This attitude of them did not change in the frontier zone either.

Despite the sunny weather, in view of the rather superficial visibility of the zone, in relation to my person there practically happened nothing else, but the recalling to my mind of the already observed on 24 april the previous year. For this reason, the event had only a sentimental value: for long minutes was imbued with an uplifting feeling that in prisoner clothes could also survey the gate of freedom, of the chosen other-world and of the desired new-world generally, and the barrows of Versec particularly.[185]

184 Village in Austria, in a straight line at around 15 kilometers south of Vienna. There was an asylum-seeker reception center there.

185 In the background of the inserted photo, all the three barrows are seen on the road between Temesvár and Oravicabánya from the bus from Oravicabánya to Temesvár on 11 august 2019 at 7 hours and 25 minutes or thereabouts in the morning.

Around forty prisoners were called with the first group. We were led up to the upper storey of the building of the judiciary. The few persons being in one of the court-rooms were asked to leave, and we were made sit down on the benches reserved for the public. We sat closely. I looked round. Not a seat remained unoccupied, and saw no person in civilian clothes.

It seems to be rather arbitrary — was thinking — that the civilians are not let in the trial.[186]

It became evident that they were trying only cases relative to the "fraudulent crossing of the state frontier", and accordingly, we were only frontierists in the room. Seemingly as a result of those said by our companion in distress called as the first, there had developed the peculiar practice that in the last plea each automatically repeated the same thing.

"I regret the deed," said they. "I leave the establishment of the punishment to the discretion of the judiciary."

Their tone was characterized by impersonality and insensitiveness, as if they had obeyed some superior force completely, by so doing having the appearance of robots, behaving as robots, suiting the desires of the superior creature. Our identical hair-does and identical clothings just corroborated this appearance and reality.

The sharp difference between the conditions in the yugoslav and the romanian communist states relative to the prison communities produced a depressing and stiffening effect: there diversity, merriness, enthusiasm, optimism — here uniformity, sadness, depression, pessimism. I was filled with fear by the might and power of the secret and fearful creature, of the "hydra" finding existence and action even in the conduct of my compan-

186 By virtue of the article 197 of the penal-procedure code, a sentence passed with the exclusion of the public was null and void. [12]

ions in distress, of which being was proved by the capacity of creating this condition.

"István ADORJÁN!" called me the clerk.

"Present!" said i, and stood up.

The president leafed through my file. He looked at me.

"Do you recognize," was he asking me, "that on 8 july 1988 you crossed the frontier to Yugoslavia?"

"Yes."

"Comrade public prosecutor!"

"Comrade president! By virtue of the article 245 paragraph 1 of the penal code, the accused committed the infraction of fraudulent crossing of the state frontier. At the same time, it is to be stressed that he has given evidence of infractional perseverance: although he is not a recidivist, because his earlier two similar infractions fell under amnesty, yet this is his third deed of fraudulent frontier crossing. Further, with regard to that at the moment of crossing the frontier he had 3,100 lei by him, by virtue of the article 72 letter (a) of the customs code, the accused also committed the infraction of smuggling.[187] Therefore, i solicit sentencing the accused to imprisonment, and obligating him to pay the costs advanced by the state!"

"Comrade lawyer!"

"Comrade president! Taking into account the sincerity and person of the accused, i request orientating the punishment towards the minimum."

"Accused!"

"… I regret the deed. I leave the establishment of the punishment to the discretion of the judiciary."

22. The beating

The room door closed after the last prisoner going out to work. The majority of those remained inside disposed of a temporary or permanent medical exemption from work. A number of my companions as if had not been taken out upon other considerations. In view of the work refusal, i was a swallow in the prison winter.

Today, "Ţărţăreanu"[188] is on duty — thought. … He seems to be of a

187 Presumably, i did not commit the crime of smuggling, as was under necessity. Namely, in the interest of preserving my legal and natural freedom, i indispensably needed reaching Austria, traversing the yugoslav communist state, the transport services and food necessary for that, possibly a multiple of their normal quantity. It is a debatable point that which is more precious, the freedom of a human or hindering the illegal export of money of the state. For this reason, in such cases the necessity could subsist.

188 Read approximately: tsərtsə 'reʌnu. Romanian surname in conformity with the hearsay, not cer-

meek individuality … Sitting on the bench is uncomfortable and energy-intensive … I will try reading on the bed! … Do not think that he will spy upon us.

From the bracket, took off the book. Got in on the lower deck of the middle double bed of the block of three in order to exclude in a measure as large as possible the possibility of my observation both through the eye-hole of the door and the spy-hole of the wall. Leant against the pillow, and stretched forth the legs on the double rug folded in four in the middle. The glass of the spy-hole was knocked.

“Sit on the bench!” cried the militiaman.

Got up. Left the interspace.

I should not have stretched forth my legs — thought. … Will sit back, as he cannot observe me crouched!

Turned round, and controlled the spy-hole. Behind the glass, the sliding window was visible. Sat back on the bed, closely by the pillow. The latch clanked, and the door opened. In haste, jumped down. The militiaman stepped in.

“Come out, you … Adorján!” said he, in a firm and severe tone of voice unusual in his relation.

I went out. He closed the door. With his changed look, he disclosed his threateningly ominous aspect. Made a sign for me to go more forward on the corridor.

“Enough!” said he, when i had gotten approximately to the spy-hole. “Turn back!”

He came near to me sideways, and from his hip took in the right hand the rubber truncheon.

“Take off your cap! … Throw it down in front of you! … Take it up!”

Bending touching the cap, he leveled a whack of medium strength on my pelvis.

He acts scientifically — thought. … Certainly, he knows that the pain is the greatest if the rubber truncheon touches a strained body surface … But the beating does not become his person at all.

“Continue!” said he, after my rising.

I threw the cap down, stooped, caught and took it up. His whacks scarcely smarted. It produced a ridiculous effect, as to my rhythmic movement he rhythmically moved his arm up and down like a programed robot.

“Put on your cap! … Swing towards me! … Stretch out your palm!”

Obeyed him. Without looking at me, he began hitting my right palm slowly, but relatively strongly. He caused a much greater pain than with his former punishment method. I had the possibility of decreasing the efficacy of the whacks by relaxing my hand at least partly, but persistently held it strained as a token of my unfearingness. Did not feel the need of emitting

tainly correct.

voice and tear, and it did not occur to me to defend myself with bawling, as some fellow-prisoners did from time to time.

Seeing that with what kind of activity he earned his bread, i was seized with a mild pity. The experience that i stood it, was able to endure his assault, and he could not break me, forced an expression of pride on my face. Because of the difference in height, he had to hold his arm rather lifted up. In consequence of his relative drudgery and the slight movement of his flat cap, certain mouth and cheek muscles of mine got active, so much the more as this behavior did not suit his naturally meek facial expression. Suddenly, he raised his look up on me. I self-confidently looked in his eye without blinking. Seeing that i was on the eve of smiling, he at once cast down his eyes, and ceased whacking.

"… Go back! … But i won't see you on the bed any more!"

This was more — was thinking — than a simple punishment for the forbidden use of the bed: it became evident before the "hydra" that with beating it cannot force me to work.

My fellow-prisoners stood by the wash basins. In all certainty, after my being taken out they were listening, and had also heard the noise of whacks, as they waited for me stupefied and become petrified. I broke into a smile.

"Has he beaten you?!" asked they, with a face and in a tone expressing a mixture of astonishment, easement and wonderment.

"He has hit my right palm with the rubber truncheon."

"Show it!"

Turned it up. It was swollen, and in a few places it had also become blue. Could hardly move my fingers.

"Damp a handkerchief," was saying an experienced fellow-prisoner, "and put it on it!"

As a result of my work refusal, my companions manifested an increased respect towards me. That now had gone through a hitting as well, moreover almost smiling, raised me higher on their scale of value. It was visible that they considered my personal victory as their own as well. If not with their actions, but in their spiritual manifestations, they gave evidence of their solidarity.

"Ţărţăreanu" sat down to the table. He took out a postal card. Wrote the address of my parents on it.

"He has no right for visit and parcel with foodstuffs in the period 1 november 1988 30 november 1988," wrote he. "In this period, he may receive 600 cigarettes."

23. The turning-point

Temesvár, the beginning of october 1988. When my fellow-prisoners came from work in the afternoons, the room filled not only with humans, but also with life. Bustle, washing dirty apparel, debating the small, but overstated events of the day, and last but not least transmitting the seen and heard news characterized the atmosphere.

“Mr. engineer!” called me my fellow-prisoner sleeping in the lower bed next to my habitual bench sitting place. “… What are you doing?”

“Not long ago, i finished the Scînteia[189], and now am reading the România liberă.”

“… Do you read them through from A to Z?!”

“What else could i do?”

“And isn’t it boring?”

“… Not so much as the idleness.”

“Ha, ha, ha! … What is doing your hand?”

“No serious problem … Today i have already moved it more easily.”

“… You have gotten weary of the bench, haven’t you?”

“… Not once.”

“Ha, ha, ha! … Well, come to unfold the rug! … Now that we are many inside, they allow us to sit on the edge of the bed.”

The door opened.

“Attention!”

“Listen to me!” said the militiaman on duty. … Sentences from Oravicabánya! … You’ll read them, sign, and write on them whether you appeal or not! … Chief of room! … Here is the pencil!”

A mild agitation filled me. During the more than half a year of my second imprisonment, i could get accustomed to the state of mind in which did not know when would be liberated. Psychically, now had a turning-point before me. While in the case of my first imprisonment, i knew already on my arrestation, and in the case of the second one on the decree granting that in a short time would be set at liberty, at this time, just narrowly more than two months after my arrestation, a few minutes separated me from the state in which would know already with months before the date of my liberation. Together with my interested companions, started towards the door, but the more curious followed us as well.

“Adorján!”

I took off the paper trembling and with the excitement of my increased interest. Did not dare to immediately glance at it. Turned back, left the

189 Read approximately: skɨn'tejʌ. In the english language: The Spark. The country-wide daily paper of the Central Committee of the Romanian Communist Party.

denser zone, and on the way to my place looked at it, eagerly searching for the numbers among the words.

10 months for the frontier crossing — thought, reading. … This is not so bad … And … 1 year for smuggling!! … I have to serve the bigger one, namely the 1 year!!

The bottom of my heart was overcome with a bitter feeling, although made an effort to hold on the surface my soberness, moreover joviality as well. The first time there encroached on me the terrible consciousness that my freedom would still be in the possession of the "hydra" for almost ten months.

I will conform myself to my principle — was thinking — according to which will not put up resistance to the regime, accept what have to accept in some way or other: will not appeal this time either!

"Well, Mr. engineer?"

"For the frontier, they gave me 10 months, but they ranged me in the smuggling as well …"

"And for that?"

"1 year."

"… Considering that the minimum of the smuggling is 2 years, it is not much … But that a frontierist receives one year after amnesty, that seems too much!"

"It shall pass."

"Will you lodge an appeal?"

"There is no point about it."

"Why wouldn't be?!"

"I have never heard yet of that they would have diminished the penalty of someone at the tribunal."

"Not necessarily for diminishing it … Ask it for the place of work!"

"If they sent me to the place of work, i shall lose one month until starting the work … And afterwards, would not be able to yield to the temptation, and in spring would make a new attempt … If they caught me again, the months not served would be added to the new punishment … So, all in all, would receive around two years … I had better be liberated eased of a burden."

The door opened.

"Attention!"

A militiaman stepped in accompanied by his comrade on duty. They stopped beside the first block of beds.

"Who is that who does not go out to work?"

"I am that, citizen," answered, taking courage from the conviction that the prison public was for me, as well as against him, and went out of the interspace.

“And why don’t you go out to work?”
“For consciousness reasons.”
“… Well, i’ll bring you to go out to work! … You’ll work!”
“I will not, citizen!” said i, plucking up still more courage.
“… You’ll work!” said he, turned back, and started outwards.
“I will not!”
“We’ll see.”

24. The winter-apparel

We were taken down to the courtyard. In front of the dump, the winter-clothes were distributed. With the exception of the neck-linedly collarless long sleeved white prisoner shirt, all articles of dress were exchanged. We stood in a queue beside the cubiform wire-netting cases. There was some choosing liberty though, in the overwhelming majority of cases the charged prisoners decided who in which coat, pants, greatcoat and cap would get through the oncoming cold seasons. The contact or friendly relations meant privileges, in the image and likeness of the outside social relations.

My turn came. The prisoner handling the full case took out a pair of pants, and stretched it towards me.

“Have a look at this!”

I fit it to me. Its length was suitable. The legs were close-fittingly thin.

It is strange — was thinking — but advantageous, as the cold cannot penetrate between the drawers and the pants.

Namely, at that time did not know yet that the air layers between the skin and the garment, as well as between the garments contribute in a significant measure to the thermal protection.

“All right!” said he. “The next!”

On the two front pockets of the pants, discovered a wire each.

I cannot see the point of them — thought.

Undid and took them out. By the upper button, perceived another wire. But its temper and screwedness did not make it possible to take it down. With the coat, greatcoat and cap, found no fault.

In their pattern, the articles of the winter-apparel were identical with the summer-apparel: longitudinal streaks around 2 centimeters wide made them unmistakable with any kind of civilian garments. They were scarcely distinguished from each other by shades of the color scale approximately between the dark and the light brown. Their textile as if had been made of coarse wool.

“In these, we’ll have to endure the winter cold,” spoke to me a prisoner.

“… Will they not heat in winter?!”

“No.”

“Then, will they at lest complement the missing panes of glass?”

“It is doubtful.”

“… In relation to the bygone happenings in Auschwitz, these are luxury circumstances of life … If there were people who outlived them there, we will outlive them here as well … As there are not gas-chambers here, are there?”

25. The extermination order

This time, i also completely applied my strategy of serving the punishment elaborated in the station house of the militia in Oravicabánya in may of the preceding year: must not have eaten or drunk thin dishes, and must have consumed half of the thick foods. In consequence of this, had lost around 25 kilograms from my normal body weight of around 80 kilogram. In order to be able to remain in this track, namely in order not to have to eat more than that from the meals being under the complete control of the “hydra”, had to save my bio-energy: moved the least possible, strove to disregard stress factors, and protected myself from one of the natural allies and means of the “hydra”, the cold. Wore on me every possible garment: above an undershirt, the flannel undershirt, the prisoner shirt, two warm pull-overs, the coat and the greatcoat, and below a shorts, the prisoner drawers, a pair of thinner and one of thicker underpants, and the pants adhering closely to the legs. By the help of the latter, the “hydra” had eliminated from my defensive system the air layers having not a little importance. On the head, the winter-cap. Modified it so that it laid cover over my nape as well, namely turned down its rear part, and behind that tied together the strings of its flaps. On the feet, black prisoner laced-boots.

I was staying in the interspace of the spy-hole. The door blew also after the last group of prisoners going to work. Looked out through the open window. The sky of november showed blue. Reposed my head on the bed, in order to be able to see the sun, and from time to time cast a glance at its disk glowing behind the bars, finding pleasure in the warm stroking and stroking warm of its rays. Closed my eyes, and imagined that sleeping on my sofa in its light and warm penetrating into my room in Marosvásárhely, was dreaming of the prison in Temesvár.

The latch clanked.

“Come out!” said the militiaman on duty. “I’ll put you elsewhere.”

He led us down to the ground-storey.

“I have brought you these detainees[190],” spoke he to his comrade there. “Put them, please, to the exempted!”

“That’s right! … Come!”

In the new room, not only the sun was not visible, but its light did not even flow in through the windows, a neon tube illumined it more dimly. It was somewhat smaller, and seemed to be more shabby. In the region of its middle, a long wooden table added to the heap of differences. On its two longer sides, a wooden bench each. The prisoners sat at the table, conversed stood up, or walked about.

I sat down, and began reading. Because of the talking noise, could not properly focus my attention on the purport of the book. At the same time, could not rid myself completely of the deplorable suggestion, which was irradiated, by the shabbiness come across on everything, the architectural style evoking the past, the dark windows and the obscure corners, both one by one and in their whole.

Above the surface of the book, there appeared a hand holding a small sky-bluish handkerchief. Even before recovering my wits it getting to a smelling distance, an offensive odor of Cologne water or perfume struck my nose. Looked up at the player. There stood behind me a prisoner about twenty-years old.

“Engineer!” began he speaking, in a low voice, almost whispering. “… Through the handkerchief? …”

I turned back my head, and pretended reading on.

It is not only a deplorable place — was thinking — but also a disgusting one! … How may he know me?! … It seems, my news has already gotten around the whole prison … What may the “hydra” want with this homosexual “re-education”? … On the one part, after having imputed me the smuggling invented by it, now it programs me the homosexual relationship qualified as a crime by its penal code, as it did in october 1986 with that it introduced me to the prisoner life in a two-bedded room with a person by the name Dragoş[191] … On the other part, a considerable part of the HIV-AIDS sick are homosexual … After having been unsure of that it shall be able to exterminate me with the chemical and biological substances hidden mainly in foods, it would like to create for itself a mask for annihilating the immune system of my organism.

The door opened.

190 The prisoners were officially called “detainees”. [In the romanian language: deţinut.]

191 Read approximatively: 'drʌgoʃ. The english meaning of the romanian noun “drag” is: sweetheart, lover.

“Come out to walk!” said the militiaman on duty.

He took us out to the courtyard. Beside the building, thicker tin walls around 3 meters in height flanked a surface of around 10 × 10 meters. He opened its door. We went into it. From outside, he padlocked it. In a single file, we began walking round and round.

I began to perceive the decreasing of my strength. Stepped out of the file towards the wall, stopped, turned round, crouched down, and leant against the tin.

There had passed around half an hour, the usual maximum walking time, but the militiaman had not still come after us.

“Why does he keep us so much time here?!” began to complain a prisoner.

“… He’d at least let’s out to the courtyard!” added another. “… In this cage, it’s still worse than in the room!”

After around half an hour, the number of the rebels increased. Voices of militiaman filtered in from the vicinity.

“Citizen!” uttered a loud exclamation a prisoner. “Take us away from here!”

However, the door did not open.

With the passing of around a newer half an hour, in addition to the complaining remarks and cried messages, a prisoner suddenly hit the wall with the fist or kick it with the foot each. The so produced tin vibrations made their impact on me not only through my ear-drum, but also through my back. I stopped my ears in order not to catch a cardiac infarction in consequence of the shock so brought about.

This “solving” maybe surpasses even the inventiveness of doctor Mengele — thought. … The “hydra” is having me assaulted with four kinds of stress effects at the same time, moreover possibly so that the prisoners are carrying out its will involuntarily: heaviness, nervousness, sharp sound and body shaking … In this position am not tired, neither nervous, as the wooden bench does not attract me so much to create the possibility of my nervousness, and am able to control myself; my ears are stopped; and the vibration of the tin does not disturb me.

For a shower-bath, they provided an opportunity for us once a week, every sunday.

“Preparations for the bath!” sounded the cry from the corridor.

A bustle arose. Everyone went to his bed, and began undressing. I tugged my under-apparel down to the prisoner drawers. Stepped back into

the boots. From my trunk, took off everything. Put the prisoner shirt back on. From my sarsana, took out the towel and the soap. The overwhelming majority of the room were already gathering in front of the door.

The door opened. The militiaman on duty appeared behind the bars.

“Go out to the bath!” said he.

The first prisoners jostling flocked on. Getting out, they ran a race for the places under the showers, and to gain time as much as possible for laving. I left the room for the last in route-step.

Going out to the courtyard, there struck me the cold of the november evening. Took off the towel from the shoulder, twisted it round my neck for a scarf, and changed for a slow double-quick pace.

They could allow us to put on at least the greatcoat — thought.

The dressing-room was already empty. I hung my things on the rack.

Entered the shower-room. In the zone of action of the water rather falling, than sprinkling from the sprinklers, every place was occupied. Those remained outside wet their bodies with the drops caught by the hands. I put down the soap beside the wall. Began keeping grabbing at water, taking advantage of my relatively long arms.

Had soaped myself. The solution on my skin had dried up to a paste. Had to resume the water hunting. By the time i found a place under a rose, the delivery of the water commenced to decrease, then it completely ended. My body was still covered with soap solution partly.

Went out to the dressing-room. Subsequently to the warm of the water and the vapor, the cold air produced a piercing effect. My teeth commenced to chatter. Shuddering, reached out my hand for the towel. Began wiping the water and the soap off my body.

The cooled shirt and drawers exerted new stress effects on me. Put the towel on my head, with the left hand held together its ends, and went out of the door. With the right hand pressing the cut part of the shirt to my neck, set off running in order to as soon as possible rid myself of the cold pouring on me.

This was my last “bathing” until the spring!” thought. … This is nothing else, but a considerable energy consumption and a tough trial of the immune system … This is rather too much, even if think of the jew humans placed out in the snow and thrown with water![192]

192 On the inserted photo, the roof of the main building of the prison in Temesvár, as the main scene of the plot, is seen completely on 12 august 2019 at 8 hours and 44 minutes or thereabouts in the morning. Behind the outpost, it is also seen the roof of the building on the ground-floor of which the shower-bath was situated.

A fellow-prisoner came in the room with a parcel. He was happy, as also the most rightful working prisoners could receive from outside only 5 kilograms of foodstuffs in a month. We cast a glance there again and again, in order that those not being his “parcel fellows” could have a bite of the civilian food at least with our eyes. This time, there gladdened us a sight rarely experienced even outside: tinned pork made in the hungarian communist state.

Going to the toilet, it struck my eyes the undone tin-box of a pork conserve on the top of the waste-basket. At the edge of its bottom, there were all round visible jelly, lard and hash remainders as well.

In that, there are certainly no chemical substances of the romanian “hydra” — thought. … It is pure, not as the meals handed in with the plates … For me, its nutritive value comes up to a dinner here … I must not miss this possibility of increasing my poorish calory reserves! … It may be that just this shall decide the outcome of the struggle.

I bent, and with my right fore-finger in several parts picked out and ate the remainders.

The fellow-prisoner has received several pork conserves — thought, going to the toilet. … I have to control the waste-basket, maybe can repeat the nourishment action!

Casting a glance down to the right, there came in sight the mostly red label of the tin-box. But there was nothing consumable in it: it was sopped up.

It is evident — was thinking — that i am tracked in secret! … But how, as one can only from a short distance see in through this window here?! … Probably, the first conserve was put out for an experimental purpose to receive an answer to the question: “Is he capable of taking the certainly pure

food out of the waste-basket?" … This proves that from the point of view of my life-and-death struggle with the "hydra" my action was reasonable and successful.

26. The small room

The consciousness of the long imprisonment induced me to get accustomed to the given circumstances. In order that they did not seem coercions of the regime, i accepted them voluntarily, imposed them upon myself, by this means making them more endurable. While outside had always little time, inside plenty of time was at my disposal, only it was little the number of occupations on which with a reduced efficiency though, but could expend it: thinking, reading, playing chess and talking. While outside it passed for a means, i regretted and would have liked to stop its flight, inside it turned into a purpose, i was glad, if a day, a week or a month had elapsed, and would have liked to accelerate it. Considered it ideal the method of serving the punishment according to which i had been made sleep, and only on my liberation was woken up. Tried to approach this state, grasping the given circumstances as being natural and unchangeable, striving to disregard them and to meditate much, to change the reality into a dream.

We took notice of a glass breaking. The looks were directed towards the toilet. Those being in its vicinity looked into through its smashed window.

"Call the militiaman!" cried a prisoner. "One has cut himself!"

Those being in front began hammering the door. Two entered the toilet, and seized the desperate prisoner by the arms.

"Let me go!" bawled he.

They dragged him out, while he protested with the bridling of his legs and the convulsion of his body. I stood at the inner end of the line-up interspace, saw nothing relative to the bodily injury, and did not even strove after that for avoiding the stress effect. Seeing their superiority, he had to yield. He was conducted towards the door.

"Wipe the floor up!"

"What has happened?" asked the militiaman on duty.

"He has cut himself."

The door opened. The militiaman on duty appeared in it.

"Adorján!"

"Yes, citizen."

"Take your things, and come out! … You'll move."

In haste, i pulled the hems of the sheet out from under the mattress. With its four corners, caught the two rugs and the pillow in a bundle. From under the bed, took out my sarsana. Started outwards.

“Cheerio, boys!”

“Cheerio, engineer!”

The militiaman led me to the right on the corridor. He opened a door near its end. I entered. The room approximately 2 meters in width stuck out on a length of around 6 meters. On its right side, two double beds, after them the toilet, in front a window. Three prisoners were in. Visibly, they had been put in just before me.

“Why have they put us here?!” asked i.

“Probably, because this room became empty … But, certainly, here they won’t disturb us … We may sleep from the morning till the evening, and from the evening till the morning.”

“After so much room terror, some resting shall do good.”

The lower and the inner beds were already occupied, the outer upper one was left for me. I put up the sheet. Spread the rugs on each other so that lengthwise they did not cover each other completely, and in this manner together they became longer. According to the general habit and in conformity with the general need, lay down clothed. Just like in the evening, i rolled inwards, and put the lengthened double rug under my head, feet and body. The heat flowing out of me, but stuck fast in the closed volume, filling me with a feeling more and more pleasant, increased my happiness.

Collect my thoughts relative to my following illegal fleeing attempt! — thought. … I am drawing near to the half of serving the punishment, my file shall immediately get before the committee … With the work refusal and a report, have no chance to be liberated ahead of the term … So, shall be able to continue my civil life on 31 july … One or two months are enough for recovery, so that shall be able to flee even this year … My purpose is reaching Austria likewise … As regards the frontier, can easily cross both the romanian–hungarian and the romanian–yugoslav ones … Neither in point of the peril of the frontier zone of the other side can significantly distinguish between the hungarian and the yugoslav communist states, in both of them civilians squealed me and militiamen captured me at a few kilometers from the frontier … Reversely, the traversing of the yugoslav communist state is much more difficult, with regard to the extensive controlling system built up by the yugoslav “hydra” federation … At the same time, the material-financial aspect of this is more favorable in case of the hungarian communist state, because of the shorter distances and the more advantageous rate of exchange of the money … And in one or two months cannot obtain sufficient money for traversing the yugoslav communist state … Also for this reason, the variant through the hungarian

communist state is safer … To this argues also the fact that the romanian citizens may already ask for and receive political asylum in the hungarian communist state … For this reason, however, the romanian–hungarian frontier in all certainty became more guarded … This necessarily draws my attention to the romanian–soviet frontier … I have never heard that a frontierist in the romanian communist state would have tried to flee through the soviet communist state, so that the romanian–soviet frontier is not crossed at all, or it is only crossed in very small numbers illegally … Consequently, the romanian–soviet frontier has to be relatively unguarded … To this, it is also added the conclusion that i can conclude from those said by my co-worker in Dicsőszentmárton[193] having done his military service at the romanian–soviet frontier, Béla NAGY[194]: there is no fence on that frontier … For all these, there offers itself the variant according to which i reach the hungarian communist state through the tongue of land under the authority of the soviet communist state being above the romanian–hungarian–soviet triplex frontier point … If they captured me before crossing the hungarian–austrian frontier, would ask for political asylum in the hungarian communist state, saying that had considered obtaining it in Austria to be more certain … And there in Austria or in the hungarian communist state, i shall remember this small room of the prison in Temesvár, and shall find it peculiar that now feel so well.

Closed my eyes. My thoughts about the reality and its possibilities commenced to peter out of my head, until their places were taken out by my dreams completely.

We could maintain this resting regime to the end. However, several times, the latch catching-likely clanked, and the four of us at the same time had to helter-skelter hurriedly jump down on the cement floor until the door opened. Although not always and not everyone succeeded in stepping into the boots, and the beds remained strikingly disorderly, the militiamen did not punish, moreover they did not even make mention of our day-time lying. The relatively good conditions of the small room proved to be only a formality: with the passing of around one week, they took me out, and put me in another big room, with this starting a new phase of the assault.

27. The committee

In the months of december and january, when the “hydra” mostly as-

193 Read approximately: 'ditʃəːsɐntmaːrton. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Tîrnăveni, Târnăveni.

194 Read approximately: 'beːlɔ 'nɔgj. A hungarian name.

saulted me with the cold, it kept me perfectly isolated from the exterior world. I could not send a postal card, and the single metaphorical parcel, gift parcel, received by me could be sent by the nature, not suspectable with national secret political manipulation, in the form of a persistently autumnally or vernally mild winter. The forefront of my defense was constituted by the articles of clothing being on me day and night. My rear-guard was ensured by the nutritive material contents of the "hydra" hotchpotches and my immune system. The grimmest battles ended with my victory, my body contracting no illness.

From among the prisons by me known directly, the one in Temesvár seemed to be the severest. I saw the reason of this in that the romanian communist regime henceforward considered the illegal frontier crossing as being in fact a political crime, despite the apparent abrogation of its this character with the introduction of the penal code of 1968. Along the romanian–yugoslav frontier this being the single big prison, they could do to bring here the masses of the frontierists trying across this frontier section without success, and generally the great part of those illegally fleeing the romanian communist state without success. The prison in Temesvár, therefore, functioned as a large concentration camp of the frontierists. This also manifested itself in the hearsays according to which the prison committee put off the frontierists qualified as well-conducted on having served half of the sentence, and set them at liberty only a few weeks ahead of the term.

Temesvár, february, 1989. The door opened. The militiaman on duty appeared in it.

"Attention!" cried the prisoner being the closest to the door.

In his hand, the blue-uniformist held a sheet of paper. He made a few steps inwards, and stopped.

"The decisions of the committee!" said he.

That concerns me as well! — thought. … At least, it shall corroborate what i have known anyway: will be liberated on 31 july.

I went nearer the door. Everyone watched the militiaman with interest. His slightly solemn manners of a new type reflected that he was not only the central point of an interesting prison event, but also he might have given out a transition from the captivity into the relative freedom for some prisoners.

After the read-off names, there were possible three remarks: set at liberty, put off for one or more months, and put off at term. Most got to the middle zone. The few to be liberated were overcome by an outburst of joy, they becoming more than the others. We looked at them with a facial expression bordering on envy, but besides the friends and the closer contacts in all certainty became happier by raising the question of message sending according to the habit.

“ADORJÁN István! … Put off at term.”

Sad looks expressing compassion stared at me, searching my face. I began to smile.

“I do not deserve more,” said i, in a low voice.

28. The prison in Slobozia[195]

Temesvár, 18 march 1989. The door opened. A militiaman appeared in it.

“Look here!” cried he. “… Run! … I’ll read the names!”

If the committee did not let me out — was thinking — then at least they take me away from here with the run!

On hearing my name, the forced acceptance abruptly turned into a spontaneous refusal in me. Nothing remained from the prison in Temesvár to which i would have linked. Felt free from the relations there.

They cannot take me to such a bad prison! — thought, slightly feeling relieved. … It is strange that they have anew put me on the run with civilian food in my sarsana!

Next morning, on the yard, we were marching towards a big prison van lined up. I turned my attention to a fellow-prisoner standing about on the left in a light gray winter-clothing with his face to the column in front of the dump. In spite of his mustache and cap drawn in as far as the forehead, i deemed to recognize in him ROȘU Gheorghe. At this time, saw him for the first time since we had been together between 30 july and 1 august the preceding year. His look expressed sadness and resignation. But in the background of his facial expression, there loomed the determination necessary for the success of his fourth trial.

It is possible — was thinking — that he has been brought with a run from Jilava[196]… The word “jilav” means “dank” … I can presume that with the name of this prison chosen by it, the “hydra” alludes to the dank and cold cells and rooms in which the political prisoners were at times put till 1964 with the purpose of their extermination … Their way towards death at times ran through the hospital … This is why the hospital prison was disposed in the fort Jilava … With this, for its disguising, the “hydra” programs that this national secret political practice does not originate in the nature of its communist state and of its, but in the nature of the prison itself … In this respect, ROȘU Gheorghe and Jilava fit each other indeed.

195 Read approximately: slobo'ziʌ.

196 Read approximately: ʒi'la:vʌ. The name of the hospital prison of the romanian communist state.

The militiaman on duty was leading me in a long corridor of one of the level buildings of the prison in Slobozia. It reminded me of the Rahova[197] prison in Bucharest, but its atmosphere seemed to be milder. He opened a steel-plate door painted green.

It struck my eyes the lack of the inside barred door. As opposed to the practice in Temesvár, the majority of the prisoners did not take notice of the appearance of the blue uniform, also the others as if had turned their heads towards me only from curiosity, and no one of them cried “attention”.

Also compared to this prison, an atmosphere of terror dominates in Temesvár — thought. … It is good to have rid myself of there.

“What are you with?” asked a prisoner.

“With frontier.”

“… With frontier?! … Then, you have come now!?”

“Yes, from Temesvár.”

“They have sent you here for liberation … So they are doing with the frontierists: in Temesvár they imprison them, then send them off in all directions to the country to be liberated … When shall you get before the committee?”

“They put me off at term.”

“… What did you do?!”

“I have refused the work.”

“… Do you hear?! … This man refused the work! … I haven’t heard such a thing yet … Did they beat you?”

“No.”

“… For how much time did they put you at isolation?”

“They did not put me at it.”

“… Didn’t they put you?! … Well, then you have gotten off cheaply! … Will you refuse the work here too?”

“Yes.”

“… Here, all are working! … And if you refuse the work, you won’t get rid of the isolation!”

“… I will face the consequences.”

“… Actually, if they put you off at term, then you have no reason to work.”

197 Read approximately: 'rʌhovʌ.

29. Postal-card writing

The door opened. The militiaman on duty appeared in it.

“Adorján!” said he. “… Here is the postal card and a ball-pen … Write your relatives about your being here!”

“Thank you.”

He did not say — was thinking — that i have to use the romanian language … But it is probable that here no one knows the hungarian language … For this reason, a postal card written in the hungarian language may easily stick at the censorship of the prison.

Sat down to the table. Turned over the postal card. On its upper part, there was a seal containing data.

“Visiting day: monday — was i reading — month: may ’89. Send 10 postal cards. Visits are not authorized on the days 29, 30, 31, 1 and 2 of the month.”

“Dear parents,” wrote. “… I am at present in the penitentiary[198] in Slobozia, Ialomița[199] county … For the rest, all remain unchanged … I confirm the reception of the parcel of foodstuffs of three kg and the 200 lei … Please post my portion of effects for the month of march (1 tooth-paste, 1 cosmetic soap, 1 washing soap, 1 toilet paper, 2 books of geographical or scientific topics from the bracket; later, still send a tooth-brush as well; i do not need socks and shorts) … There kisses you with much love your son, … István … Slobozia, on 20 march 1989.”

30. The prison of the prison

The working prisoners were prepared to go out. In their waiting, they lay or sat on the bed, stood or walked. The door opened.

“Come to work!” said the militiaman on duty. “… Adorján, I’ll have to assign you somewhere.”

“I refuse work, citizen.”

“… Why?”

“For consciousness reasons.”

“… We’ll put you at isolation!”

“I know.”

“… It’s your choice!”

The door opened. The militiaman on duty appeared in it.

198 The prisons were officially named “penitentiaries”. [In the romanian language: penitenciar.

199 Read approximately: 'jʌlomitsʌ.

“Adorján! … Take your baggage, and come out! … I’ll take you to the doctor.”

On the corridor, he turned to the right. He led me out to the courtyard. On the left side, a work-group repaired wooden cases. The hammering of the prisoners dominated the acoustical environment. All round, roofs of level buildings and trees constituted the horizon, not a construction was seen rising from the Romanian Plain.[200]

He conducted me to another wing of the building. Took me in the consultation room. Greeted the doctor with a specifically military formula. That replied likewise. He wore a white coat though, it looked as if he also had been a militiaman. His manifestation expressed dependence on each other and co-ordination.

“I have brought a detainee … He won’t work … We have to put him at isolation.”

“Won’t you work?!” asked the doctor, in a severe tone, but with a mild natural smile.

“No.”

“Why?”

“For consciousness reasons.”

“… Are you insane?”

“No … Am an engineer … Was not ensured a fit place of work … This is the reason why have gotten into the penitentiary … Will not work from conviction.”

The medical spirituality of his facial expression far from suggesting understanding, his rigor of prison clerk became more pronounced.

“I cannot cure you of your consciousness disease!” said he, disdainfully. “… Do you suffer from another illness?”

“No, am simply grown thin very much.”

“Why?”

“Because i eat little.”

“Then the isolation board will suit you … That’s right!” turned he to his collaborator. “You may put him into.”

The militiaman led me back to the other wing of the building.

“Undress!” said he, in the small corridor of the entrance door.

I set down the sarsana on the cement floor. Placed on it the taken-off articles of clothing.

“You are well dressed!?”

“The winter was long, citizen.”

“I think there’re more clothes on you than flesh … You’re really grown

200 On the photo of the back cover, there can be seen a part of the entrance side of the prison in Slobozia on 26 july 2019 at 12 hours and 26 minutes or thereabouts. Judging by my memory and knowledge relative to the romanian national secret political organization, the lofty building must have been built after 2002, but at least after 1989.

thin … Why won't you eat?! … Aren't you afraid of getting ill?!"

"What could i get ill from?"

"… It's your choice … A pair of drawers may remain … Pick out one! … One is enough … And also from the pull-overs, one is enough … It's already spring … Put the rest of your clothes into the sarsana! … Tie it down! … Well! Gave it to me! I'll carry it to the dump. I'll fetch you a suit of isolation clothes."

The militiaman turned to the right on the long corridor. Stopped at a door on the left side. Opened it.

"Go in!" said he.

The first time there unfolded itself in front of me the isolation cell, of which bad news only heard up to this time. On the left on the smoothly bare cement floor, two prisoners were sitting, and another stood on foot put in chains in front of them.

"Hello, boys!" said i, in a low voice, having a mild aversion.

"Hello!" answered they, in a tone suggesting high spirits and encouragement.

It was visible that they were also the same sort of prisoners as those being on room. Accordingly, it manifested itself that my shying away was baseless.

"We cannot ask you to take a seat, because we have only such chairs," said one of the sitting prisoners, pointing to the boot being under him.

I crouched down beside them, and leant against the wall. The prisoner in fetters began walking, clinking along the side remained free.

"Why have they put you into?" asked he.

"I refuse the work."

"… They have nothing to do … You'll do the ten days, after two or three days maybe they'll put you into for another ten days, afterwards they'll set you at room … Why will you refuse the work?"

"… I am an engineer … Those activities do not become me."

"I'm an engineer too … I graduated from agriculture."

Notwithstanding that he spoke the literary language, seemed to be intelligent and informed, in the light of my experiences relative to the humans with higher-grade education, he produced the impression in me that had lied. According to my conviction many secret agents lurked around me though, there had never yet presented itself an opportunity of my catching a fellow-prisoner in a lie. Because after my getting into the prison i regularly read through at least a newspaper every day, had acquired certain agricultural knowledge. In this manner, with this situation, the possibility of catching had been laid at my feet.

"Then, i seize the opportunity," was i saying, "and will ask you a thing, which i did not understand in the newspaper: what does the word 'serici-

cultură'[201] mean?"

He was visibly surprised, but he strove to disguise himself in order that even if he got the collar, at least he did not make that evident before the others.

"… The word 'sericicultură' means … 'hothouse vegetables growing'."

Behold! — thought, somewhat become enthusiastic. … Neither the Securitate is omniscient and omnipotent![202]

The isolation cell was of around 4 × 2 meters. Everything in it was old-standing and shabby, like in the room and generally in the prison. On the right upper part of the wall facing its steel-plate door painted green, a barred window without casement of around 50 × 30 centimeters gave free rein to the natural light and the fresh and sometimes cold air. On darkening, a neon tube was switched on. In the left corner, a wood-barrel-likely bucket of around one third cubic meter. Its cover did not close hermetically, so that the stench escaped from it in some measure. It was poured out once a day, in the morning. On the right side, a locked-up sleeping conveyance made of planks. It was let down from 22 till 5 hours. For spending the nights, there were given in overworn blue rugs.

For a nourishment punishment, every second day the daily menu consisted of only the morning cheereek[203]. Otherwise, they gave the same food as to the prisoners being at room. For noon and evening, besides the almost completely fatless vegetarian haricot beans, potatoes, barley groats or cabbage, already accustomed in the former prisons, here they gave macaroni more often.[204] At noon, the first course was always constituted by soup. As against the form of a relatively long and flat brick of the samp in Temesvár, the one here was cubiform. In order not to lose in my physical condition, this time i ate up all the hard food.

Being alone, i was occupied with thinking, walking back and forth, or sitting on the bucket. Occasionally, hissed agreeable melodies, with the purpose of boosting my specific morale. Not being satisfied with the level of agreeableness, from time to time threw my musical creativity into the scale as well. Measured the time with the position of the bar-shadow tracks brought about on the wall by the sun shining in through the window. On the basis of the sounds filtering in through the door, knew exactly when breakfast, dinner and supper were given.

201 Read approximately: seritʃikɔl'tɔrə. In the english language: "silkworm breeding".

202 The "agricultural engineer" seemingly served his isolation punishment after a day or two. Afterwards, i did not see him any more.

203 It is a phonetical adaptation of the word of the romanian prisoner slang "ciric". [Read approximately: tʃi'rik.] It meant the morning brown-bread ration of 125 grams of the prisoners being at room.

204 Presumably because Slobozia lay on the Bărăgan Plain, the best wheat-growing region of the romanian communist state.

The noises of distributing the dinner had already held off, but they had not yet handed in to me the plates with the soup and the second course.

What could happen — was raising the question to myself — that they do not bring the meals yet? … As thin as i am if for three days in succession eat only the cheereek, may still get ill indeed! … In all certainty, the militiaman alluded also to this with his question on my putting in … Strike the door!

Several times battered at the steel-plate. Began walking back and forth, waiting for the appearance of the militiaman. However, not only it did not open, but even the corridor remained mute.

Repeat it! — thought.

Began battering at the door.

"Citizen!" cried. "… Citizen!"

At times, prisoners resorted to this form of communication, regularly when they wanted to urgently contact the militiaman on duty. I had grown tired. Went to the bucket, sat on it, and leant against the wall. But no exterior sign came henceforward.

After these efforts, already need the meals indeed — thought. … Try it with a shoe!

Approached the door. Pulled off my right boot. Holding its toe, with the heel struck the steel-plate several times. The sound so produced was much more intense. Sat back on the bucket. But this trial remained effectless as well.

Went to the door, and with all my power began striking it with the boot.

"Citizen!! … Citizen!! … You have forgotten me!"

"What's up, you?!" infiltrated the voice of the militiaman on duty, as if he had at that moment come out of his office. "Where do you strike?"

"At the isolation."

There sounded his steps coming nearer. He opened the door.

"What's up, you?!"

"Citizen, today is a 'with' day," said, bridling my emotions, and being mildly ashamed, in order that he did not interpret this manifestation as a blaming.

"All right, all right! I'll immediately send the dishes."

It is a moonshine — was thinking — that he forgot me, then did not hear and know that the door of the isolation cell resounded … This was also a part of the fascist extermination order of the "hydra", as by this means it has me put to several stress factors at the same time: hunger, restlessness, physical effort, heaviness, sharp sound and body shaking … To more stress factors than on the occasion of the walking in Temesvár!

The more days had passed, the more rapidly the shadow of the bars made its way on the wall, i all the more convinced myself of that neuroti-

cally endured the relative isolation, namely the lack of reading, mattress and pillow, that my stomach tolerated the lack of meals of every second day, that both physically and psychically was able to go through also this retaliation of new type implied by the work refusal. Moreover, it was advantageous that could undisturbedly think of scientific and philosophical questions, of my plans. And the company of the prisoners having committed crimes involving moral turpitude was not wanting either.

The door opened. The militiaman on duty opened it wide, he stepped aside, and there appeared in it the prison doctor. He wore a light brown suit, on his head he did not have a cap. His official manners, discreetly smiling look and physiognomy reminded me of the major Ghidiu[205] of the Securitate in Marosvásárhely. Looking at me, he entered the cell, made two steps towards me, and halted. He gave me the once-over, and began searching my face.

"How is your consciousness?" asked he, cynically. "… Will you go out to work?"

"I will not, citizen."

"All right!" said he, in a slightly threatening tone and being amazed.

Just wait and see what shall follow! — suggested he, with his look, and left.

If i did not know so — was thinking — that he is a doctor, i would be convinced that he is at least the commander of the prison.

31. The smaller room

Sunday after dinner, as a rule, there followed the great cleaning. The two prisoners having embarked on keeping clear the room began the work. In exchange, each day, they obtained from us the one longish cracker per head, which was given in this prison for breakfast in addition to the cheereek and the tea.

I was lying on my bed on the back on the dark green rug folded in half. Under me on the lower bed, X[206] was resting his stature of a nearly heavyweight boxer. It seemed to be a special sort of communist unity of interests that like in Versec, also here they had placed me above a person possessing a physical force being far beyond the average one. In addition he allegedly suffered from some kind of psychical disease, which manifested itself in that he could unforeseeably suddenly got angry, and at such times he could use his physical gifts. Besides, it was not me who chose the bed above

205 Read approximately: 'ghidiʊ.
206 I cannot remeber the names designated with letters.

him, but he was put in after me in the lower bed under me. For this reason, i considered him to be perilous, and had an increasedly cautious relation to him, notwithstanding that a superficially jovial relation had developed between us.

In front of me, there lay Y. He considered fixing beads up on his penis as being one of the most important achievements of his life. At the scepticism of the room companions, he showed it once, but personally i was not curious to see it. Judged that the scene and the whole subject were parts of the homosexual "re-education" of the "hydra".

Under Y, RUJOI Aurel[207] was taking a siesta. He was my best non-frontierist fellow-prisoner gotten acquainted up to this time. I presumed him to be a national secret political prisoner, taking into account his statement that the communist regime had nationalized a textile factory from his parents.

Behind Aurel, after a dividing wall, a wash basin with a faucet. Above it, a cupboard, in which we kept the sarsanas. On the following wall, up around 2 meters high, a long window. Behind it, thick steel bars prevented our unlawful leave criss-crossing one another. Under it, a radiator. In the left farther corner, the closet of the turkish toilet, with its windowed door painted green. On the upper deck of the double bed being behind it, beside the wall, there were put up the wooden table and the two wooden benches.

On the lower deck, Gîrgavu[208] stretched himself out. In his multi-recidivist quality and in seeming very inclined to divert relations into a bad track, he reminded me of the ethnically Romany prisoner put on me in the Rahova prison in Bucharest. Besides, he proved to be multi-faced, degraded and unrestrained, and he strove to also use sometimes his considered or real hypnotic force of his look for influencing humans in the interest of attaining his purposes. His "devilish" face thrilled me whenever saw or recalled him.

The following, and last double bed, on my left side, was in the use of Trandafir[209] up, and of Z down. They gave evidence of quietness, modesty and goodness.

Perceiving the general atmosphere here, it indeed becomes evident that terror — was thinking — which was brought into existence at the order of the "hydra" with the purpose of intimidating and deterring the frontierists … It is not interested and it sees a peril in the decrease of the number of its dependents, in the information leakage realized by those having gotten abroad, in the prestige losing implied by that … For this reason, firstly, it vested the frontier guards with secret Securitate powers … Secondly, it instituted terror in the main prison of the frontierists, the prison in Temesvár

207 Read approximately: rɒˈʒoj ʌsˈrel. A romanian name.
208 Read approximately: gɨrˈgʌvɒ. A romanian surname.
209 Read approximately: trʌndʌˈfir. In the english language: Rose. A romanian surname.

… Compared to the militiamen in Slobozia, Marosvásárhely, moreover Nagyvárad as well, the militiamen in Temesvár produced the impression even with their walking that they were on a permanent alert … Further, on engagement as wardens to the prison in Temesvár, the persons aggressive by nature have in all certainty the benefit of an advantage: while here and elsewhere the militiamen regularly seem to be meek, in Temesvár only in my section there did service two militiamen aggressive by nature … Not to think of the bawling rather often audible there from the corridor … And if take into account that i was beaten just by "Ţărţăreanu" seeming to be meek, the "hydra" terror in Temesvár still more becomes evident.

"It is ready, boys! … If you want, you may get down!"

Y jumped down from the bed.

"Hallo there, Trandafir!" said he. "Help me to take off the bench! I'd like to pick out something from the sarsana."

Gîrgavu also got up. He began to stretch himself. Turning his attention to me, he left it off, and started towards me. Coming nearer, he was looking at me fixedly, as if he had wanted to hypnotize me with his stare. Reaching my bed, he broke into a broad grin.

"What are you doing, engineer?!" asked he. "… Ha, ha, ha!" guffawed he, grimacing. "… Are you reading? … Ha, ha, ha! … Did you come to the penitentiary to read?! … Ha, ha, ha! … Hallo there, can't you hear it?!" asked he, suddenly turning his face serious. "… Whom i am talking to?!"

He tickled my soles. I pulled them on the surface of the rug.

"Ha, ha, ha! … Are you ticklish?! … Ha, ha, ha!"

He touched the lower part of my thigh. I let my legs down. He began to pinch at them.

"Ha, ha, ha! … Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gîrgavu, please leave me alone!" said i, calmly.

"Hallo there, Gîrgavu!" began to speak X. "… Don't you think that you are disturbing me?! … If you wake me up once again, i'll make you a packet, and throw you out of the window!"

On hearing the severe voices based on a greater physical strength, Gîrgavu stole off like a discomfited fox.

This Gîrgavu has a strange personality — thought. … Sometimes he seems to be serious, sometimes he gives himself out for a kind-hearted and is too familiar, sometimes he behaves unqualifiably … How many of his faces will he still uncover? … How many times will he still throw off the state of equilibrium just set in? … Under normal circumstances, after some time, a relative equilibrium should form in the room, which should then last till the modification of the personal composition … Reversely, the personal-relation circumstances always change around me, even if already for a long time past the room is occupied by the same persons … And the direct cause of this is Gîrgavu … Have no doubt about that his person was

found suitable by the “hydra” that, in my relation hiding behind him in a manner increasing its personal strangenesses, it made him one of the means, stress factors of its fascist extermination order, with a double tendency: cardiac infarction and constraining to work … Am convinced that this would not be otherwise in the work either … Moreover, in all certainty, there it would have me put to more stress factors of several kinds and more perilous.

Eat a little honey! — thought. … Retrieve the loss of energy caused by Gîrgavu.

Cautiously, in order not to move the bed, sat up, with the palms pushed myself to its end, placed myself on its edge, and slowly let myself down so that not to touch the bed of X. Put a bench under the cupboard. Mounted upon it. Took down my sarsana. Undid it. Took out the jar with honey.

Half of it is missing! — established, being appalled. … Well, who and when could take it away?! … This afternoon, i saw Y rummaging in the cupboard … Only he could be … That was a high-level stealing action: by day and before my eyes, he appropriated for me imperceptibly, moreover probably even ate this foodstuff elaborately processable and consumable!

32. Football and boxing

The door opened. A person wearing civilian clothes came in. In the hand, he kept a number of sheets of paper. He sat down to the table.

“Well, let me see you too … Don’t you desire to go out to the air?”

“It all depends.”

“There are several work possibilities … You may choose too … X?”

“I have a medical exemption, citizen. But can undertake some lighter work.”

“… Shall it be good in the kitchen?”

“Good.”

“So, I’ll register you for for the kitchen … Thus! … Trandafir?”

“Medical exemption, citizen.”

“… Gîrgavu?”

“Exemption.”

“… Adorján?”

“I will not enter my name on the list.”

“Why?”

“… Because i refuse the work.”

“He was at isolation for ten days, citizen,” intervened X, with a smiling tactfulness. “And he is put off at term … Let him in peace!” remarked he, humorously.

“… Rujoi?”
“I have exemption too, citizen.”
“… Z?”
“He is at the isolation.”
“… And Y?”
“I would go out, citizen. To such a place, where one can gain days.”
“… To the reeds … Shall it be good?”
“Good.”

The door opened.
“Come to walk!” said the militiaman on duty.
“Hallo there, Gîrgavu!” said X. “Bring the rag ball!”
Going out, we turned to the right. Drew ahead of the small corridor of the entrance door. The militiaman on duty opened a steel-plate door on the left side.
We stepped in the walking room of around 10 × 10 meters. Its ceiling was formed of green glass and bars prominently high. The room companions organized themselves in two teams, and began the match.
I did not crouch down at the foot of the wall, in order that if the ball flied or the players came towards me, i could turn, step or stand aside in time. For all that, from time to time, the swiftly flying rag coil hit me, or had to be in contact with the quickly moving players as well. So, in this form had to participate in the play.
I do not work — was thinking — do not engage in sports, do not walk, and still cannot snatch myself from the effects of the actions of the “hydra”.

“Preparations for line-up!” sounded the order, late in the afternoon from the corridor.
In conformity with the rules, i rolled up my rug to cylindriform. Adjusted my pillow. Smoothed out the visible parts of my sheet.
Went to the window. Having turned back and leant against the radiator, Gîrgavu made his appearance in front of me in a boxing fundamental position: with the head slightly pulled down, keeping the fists under his eyes, and with the legs folded. He began dancing, then let go an endurably mild clip again and again to my right or left shoulder each.
“Gîrgavu, you have not chosen your adversary well,” said i, mildly laughing, in a tone as if did not take things seriously. “… I am so forceless that am tottering … You had better go … to X! … He will certainly receive your challenge readily.”
Seeing that i was not affected, he began jerking his fists in the direction of my head, and right before it stopped them or slightly touched it as well.
“Gîrgavu! Please leave me alone!” said i, turning my voice and face se-

rious.

He began to still more vehemently play with his legs and fists in front of me.

“Gîrgavu!” said I. “If you do not end, i will report you to the militiaman!”

He suddenly interrupted it, and stared at me with a severe look.

“If you report me,” was he saying, “i will never forgive you that! … I cannot suffer the denunciators!”

“Denunciator?! … What is that ‘denunciator’?! … This is not denunciation, but self-defense … Possibly, do you not expect me to endure your absurdities?! … If you do ill for me, i am under the necessity of reacting! … As a matter of fact, what is your trouble with me?!

“… I cannot understand why you give yourself so great an importance!

“Ha, ha, ha! … I just heard this statement for the first time … And that idea has never occurred to me yet … That i give myself importance?! … I will not give myself importance! … Am simply such as i am … This is my nature … But do not understand why that disturbs you.

“Line-up!”

On the left side, we lined up according to height in a single file facing the window. I stood in the front, behind me Trandafir, behind him Gîrgavu. With a left finger, he flipped the edge of my left ear. I did not react. With a finger of his right hand, he leveled a stronger flip on my right ear. Afterwards, with his cap, he struck my head. Seeing my perseverance in insensibility, he began touching my bottom.

“Hallo there, Gîrgavu!” said i, while stepping to the right and turning back. “If you do not end it, i will leave the queue, and will report you!”

“Hallo there, Gîrgavu!” said X. “I’ll calm you immediately! … Stand in the queue, engineer!”

It is evident — was thinking — that the “hydra” is assaulting my human dignity.

33. The individual terror

During the morning line-up, we were waiting the coming of the militiamen. Being a few at room, it went much quicker than the evening one. The door opened.

“Citizen sergeant first class!” said Aurel, in a normal tone. “The number of the room is seven prisoners. From this, three are present. Two at work, one at trial, and one at isolation.”

The door closed.

“Today, they have to bring Z from the isolation,” said Aurel. “… We’ll

get to know what that great crying and noise were … Well, back to the bed, because i am sleepy!"

He undid his rug. Covered the sheet. Lay down, and rolled in. Gîrgavu arranged the bed of X for the day-time lying down. From under my pillow, i took out the book in the course of reading. Sat down on the edge of the bed of Aurel, and began reading.

"Engineer!" began Gîrgavu speaking, whispering. "Engineer!"

I looked there. Lying on the back, he showed his penis. I turned back my head, and read further.

There continues the "hydra" terror of homosexual "re-education" — thought.

The door opened. Z stepped in seemingly lost heart.

"Hello, you Z!" said Aurel. "Tell me, what happened at the isolation! … The militiaman cried very much, and other noises also sounded."

"Can't you see it?!"

"What?"

Glancing aside, Z pointed to his right eye. It became evident that he could not roll his eye-ball.

"Can you see with it?"

"No."

"… How did it happen?"

"… The militiaman came into the cell, and hit me so that falling against the wall, i knocked the head … Since then, i cannot move my right eye and went blind in it."

In Temesvár, a general terror environed me though — was thinking — but at least i was on good terms with everyone, even with the most recidivous prisoners, never had individual conflicts, and no one provoked me to that … The "hydra" took heed of supplanting here, in Slobozia the terror which it lost there, in Temesvár with my bringing here: it had its general terror with its individual terror replaced … Moreover, by the individuation, it can change the terror at will: it now entrusts, now puts to sleep, once with this, once with that it entrusts the executing individual … And in case of the individual terror, responsibility firstly devolves on not the communist regime, but on the individual … In this way, it has a greater scope as well, as it is not difficult for it to interest a prisoner, spending a great part of his life in prison, in executing the terror with advantages of serving the sentence … Before a general amnesty, it can attain even my murdering … For this reason, must beware of answering the provocations of Gîrgavu, of getting entangled in the conflicts pushed by him … Always would like to be carried back to Temesvár, when dream of Gîrgavu, think of him, see him, or am under the effect of his individual-terror actions!

34. The murder attempt

The door opened. X and Y came from the work. From the corridor, noise filtered in henceforward, indicating the mass arrival of the prisoners.

“Hello, boys!” said X. “Here you are, i have brought you a little white bread! Divide it!”

He put a piece of small loaf of bread on the table. The surface of its inner end gave evidence of that its missing part had been consumed by breaking. Y went to the wash basin to lave.

Suddenly, the door pealed sharply, bringing about fright in us.

A prisoner coming from work has struck in it with the fist — thought. … After a physical effort of eight hours, why does he consume his energy for such a thing?! … It may be that he has vented the tension accumulated in him … But it is certain that if i caught a cardiac infarction, no one would answer for it, on the official level it would not turn out who struck in the door, or maybe neither that it was caused by the door pealing.

“Talks, news?”

“There are no ones … Also at the work, after a period it commences to become boring … Merely you can move more, eat a little more and better foods … You can mainly hear news from the militiamen and the prisoners coming from other places of work.

The wicket opened.

“Take the dishes!”

Trandafir went to the door.

“How many are you here?”

“Seven.”

There were given in seven aluminum soup plates stowed into one another and seven spoons. He put them down on the table.

The wicket opened.

“Come to the meal!”

Trandafir went to the door with the stowage of soup plates. One by one, he took in the dishes filled half, and put them on the table.

“What is there?”

“Barley groats.”

“Again?!”

“I won’t eat!”

“Neither will i.”

“Engineer! You have seven helpings.”

“Thank you … Three are enough for me.”

From the point of view of the success of my following illegal fleeing attempt, it was not all one when i would depart this year. For this, consid-

ered august to be ideal. The reason why, with the purpose of my as-soon-as-possible corporal recovery, with the approach of my liberation had made a change in my nourishment strategy with that completely consumed all the hard food, just as in march at the isolation. In addition, seemingly in a big way, my fellow-prisoners placed at my disposal their barley-groats helpings, namely that sort of food which subsequently to the haricot beans was the most nourishing in the putrid prison board. Allegedly, they did not like it because of its tastelessness. I sat down to the table full of seven plates, and began eating.

A slight uneasiness descended upon me. My physical condition had also diminished somewhat. Seeming not to be grave, did not bestow a great attention to it.

After having gone to bed, i had to go to the toilet. It attracted my attention, because at night this would not occur. My stool proved to be diarrheic.

Only i ate barley groats in the evening — thought. … Probably, they had mixed something in it … Cannot see another reason of this diarrhea … And indeed, it appears vaguely as if, as opposed to its usual tastelessness, the barley groats had a mild salty-like taste that was worse than the real saltiness … Even now, deem to feel the after-taste of the chemical agent.

In the course of the night, relatively many stimuli overcame me. By the morning, my dejection became water-likely.

I did never have a suchlike diarrhea yet — established, amazedly.

Felt mildly unwell. Was permanently thirsty. According to this, drank much water. It seemed that this only increased the number of my dejections.

“What has happened with you, István?!” asked Aurel.

“I have gotten a diarrhea.”

“What from?”

“I have no idea.”

“Don’t drink so much water any more! … You have to go so often to the toilet because you drink too much water … Report it to the militiaman in order that he will take you out to the doctor! … Shall i bang the door?”

“No! … It is not urgent … Then, on the line-up.”

My general and physical conditions became worse and worse.

“Aurel! … And yet, it would be better to speak to the militiaman.”

“I’ll bang the door.”

“Thanks!”

In the afternoon, the door opened. The militiaman on duty appeared in it.

“Which one do you want to go out to the doctor?” asked he.

“I, citizen!” said, presenting myself.

He let me out. There were already a number of prisoners with him.

“Line up here!” said he, pointing to the corridor of the entrance door, and went on.

He took us in the waiting-room of the consultation room.

“Sit down!” said he, and left.

I sat down last on the inner end of the bench. The first prisoner entered. In comparison to the room bed, the discomfort of sitting on the hard wooden surface with my bony body made my general condition worse. Put my arms on the legs, and reclined my head on them.

Heaviness more and more seized upon me. The bench becoming empty, i lay on my side on it.

“You may go in!” said the coming-out prisoner.

Not the doctor was in. Probably, his assistant sat at the table.

“What is the problem?” asked he.

“I feel very ill, am brought low, and have water-like stool.”

“Diarrhea,” diagnosed he. “I’ll give you tetracycline! … Take three times two tablets!” said he, and handed me a small cylindriform plastic medicine carrier.

“Citizen! I am so weak that am tottering, and cannot even sit normally!”

“… All right. You may rest in bed for three days.”

“Thank you. Good evening.”

Left the consultation room. In the waiting-room, there was no one, so that had to go alone to the section. From the gate, several prisoner groups coming from work were coming nearer on the road.

Beside the door of my room, the sickness reached its higher level up to this time. I came to a stop, turned round, crouched down, leant against the wall, placed my arms on the knees, and reclined my head on them. Felt as if an inner force had wanted to paralyze me.

I commenced to mostly weaken after leaving the room — established. … So, there is a direct relation between the ceasing of the water consumption and the wasting of my general condition … Probably, the water has the role of clearing away from my organism the chemical agent through the urine and the water-like stool … And as have not drunken water for a

few hours now, and during this time have not been able to rest normally either, my organism having increasedly been pulled down is being more efficiently besieged by the “hydra” by the help of the chemical agent of a quantity no more decreasing for a few hours.

There arrived the militiaman on duty. I staggered to my feet. He opened the door. Trudging in, made straight for the window.

“What’s the matter with you, István?” asked Aurel.

“They gave me some tetracycline, and three days of exemption in bed.”

From the sill, took down my mug, and drank my fill. Entered the toilet.

35. The power of the common opinion

As a result of the water cure, my general condition commenced to improve. The antibiotic seemed to be effectless after one day as well. This corroborated my conviction according to which the diarrhea had not been brought about by a microorganism, but by a chemical agent. For this reason, i ceased the “medicinal treatment”, so much the more as considered that it also might have contained that certain chemical agent.

My stools became more dense, their number decreased gradually. In a certain stage of the course of the irregular illness, at times i could hardly make a distinction between the intestinal gases and the dejection stimuli. In consequence of this, it happened that a small part of the stool got in my shorts.

I quickly jumped down from the bed, and went to the toilet. Observed that the liquid had seeped through my pants as well.

Changed shorts. Began washing the dirty articles of clothing resulted at this time. Gîrgavu was an eyewitness to all these.

“What’s the matter with you, engineer?” asked he, in a malicious and sarcastic tone. “… Did you make a mess in your pants?”

The door opened.

“Come to the bath!” said the militiaman on duty.

In the spacious dressing-room, we had gathered around forty in order to prepare ourselves for the removal of the materials of bodily or exterior origin accumulated on our skin during a week. We hung the clothes and the towels on the pegs, or placed them on the wooden benches being under them.

This shower-room seemed to be the largest and the modernest from

among the by-me experienced ones up to this time, although everything cried a relative age here as well. It stretched forward around 15 meters approximately 6 meters widely, and from roughly its half-length it widened out to some 10 meters. Under the ceiling, a network of pipes was suspended with regularly placed sprinklers.

I entered it. Ahead at around 3 meters, there stood Gîrgavu facing me.

"Do you hear, hallo there?!" began he speaking, turning to those being in his proximity and pointing to me. "… The engineer made a mess in his pants! … Ha, ha, ha!"

With an appearance of indifference, i went on inwards looking at the cement floor. Did not perceive the laugh or the focusing on me of the eyes of another fellow-prisoner.

"The engineer made a mess in his pants!" repeated he, in a tone getting out of breath. "… Ha, ha, ha!"

But as if the looks had turned away from him, and everyone had normally kept on with his activity of cleaning himself. I had not perceived a change of any sort in the habitual atmosphere of the prisoner community carrying out its shower-bath of once a week. Seeing that he had put not me, but himself in an awkward situation, he stole away, mingling in the crowd.

He made it evident before others as well his agent quality — was thinking — as probably the fellow-prisoners do not believe me capable of giving reason for such a repellent behavior … Only now it becomes clear to me that round the wall of my general human dignity, another wall also surrounds me protectively, the wall of the positive common opinion, of which completion i have unconsciously brought about mainly with the refusal of work and food … Till now, everyone was a "hydra" agent in my eyes, both as individual and as collectivity … Now, from the relation of Gîrgavu to the other fellow-prisoners, it comes to light that the manipulation possibilities of the "hydra" are limited.

Went to the left rear corner. Stood under an unoccupied sprinkler, with the back to Gîrgavu and the majority of the prisoners.

Heard that someone from the back had quickly approached me, and felt that he touched the middle of my pelvis with a part of his body. Stepping forward, i looked back. There was a friend of Gîrgavu behind me, holding his penis. He stole away, as the eyewitnesses discreetly expressed their disapproval with that they averted their looks, doing as if had seen nothing.

What sorts of swinishnesses will they still forge?! — raised the question to myself. … If he had sexual incentives indeed, then he would not turn to an almost skin-and-bone human, what is more, in public: so it is evident that he puts into practice the personal secret policy of homosexual "re-education" and human dignity destruction of the "hydra".

36. The liberation

Slobozia, monday, 31 july 1989. Towards 10 hours, the wicket opened.

“ADORJÁN István!” said a militiaman, in a mildly solemn tone.

“Yes!”

“Prepare yourself for liberation!”

Suddenly, there seemed to be little my freedom of movement limited to a space of a room, and my freedom of action narrowed down to a number of activities. I felt as if had swollen to the size of the room, and as an effect of my increasing force, the walls had commenced to fall to pieces, and the bars to give way around me.

“Well, engineer! … You’ll get rid of the penitentiary.”

“Now i will do … But do not forget that my purpose is to emigrate! … So that, it may be, even this year shall get back.”

Gathered up the rug and the sheet. Pulled down the pillow-case. Took down the sarsana. My being-in fellow-prisoners all lay on beds, by so doing making it perceptible the relation of superiority that subsists between a human being liberated and one having lost his liberty. With their looks, they tried to express every good which had existed in our relation. They did not converse with one another, their attention was directed on me completely. There irradiated from them the respect of freedom.

I had never seen that a prisoner being liberated left behind his things, and this did not even seem to be natural. Conversely, heard that it was not proper to be liberated with baggage. As knew that Gîrgavu had not a sarsana, according to my safety plan relative to the more distant future, emptied and handed it to him.

“Gîrgavu! … I will give you this!”

“Thank you.” said he, scarcely audible, while rising a little from his recumbent position to take it over.

With his affected stern facial expression, he referred to his consciousness that he did not deserve it with his attitude towards me, and he did not want that with an expression of gratitude he restrained himself in the execution of his possible future personal secret political missions relative to my person.

The door opened.

“Cheerio, boys!” said i, and reached out my hand to all of them. “I wish you a liberation as soon as possible!”

“Cheerio, engineer!”

“Cheerio, István!”

“Cheerio!”

“Good luck to you!”

In the dump, i gave down the prisoner apparel. They gave me the ruck-

sack. I took out the figured shirt, the jeans, and the Otter shoes. The laces were missing.

It seems — was thinking — it has already become a habit that they had my laces disappeared in the romanian communist state … Probably, they were motivated by that the laces to be had in the trade here cannot inconspicuously substitute for the originals, and so during traversing the yugoslav communist state one shall be enabled to see even from my laces that am a citizen of the romanian communist state.

Put on my clothes. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Accompanied by a militiaman, started towards the gateway.

At the porter room, i was given the ticket of liberation, and let out of a door. In the waiting-room, my father was waiting for me. We embraced and kissed each other.

“This also has passed,” said i.

“… Come to eat something!”

We sat down on a bench. From the bag, he took out white bread, pork roast and tomatoes, such victuals that i had not eaten already for a year. Began eating. Could hardly bridle myself in order not to go beyond the bounds of voraciousness. What under normal circumstances should have been an accustomed thing and should have ensured the most elemental subsistence, now became a source of indescribable pleasures.

“Enough, son, lest you should become ill!”

It recurred to my mind those read about the ethnically jew humans freed in the spring of 1945, who lost their lives in the foodstuffs magazines of the concentration camps because of over-nourishment.

“Have you brought laces?”

“Yes.”

I laced the shoes. We started towards the railroad station. I stepped into the enormous range, which i did not feel bordered even by the frontiers of the neighboring communist states, which ensured sufficient space for my swollenness, for the leaving of which, however, i had not enough physical and financial power yet.

Afterword

At the time of the bygone happenings, i did not know, recognized it only at the time of writing this book with the advancement of my knowledge relative to the national secret political organizations, that the romanian national secret political organization kept under its control my this illegal fleeing attempt already from my departure — first of all by the help of the listening technique installed in the walls of the block dwelling already on construction — then with secret observers and agents the romanian and the yugoslav national secret political organizations followed me through my route, and in this respect they collaborated as well. If i had conjectured this at that time, would not have dared to carry out the illegal fleeing attempt, because at that time did not still know either that from the point of view of its success it was primarily important not whether the national secret political organizations were physically capable of my capturing or not, but whether they were able to create such capturing circumstances that by my capturing they would not produce evidences on their own existence and actions.

In Marosvásárhely, the militia soldier did not search the legs of my pants, as with that he would have recognized on the level of appearance that they knew that i had hidden there the money and the documents bearing evidence of my illegal frontier-crossing attempt, although they had to assert the conception contrary to this, even at the price of their departing from the rule that on searching also the legs of the pants must have been felt through. Consequently, the ordering of the search aimed at that with a manifestation of my desperation i would give evidence of my guiltiness.

Not issuing a ticket to Făurei, the train inspection after Ploiești, the having my watch stolen spiritually prepared with having the man person appeared in front of me, all appear to have been subordinated to the purpose that for traversing Yugoslavia the least possible money was at my disposal.

In Galați, the placed and timed meetings with the militiamen and the frontier guards endeavored to utilize the advantages of the authorities created by the BL bulletin, with the condition that with the purpose of disguising the capturing actions i would give a pretext for my identification by expressing my agitated state of mind.

It refers to the organizedness relative to my person of the happenings in Temesvölgye the circumstance that the delay of my train to Temesvár was possibly regulated with that it was late just as much, as much delay could bring about my relation with the militia soldier. Namely, if the train were late less enough for the humans not to wait for the train to Resicabánya on the platform, or if it were late more enough for me not to reach that, then in all certainty i would have waited for the following connection in the

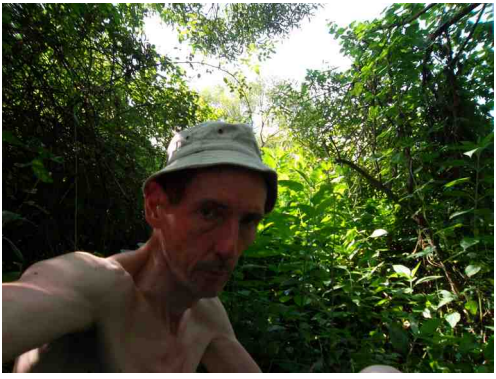
waiting-room, just as in Răcari the train to Temesvár.

With special regard to the low probability of my meeting with the older person — namely, he came out of the wood just where i was hiding — my two ostentatiously "benevolent" observations on the bank of the Dognácska could be a spiritual preparation of my national secret political squealing during a later illegal fleeing attempt of mine.

With the placed and timed combination cart-passenger car beside Kákófalva, the romanian national secret political organization gave away that in secret it had my movement watched, probably with an infrared-sensitive technique not introduced yet in the equipment of the frontier guards, but already available on the western market. Evidently, it had to reckon with that on the emergence of the vehicles i would already have crossed the road. In the village, there was a frontier-guard outfit, from where in a few minutes they could have ordered on the phone that with a few sentinels from the watch-houses adjacent to the frontier my way towards the frontier was closed, and with sent-out sentinels they could have closed my retreat route as well, so that on the terrain thoroughly known by them they would probably have captured me.

Between 8 and 10 august 2019, i was making photos in the neighborhood of Komornok, Kákófalva and Varadia for the covers of my books written about my second and third illegal fleeing attempts. It is characteristic that the vegetation has changed so much that, although went along the highest easily passable parts of the hill before the Cernovec, was unable to recognize that top to which i got in the morning of 7 july 1988, and from which held reconnoiterings. Further, on 9 and 10 august 2019, penetrated into the south-eastern part of the hills of Versec as well. During that time, on the bank of the Cernovec experienced for the most part not small willow shrubs sparsely on bare earth, but mighty willows thickly among shrubs and other vegetation,[210]

210 On the inserted photo, the author is seen on 9 august 2019 in the forenoon at 11 hours or thereabouts in the shade of the willows and among the luxuriant vegetation of the bank of the Cernovec.



then on the hills saw not one exemplar of the bizarre type of pine, and did not hear cuckoo cry either — although spent the night beside a wood — which phenomena had at that time borne so characteristic and romantic effects relative to the hills of Versec.[211]

The presumption of the romanian national secret political origin of the alteration of the bank of the Cernovec, of the disappearance experienced by me of the bizarre type of pine and of the cuckoo is corroborated by the demolition, experienced by me between 29 and 30 july 1988, of the building

211 On the inserted photo, the author is seen on 10 august 2019 at 18 hours and 11 minutes or thereabouts in the shade of the quasi-impenetrable and -uninterrupted shrubbery of the railroad.

of the watch-house in Alsósztamora, in the cell of which i had spent the night from 23 to 24 april 1987, as well as the high building of the prison in Slobozia experienced by me on 26 july 2019, which had not experienced in 1989, and which seemingly refutes the sentence of this book that: “All round, roofs of level buildings and trees constituted the horizon, not a construction was seen rising from the Romanian Plain.” It can be presumed that all these alterations constitute manifestations of the personal secret policy relative to my person of the romanian national secret political organization, among the purposes of which there figure the diminution of the historical-documentary value of my books, their presentation as fictions, with the annihilation of facts corroborating them, and the creation of facts seemingly refuting them. Formulating more generally, the ethnical and the national secret political organizations are not interested in that phenomena bring my books to the minds of humans, but in that phenomena discredit my books before humans.

The appearance in front of me of the yugoslav farmer harvesting the dewy wheat relatively early in the morning refers to that the romanian national secret political organization had in secret followed my illegal fleeing attempt through with attention, it had handed over its information relative to my frontier crossing to its serbian yugoslav colleague, which had taken over my control already around my crossing, and in that it had sent out in my way the farmer with the purpose of obstructing my advancement towards the west, and with the assignment that he “would not observe me” — this is why he ostentatiously averted his head when he approached me — by this means preparing my “observation” and “denunciation” by persons, concretely the vine-dressers to be sent out in my way later.

The white Dacia can be considered a programing motive of the romanian national secret political organization relative to my illegal fleeing attempts: it appeared before me on 30 march 1987 in Marosvásárhely beside the nursery, on 3 april in the morning on the way out of Resicabánya, in the evening in front of the house, on 7 july 1988 in the forenoon on the hill before the Cernovec, then in the evening probably on the road as well, and on 28 july 1988 in front of the prison in Versec, in conformity with my then experiences and present remembrance. The appearance of the latter refers to that the yugoslav national-secret-political-organization federation informed in advance its romanian colleague about that it would deport me back to the romanian communist state. Abstracting further, i could experience the white color also on 27 september 1986 at around 100 meters from the romanian–hungarian frontier on the bank of the Berettyó with the interposition of the white horse tethered there. Relating it to other persons and national secret political organizations, Corneliu VADIM TUDOR[212], a

212 Read approximately: kor'neliʊ vʌ'dim 'tʊdor. The president of the Great-Romania Party in the romanian national state.

probable member of the romanian national secret political organization, sometimes appeared in a white suit before the public, as well as Miklós HORTHY[213], a probable member of the hungarian national secret political organization, on his coming into power marched in Budapest[214] on a white horse.

That also for the second time i was brought into relation with a person of romanian ethnicity named “Nicu” on my deporting back from Yugoslavia, refers to a programing of the romanian national secret political organization then not recognized yet by me, in connection with a romanian national secret political utilization of my person. To this refers also that both in Padinska Skela and in Versec the prisoners sometimes called me “Ceauşescu”, and according to the rumors Nicu CEAUŞESCU suffered from cirrhosis. At the same time, the “Nicu” actions refer to also that the illegal frontier crossings of both “Nicus” are at least partly results of romanian national secret political manipulations, of which they did not know unconditionally.

With that the frontier guards did not beat me in Alsósztamora, the romanian national secret political organization urged on my illegal fleeing through Yugoslavia, in the framework of its personal secret policy relative to my person. Namely, it was not its interest my immigration in Hungary, because of its territorial rivalry connected with “Transylvania” with the hungarian national secret political organization. This is corroborated by that in Alsósztamora i was not beaten in 1987 either, while when in my illegal-fleeing route there figured the hungarian national state as well, they always beat me, namely in Bors, Halmi and Szatmárnémeti. Further, the romanian national secret political organization reckoned with that i would write books about my illegal fleeing attempts, which in this way seemingly refute partly the thesis professed by me as well that the frontierists were assaulted systematically and methodically by supreme command with the purpose of pressing back the illegal-fleeing phenomenon.

In the prison in Slobozia, the assertion of the conception of the bacterial origin of my diarrhea served two purposes. On the one part, the chemical agent was carried into my organism by the national secret political organization with the purpose of in the first place slowing down my recovery, finally bringing about my death, and naturally also the assistant controlled by it had to ensure the attainment of these purposes with that he did not grant me the suitable treatment, moreover with the tablets of “tetracycline” they possibly carried into my organism further doses of chemical agent. On the other part, the establishment of the chemical-agent origin of the diarrhea was not possible from the point of view of the disguising of

213 Read approximately: 'miklo:ʃ 'horti. The regent of the hungarian national state after the first world war.

214 The capital of Hungary.

the national secret political organization either, as with that they would have practically recognized that the chemical agent had been mixed with the meals.

My transfer to the prison in Slobozia had a national secret political character. In the first place, one of the meanings of the romanian word “slobozi” of bulgarian etymology is “set free”: i was “set free” from that prison on 31 july 1989. In the second place, with my this transfer i was removed from the romanian–yugoslav frontier in a considerable measure — namely, Slobozia lay in a straight line at around 490 kilometers from the land romanian–yugoslav frontier [2] — what could have a counter-programing purpose. In the third place, in this way it could be formed in my mentality an association between the notion and practice of freedom, as well as Wallachia, constituting a part of the cradle of the romanian national state, the translation word by word of the romanian name of which is “Romanian Land”. The presumption of the romanian national secret political promotion of Wallachia is supported by that on 26 july 2019 — when i took photos about the prison in Slobozia for the back-cover of this book — the train Bucharest-Slobozia was cooled, while on 7 august 2019 in the train Nagyvárad-Temesvár was hotter than in the outside canicular day.

It appears that the yugoslav national secret political organizations became aware of the political-ideological purport of my illegal fleeing attempts, because subsequently to that between 1986 and 1989 i had four times illegally crossed the frontier of the Socialist Republic of Romania, in 1990 the Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia ceased to exist, just like in 1989 the Hungarian People’s Republic together with the other central-eastern-european communist states, then in 1991 the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics as well.

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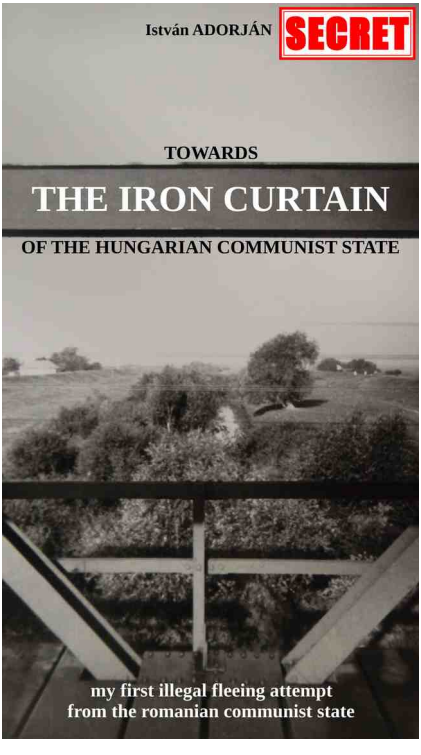
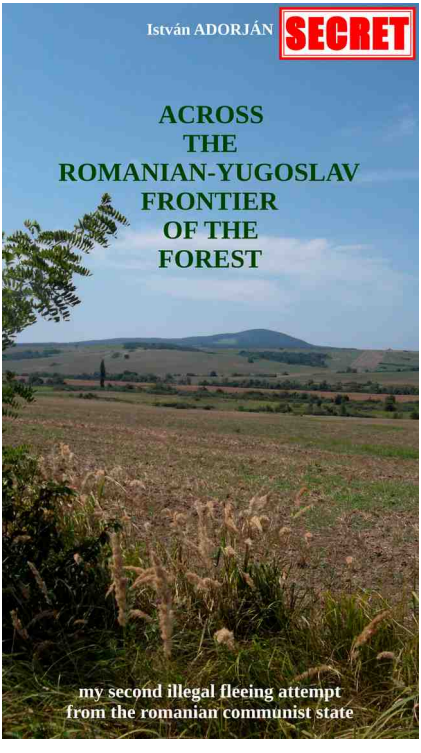
Other books

In the series of four entitled “My Four Illegal Fleeing Attempts from the Romanian Communist State”, i have still published the following books:

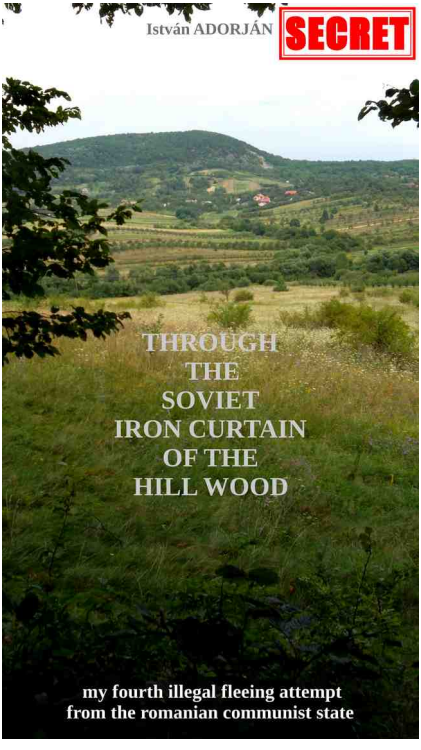
1) the hungarian-language text paperback version and the english-language text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Towards the Iron Curtain of the Hungarian Communist State — my first illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, in Romania, and respectively, with the internet distributors Google Play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



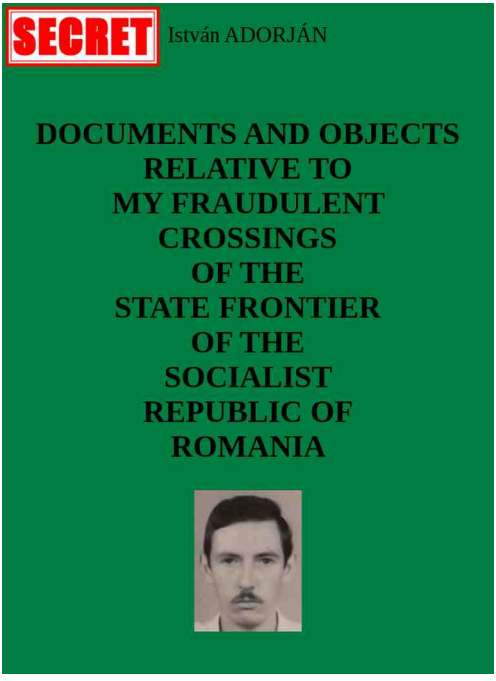
2) the text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Across the Romanian–Yugoslav Frontier of the Forest — my second illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, with the internet distributors Google Play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



3) the text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Through the Soviet Iron Curtain of the Hill Wood — my fourth illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, with the internet distributors Google Play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



I have published the photos of the remained objects used in the course of my four illegal fleeing attempts, as well as of the remained documents produced in connection with those in my free electronic book entitled “Documents and Objects relative to My Fraudulent Crossings of the State Frontier of the Socialist Republic of Romania”, with the internet distributors Google play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



Book-creation information

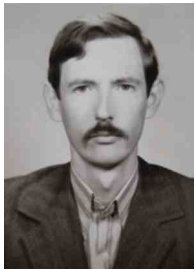
The author created this book for the most part between february 1994 and june 2000, together with the books describing his other three illegal fleeing attempts, as conceiver and author, resulting from the scientific and social need of cognizing the phenomenon of illegal fleeing brought about by the communist states, under private-life circumstances sitting at table in the corner from the downtown beside the window of the middle room of the flat 10 of the second upper storey of the block under number 25 December 22 boulevard in Marosvásárhely, Romania, writing on paper in the hungarian language. He began writing the chapters relative to his imprisonment in 1997. In the beginning, he planned one book with the title "My Four Illegal Fleeing Attempts from the Romanian Communist State". He finished that by the end of 1994, but by that time his writing aptitudes had developed to the point that he did not content himself with it, and thought it better to conform to the self-sufficiency of the four events, dividing the writing into four self-sufficient books. Because of the further increase of the individual achievement, as well as the need of a description as accurate and complete as possible of the experiences fixed in the memory, he rewrote the books several times with modifications and completions, so that taken in its entirety he had to use up a few tens of kilograms of paper. At the same time, the author literally and personally translated these four books into the english language for the most part in the above period. The last forms of the paper manuscripts of the hungarian and the english languages all together weigh almost 5 kilograms. Between june 2013 and the beginning of 2014, the author put the paper manuscripts into electronic forms, then between april and october 2019 he read through the electronic manuscripts. The electronic redaction of the book was made by the author personally mainly with the following technical means: Acer AOD270, Samsung ST65, Microsoft Windows 7, LibreOffice 4, GIMP 2.

Book-publication information

Beginning with around the middle of 1995, the author submitted by mail the english-language paper manuscripts of the first book to several publishing houses in the USA, Canada and Great Britain. In his written applications, he regularly mentioned the three other books being in the course of preparation as well. In the non-publication story of around 3 years, the manuscripts sent to Penguin Books, Viking Penguin, Unwin Hyman, The Hearst Corporation and William Morrow & Co. were "returned to sender", while W. W. Norton & Co., Harper Collins and Farrar, Straus & Giroux

Publishers issued express written refusals.

Author information



On the photo taken probably in 1993, less than a year before beginning writing his books reconstructing his illegal fleeing attempts, there is visible the author, István ADORJÁN. He was born on 20 december 1959 in the village Mikháza[215] in the county Maros in Romania, his citizenship is romanian, his ethnicity hungarian, his identity first of all human, at present he regards not one state his own or his country, ideologically he is atheist, politically liberal, his theory-like conviction is that the great religions and the national states are creatures and means of the national secret political organizations, with his writings his purposes are the publication and diffusion of his say of scientific, philosophic-atheist, progressive, humanist, non-nationalist and liberal spirituality, particularly the revelation, publication and diffusion of his say relative to the national-imperialist, anti-humanist, anti-progressive and anti-scientific nature and activity of the national secret political organizations, great religions and national states.

215 Read approximately: 'mikha:zɔ. In the romanian language: Călugăreni.

STOP

The End
of the Electronic Book